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Ladies Haden etching
and June issue

THE FINE ARTS

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1867.

A NEW HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY.*

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DURING by far the greater part of the three centuries, which have elapsed since Vasari endowed the world with his *Lives* of the most eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, the History of Italian Art consisted of little more than abridgments and compilations from his work. Every statement of his was implicitly believed in; his criticisms were most frequently the starting-point of all subsequent appreciation of the artist. In fact, *his* was the theme of which nearly all the Art histories of the 17th or 18th centuries were nothing but more or less sterile variations. And Vasari deserved this popularity to a very great extent, for nobody

* A New History of Painting in Italy, from the second to the sixteenth century. Drawn up from fresh materials and recent researches in the archives of Italy, as well as from personal inspection of the works of art scattered throughout Europe. By T. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, authors of "The Early Flemish Painters," vols. i., ii. London, J. Murray, 1864-66.

was capable yet of substituting anything better in his place. At a comparatively early hour, his countrymen had discovered that a pardonable predilection for his own native province had sometimes biassed his judgment of rival schools and artists; yet his opponents had no better titles to bring forward in behalf of their Bolognese, Siennese, Roman, or Venetian townsmen; and after all their claims have been examined and weighed by more unprejudiced critics of the rest of Europe, general opinion had pronounced very decidedly in favour of Vasari and his Florentines.

The great test to which Vasari's history had to be put, was on one side a thorough examination of all contemporary records, in order to obtain such documentary evidence as would confirm or correct Vasari's stories; and on the other, a careful study of all the works of the various artists, as far as they had been preserved.

Hardly forty years have elapsed since the first researches were made in this direction, and how vast is the harvest which patient labour has succeeded in gathering! Since K. F. von Rumohr set the example of ransacking Italian archives for documents connected with the history of artists and their works, for contracts or receipts, apparently insignificant in themselves, but becoming most important when read in their proper context,—since he published in his "*Italiänischen Forschungen*," all he had gathered from half obliterated parchments or from the crumbling walls of edifices,—a considerable number of learned men have applied their industry and perseverance to the task of forcing the past centuries to tell their own story. Since 1860, a new impulse has been given to such studies; hitherto jealously-guarded archives have been thrown open to the investigation of all comers, and most valuable information has been supplied by them. Nearly every town in Italy, however small, possesses some painstaking students who have set to work to elucidate their provincial and local histories by examining the materials in their immediate neighbourhood. Various and full of interest are the results hitherto obtained, more is sure to follow in course of time, especially when, at some rapidly approaching day, the inaccessible treasures buried in the archives and record offices of Rome itself will be made to reveal their contents; at present we can only

guess what an amount of well-authenticated data they will furnish us with regard to the history of that most glorious period of Italian art, when the walls of the Eternal City held both Raphael and Michael Angelo. The amateur, especially the foreign traveller visiting Italy, has begun already to reap the first benefits of an enlightened system observed by the Italian Government. The gradual suppression of so many half-forgotten convents and oratories in out-of-the-way country places, has left in the hands of the Government a large number of works of art. Since 1862 a beginning has been made to bring these together in local museums, usually in the provincial capitals. It is true there are very few "*Capi d'opera*" left, for these have been almost all absorbed already into the great galleries of Europe,—but even what has remained is most important for the study of Art History. How easy has it become now, e. g. to make oneself acquainted with the history of Umbrian Art, since so many specimens of this school, from its earliest commencement to the contemporaries of Raphael, have been brought together in the Pinacoteca at Perugia! * What had been overlooked in insufficiently lighted oratories or cloisters cannot fail to attract attention, when it is placed side by side with kindred works, mutually illustrating each other.

It is evident that the desire of collecting, by some means, all the varied information received from so many different sources, must have been felt pretty soon. In 1846 a society was formed at Florence, for the express purpose of depositing all those acquisitions in a new edition of Vasari's Lives; his original text was to be preserved, but all his data and appreciations were to be confirmed, or to be corrected according to our present knowledge. It cannot be denied that the labours of the editors have been highly successful, and most gratefully received by all

* We confess to have been surprised by the severity of Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle's remarks on the collection at Perugia (vol. ii. p. 165, note). From our own experience in June, 1864, we can state, at least, that such blame is not deserved any longer. Don Adamo Rossi's patient re-

searches in order to throw as much light as possible on the early art-history of Perugia will receive their due appreciation as soon as the results can be seen in the Catalogue Raisonné of the collection of the Pinacoteca upon which he is at present engaged.

lovers of Fine Arts; although it must be admitted that some sources of information have been accidentally, or intentionally, overlooked now and then. It is to be hoped that the editors will soon make good their promise of a carefully compiled index-volume, which in concluding the work will greatly enhance its value.

We may safely say, that the Lemonnier edition itself furnished the very proof that something more was required. All the errors and omissions of the Aretine historian could not be set right by notes alone; Vasari's Lives had to be re-written, if possible, so as he would have written them if he had known not only what he did know, but also all that we have learnt in the 316 years following his first publication.

This is the task which Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle have set to themselves. Every page of their work furnishes ample proof that they have spared no pains in order to do it well. All the materials which could be brought within reach have been turned to account; all the documentary evidence supplied by the most diverse publications of the last 50 years has been submitted to a rigorous investigation,—in a few cases with most excellent success, as its results have enabled the authors to give for the first time the *true* lives of the artists.

But Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle have not been satisfied with this kind of research, they have gone to the artists themselves for further information. Signor Cavalcaselle especially undertook a personal re-examination of their works; wherever these relics of past centuries might be, there he went, pencil in hand, to note down detailed descriptions as well as the impressions produced upon his clear mind, by the fresh study of the masters' productions.

Beginning always, as far as possible, with the careful study of undoubtedly genuine works, he became possessed of a standard, by comparison with which he could appreciate the claims of others; and thus come to a conclusion as to less authenticated paintings. If in the course of the work we sometimes meet with judgments rather opposed to commonly received opinions, and recollect the conscientious mode of proceeding by which

they have been arrived at, we shall be prepared to give them all the consideration they so fully deserve.

As the authors themselves do "not hope to charm the reader with a narrative like that of Vasari,—copious, varied, relieved by lively local tints and mellow with age,"—it would be unfair to dwell too much upon the circumstance, that their work is more likely to be found on the desk of the student than on the table of the drawing-room. The very high qualities which make it a vast storehouse of information, fit to replace numbers of other works, prevent it from being "light-reading." And if we do not see any real objection to this, we still cannot help regretting that the authors should not have interrupted their narrative now and then for a moment, to give the reader time and opportunity for looking around him. As it is, the work appears to us to give rather the "Lives of the Italian Painters" than the history of Italian painting. By arresting their onward course from time to time, whenever they had reached some more elevated point of view, the authors might have added a few comprehensive *résumés*, and thus have facilitated the task of the reader, viz. to possess himself of the general results of their valuable researches.

We cannot agree with another objection which has been made to the book, that the descriptions of the various works of art are too voluminous, and impede too much the general progress. In order to enable the reader to follow their reasoning and to understand their conclusions, the authors had necessarily to describe the paintings under discussion, and it was highly desirable that no pains should be spared in doing this well. Only those whose patience has been tried by the careless style of descriptions so common in works on art, which is so fertile a source of error and confusion, will know how to appreciate the descriptive part of this History of Painting in Italy. Whether the authors might not have grouped the descriptions more closely, either in notes or in appendixes, in order to render reference easier, is a suggestion of rather second-rate importance. Besides, they seem to have thought of this themselves, as from the 2nd volume a change becomes perceptible, and in the 3rd volume

very little more would have been required in order to make each Life supply us quite naturally with a handy catalogue of the artist's productions.

The rather cursory examination which we propose to undertake of Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle's work will perhaps show whether, and how far, the immense quantity of materials which it places before us, may tend to alter the hitherto received notions as to the course of development of Italian art. Art begins by being in the service of religion; so does Christian art; and painting especially remains the handmaid of religion during the whole of the Middle Ages. It would be easy to show that this relation, by its very nature, must be changing continually, progressing and growing in intimacy, until the very acme of harmony between the form and the contents has been reached, when, in this very instant of highest perfection, inevitable dissolution will begin to set in.

Starting from the negation of the life of the senses, and admitting their very existence only inasmuch as they were under the dominion and in the service of a purified spirit, Christianity could not but feel hostilely disposed towards the productions of heathen art in general, the only purpose of which appeared to be, either to assist in the glorification of a detested idolatry, or to gratify the depraved taste of an effeminate race of voluptuaries. It is intelligible that the earliest Christians, animated by such views as these, limited themselves to a most timid use of the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel. To indicate the spot where blessed martyrs had died and were buried, or where the faithful used to assemble, was nearly all that Christian art had to do. What was placed on the walls and ceilings of the earliest catacombs was only a sort of symbolical language, expressing rather a limited circle of ideas by an equally limited number of conventional signs. A cross, a fish, a lamb, an anchor, a cock, a branch of the vine or the palm-tree, a lyre, a stag, a ship, &c., were sufficient to remind the faithful of the fundamental doctrines of the new religion—of Christ's death and resurrection, of Christian watchfulness, of the final victory, and immortal life in the communion of the saints. Representa-

tions of the Saviour and of events of his life are very scarce at the beginning, and purely symbolical whenever they do occur; few incidents of the Old Testament are chosen, and these only such as would lend themselves to an interpretation in a higher Christian sense. Considering this leaning towards symbolization, we can hardly feel surprised to find even some stories of the Greek and Roman mythologies pressed into the same service, and to meet with figures like those of Cupid and Psyche, Meleager, Bacchus, Orpheus, or even with *genre*-like representations of a vintage, side by side with the above-named symbols; all of them selected so as to convey the spiritual truths of the new religion under the material forms used by the former one. Most interesting are all the details given by Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle of the venerable relics of this earliest art, based as they are upon recent examinations of the latest discoveries. It is to be hoped that in a future edition the astonishing frescos laid bare in the subterranean church of S. Clemente will be discussed with all the attention they so fully deserve.

With the final victory over Paganism, under Constantine, many changes take place, for the opposition between Christian doctrines and heathen customs has ceased to be a reality of every-day life. The puritanical dislike to the splendour of outward appearance vanishes almost entirely with the conquered foe. If the catacombs still hold the relics of the departed, they need not any longer hide the meetings of the living; the old temples are converted into Christian churches; new basilicas, baptisteries, rise everywhere, and the glowing colours of mosaics are employed to adorn their walls. Necessarily the circle of subjects must be extended to meet the increasing demand; whilst the figure of the Saviour forms the centre of all pictorial ornamentation, the histories of the Old and New Testaments begin to be represented freely; very soon the figure of the Virgin appears more in the foreground, and the earliest legendary lives of the saints, added to the other subjects, furnish ample materials. Thus we find that in a comparatively short time nearly the whole territory of Christian art has been mapped out, and to a certain extent cultivated.

In examining the artistic form under which these subjects were represented, we find that it is almost the same as that at which Pagan art had reached during the last period of its existence: the river is represented by the Pagan god, a heavenly messenger by the old Roman Victory, the Israelites by Roman legions. To animate this decrepit body with a new spirit, is the noble task of Christian art, and is attended to at an early hour. A comparison of the mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore, e. g., with those of S. Paolo fuori le Muri and of SS. Cosmo e Damiano, will give a fair idea of the gradual fading of antique reminiscences during the 4th and 5th centuries, and even point out the first traces of an awakening life in that expression of austere dignity, so peculiar to the otherwise exaggerated dimensions of some of the works adorning the tribunes of various basilicas.

Whilst Italy was suffering under political convulsions of unparalleled violence, and art sank more and more, in conception as well as in technical execution, things were proceeding very differently in the eastern part of the empire. During the first four or five centuries of the Christian era, art in ancient Greece seems to have been pretty much the same as in Italy; but then it had stopped in its downward course, and a shadow of the antique feeling for perfection of form and execution had been preserved. Whatever we may think of the death-like rigidity of the productions of the Byzantine School, we cannot help admitting that they show (for example) more modelling than the corresponding Italian ones; that in the treatment of the draperies, reminiscences of antique motives may be discovered, &c. Ravenna, the Italian resting-place of the earliest Byzantine art, has received due attention from Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle; their critical and descriptive notes of its mosaics will be found full of curious information, and highly interesting, even to those to whom the originals themselves are quite unknown.

Conscientious care has been bestowed by the authors upon the rather unattractive materials we possess for a history of Italian art during the following six centuries; those dark ages intervening between the conquest of Italy by Justinian's great

generals, and the rise of the House of Hohenstaufen. The authors admit of having been afraid to "weary the reader by dwelling upon the formless productions of centuries remarkable for a general decay;" but they have succeeded in pointing out "the threads which unite the art of succeeding periods and the germs of future development." Nobody will object to their remark, that Italian art, until the close of the 10th century, was nothing but a combination of Roman and Byzantine feebleness, and a continuation of all the errors of earlier ages. From the 11th century we find decisive proofs of a direct importation of Byzantine types, by artists called over for the decoration of newly-erected churches and convents. More or less mutilated fragments of their activity have been preserved at various places in Apulia, e. g. at Capua in the frescoes of S. Angelo in Formio; in the mosaics of S. Giovanni; in the gates of the cathedrals of Amalfi and Salerno, &c. They show without exception the same lean and morose figures, with elongated eyes, and hands and feet still more exaggerated in length, which successive generations of artists made it their duty to transmit to posterity with rigid fidelity. Having thus been transplanted into Italy, the Byzantine types first of all received a new life, by absorbing the spirit of a new civilization. At first, and for some length of time, they were conscientiously preserved, but gradually some warmer and truer expression began to animate them. So we trace a step forward in some of the mosaics of S. Marco at Venice, especially in those of the portico, and again in S. Maria Trastevere, at Rome. Concerning this latter building, and the state of art at Rome in general about the end of the 12th and in the beginning of the 13th century, Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle have given us most valuable information. They have collected a considerable number of dates about a hitherto frequently overlooked family of mosaists and sculptors, of the name of Cosmas, or the Cosmati; and give us careful descriptions of all their works which they have been able to identify. It appears beyond doubt, that a rather important school of artists flourished at Rome and in its neighbourhood during the 13th century, preserving itself independent, as it seems, from influences

affecting other parts of Italy, until Tuscany took the lead, and Giotto set a new example in the works he executed at Rome about 1300.

One great question seems still to await its solution, namely, when and where the study of Antique Art was added to the faithful copying of traditional models.

Usually the most important seat of this movement has been sought in Tuscany. With the name of the sculptor Niccola of Pisa, has been connected the glory of the first awakening of truly modern art. In order to explain the great improvement perceptible in his works, without recurring to the anecdote of his having learnt everything from one single antique sarcophagus, the attempt has been made to establish a numerous school of sculptors at Pisa itself, as well as in the neighbourhood, at Pistoja and Lucca. It is true that we are told of a considerable number of sculptors or stone-cutters, extending from the middle of the 12th century to the middle of the 13th; and details concerning their unsatisfactory productions have been carefully collected by Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle. But the conclusion at which they arrive is inevitable,—that up to 1250 nothing more than a rude and primitive kind of art maintained itself at Pisa and in the neighbourhood, without making any sensible progress. Then, all on a sudden, in 1260 we meet with Niccola's most remarkable Pulpit of the Baptistery at Pisa:—what a change from the preceding childish bassi-relievi, e. g. of the portal of S. Martino, at Lucca, dating from 1233! In the pulpit technical execution has made an immense step forward, however defective the composition may still sometimes be. Nothing can be more precise than the description the authors give us of the general character of Niccola's works; the figures are chiselled in the highest possible relief, completely detached; the marble is polished with the most praiseworthy care, worked out according to a cold, conventional, unwavering system. With the drill Niccola cut out the eyes, the pupils, the corners of the mouth, the nostrils, and ears, and stopped the perforations with black paste; the hair and ornaments he gilded;—*but of Christian sentiment not a trace is to be found.* Reading this résumé,

and seeing how little Niccola had in common with the artists surrounding him, we cannot help asking; where did he come from? The very qualities of his works the high standard of the execution, and the absence of original ideas, are the qualities of an imitator at least of a man trained in a well-established school, but they are never to be found in the productions of an original mind,—of a spontaneous reformer. The latter creates new forms, because he wants a proper medium for expressing new thoughts. If this is not the case with Niccola, he must have had great examples before his eyes, he must have learnt somewhere. We know that he was the son of an Apulian stonemason, Peter, who was dead in 1266, born perhaps in the South himself; it is highly probable that he did not live in central Italy much before 1260, because no work of his had been discovered there previous to the Pisan pulpit,* which certainly betrays the hand of a master arrived at the full development of his power. Can Niccola have received his artistic training in his father's country, in Apulia? It may be, for in various places there we meet with busts, bassi-relievi, &c., which are most closely related to Niccola's production, nay, almost betray the same hand; such as, e. g., a pulpit in the cathedral of Ravello, near Amalfi, and a portrait bust over the entrance of the same church. In order to come to something like a satisfactory conclusion it will probably be necessary to undertake a new and careful survey of Italy, with regard to all works of sculpture dating from the 12th and 13th century. It will have to be shown who were the artists employed by the great emperors of the house of Hohenstaufen; who were the architects, building the castles and fortresses which they required in their deadly feud with the spiritual and temporal power of the popes; who were the sculptors that modelled the monuments recording their victories and the statues ornamenting their tombs. The information we receive from Vasari is exceedingly scanty and highly doubtful, for nothing can be more confused than his chronology of the lives of some of these earlier artists. Incidentally he mentions, e. g., two men the very

* The earlier dates of various works which have been quoted, could not be proved yet.

existence of whom is highly questionable,*—Buono and Fuccio, both architects and sculptors in the service of the Hohenstaufen. Inscriptions at Ravello and Foggia, the ordinary residence of Frederick II., give us two more, Bartolomeus de Foggia and his son or pupil Nicholas de Bartolomeus de Foggia.† That masters of German origin exercised considerable influence on Italian Art of the 12th and 13th century is admitted by Vasari in various places,‡ and nothing is opposed to the hypothesis that northern architects and sculptors may have crossed the Alps, in the numerous suites of the German Emperors. Future inquiry will throw more light yet upon the whole subject. May the day be not very distant when the establishment of order and security in the South of Italy will invite amateurs to study the relics of art, dispersed all over a country, which, during the period occupying us at this moment, was the favourite domain of a mighty and splendour-loving Emperor like Frederick II.§

* Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle consider both names fictitious.

† Mr H. Grimm has recently treated this subject in his "Künstler und Kunstwerke," 1865, page 48, &c., and page 113, &c. This suggestion that the name of Fuccio given by Vasari may be connected with the artists of Foggia seems to be well founded; at any rate the transformation of Foggia into Fuccio is far less violent than similar ones we meet with in Vasari. Full of interest are also Mr Grimm's accompanying remarks, tending to clear up the history of some of the works undertaken by command of Frederick II., and by artists whose very names have all but disappeared.

‡ Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle seem inclined to doubt its importance: vide Vol. I. p. 48; p. 449, note 2, &c.

§ In discussing the materials we possess for a solution of these questions, Mr Grimm remarks, that a satisfactory answer can hardly be expected, before it is possible actually to compare the various monuments. It is clear that such comparison as he intends can only be made when some museum will place side by side well-pre-

pared casts. As the most important ones for the investigation we have considered above, Mr Grimm designates the Byzantine church gates of Ravello and Amalfi, the pulpit together with the female bust on the keystone of the porch at Ravello, the pulpits at Sienna, Pisa, &c. That Mr Grimm is perfectly right, nobody will deny; however good the student's memory be, it *may* fail him, when days or weeks must elapse before he can transport himself to all the localities, over which these monuments are dispersed. It may be superfluous to remind the reader, that a most important part of the materials bearing upon this very question has been placed at the disposal of the public by the authorities of the South-Kensington Museum. Not only have they procured admirable electrotypes of the gates of the Pisa cathedral, but they have quite recently erected two magnificent plaster-casts of the pulpits of the Baptistery and the Duomo, by Niccola and Giovanni Pisano. The merit of the latter cast may be fully appreciated if we add that the original does not exist any longer. In consequence of a conflagration Giovan-

As far as we have hitherto considered the impulse given to art in general, it has been derived chiefly from the revival of sculpture, in consequence of Niccola Pisano's transplanting into Central Italy a certain classicism which had remained alive in the South of Italy, whilst it had completely died out everywhere else. Something more remained to be done: not only had the form to be revived, a new meaning had to be given to it, and new types had to be created in order to lay the foundation of the greatness of Christian art, which Italy was to realize in the course of the next two centuries and a half.

After having thus brought to a conclusion the study of the Pisan school of sculpture and its influence over art in central Italy, the authors proceed to a general survey of the style of painting, as it existed there during the same period. After having examined the doleful productions of numerous Lucchese and Pisan artists,—the unpleasant crucifixes so frequent in the 12th and 13th centuries,—the feeble works of Giunta da Pisa, &c.,—they turn to the mighty republic of Sienna. Hitherto Art History has admitted pretty generally that the glory of the first timid awakening of a new feeling must be conceded to works of art produced by natives of this city; this belief being based almost exclusively upon a life-size Virgin and Child in the church of S. Domenico, signed Guido, and bearing the date of 1221. To this our authors cannot agree, and it will be difficult successfully to contest the validity of their reasons. Not only does the inscription bear traces of frequent retouching, and, throughout, the character of a later writing, but a careful examination has shown both the faces to have been repainted in a

ni's pulpit was dismembered, and its disconnected fragments are preserved, partly in the cathedral, partly in the Campo Santo; whilst others, especially the columns, were used in the reconstruction of the pulpit as it exists at present. The greatest credit is due to the zeal of the authorities, for having brought together casts of all the fragments, and obtained such a splendid reconstruction of Giovanni's work in all its original beauty. The suggestion is almost

superfluous; but what an important service the authorities would render to Art History, if they placed side by side with these recent acquisitions a few more of those very monuments which Mr Grimm points out, especially a cast of the Ravello pulpit. They would most likely furnish the means for all but settling one of the most interesting problems of the History of Christian Art, viz. the origin and artistic education of Niccola Pisano.

style different from the treatment of the draperies and all the remainder. With the exception of the heads, the picture at S. Domenico agrees in every respect with another painting ascribed to Guido, at the Academy, a Virgin and Child in half-figures. This picture bears neither name nor date, but its general conformity with Siennese paintings of the latter part of the 13th century, would never have allowed a date, as early as 1221, to be assigned to it, unless the signature of the picture at S. Domenico had misled the critics. Thus our authors take both these much-disputed pictures to be productions of a Siennese of the latter part of the 13th century,—the faces in one of which have been repainted by an artist of the 14th.

Their opinion receives a most weighty confirmation from an examination of the Siennese archives. Nobody has succeeded in producing any document earlier than 1278, in which the name of a painter Guido occurs. Rumohr, who believed in the date of 1221, saw the difficulty, and tried to avoid it by assuming two Guidos; one the master of 1221, of whom we do not possess any other record than the signature; and a second Guido, living towards the end of the century, at the head of a numerous family of artists of the name of Gratiani, the father of Bartolomeus or Meo de Siena, the brother of Mino and Neri. Thus Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle come to the conclusion, that the Siennese painters of the 13th century were in no way in advance of their contemporaries at Lucca, Pisa, Arezzo, or elsewhere in central Italy; and that we are not justified in withholding from Florence the glory of having been the first in the road of progress.

In the works executed in this town in the beginning of the 13th century, we meet with a style similar to that reigning in all the other towns of central Italy. Vasari sees Greek influences in the same, but without any necessity; he even fetches a Greek mosaist from Venice, Apollonius, and makes him the master of Tafi, the rather doubtful predecessor of Cimabue. However this may be, the efforts made by Cimabue, in whose works we recognize the first dawn of a new era, are perfectly intelligible, if we take into account the examples of art which surrounded him,

together with the general condition of his native town. In politics, letters, religion, the first stirrings of a new spirit made themselves felt; art could not remain untouched. Nowhere is there a break in the chain of development. Cimabue adhered to the old types consecrated by time and custom, but by applying himself to the study of design he softened the old features. His colouring becomes more natural, the cheeks and lips are covered with soft rosy tinges, his shadows, carefully stippled, adopt themselves to the forms, and produce a beginning of life-like roundness. Everywhere we discern the earnestness of his mind, struggling to overcome the traditional stiffness.

A most interesting chapter has been devoted by Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle to the paintings of S. Francesco at Assisi. The influence exercised upon early Italian art by this glorious monument of Umbrian religious fervour has always been acknowledged. The authors have succeeded in deriving from the examination of the frescos in the upper church, especially of the cyclical compositions illustrating the life of S. Francis, most interesting suggestions concerning the development of Florentine art between Cimabue and the rising of Giotto, whose mind, both full of deep thought and bent upon a conscientious study of nature, succeeded in conquering that freedom from tradition which had been Cimabue's aim.

Giotto, the friend of Dante, made art advance such an enormous step that for nearly a century afterwards very little real progress seems to have been made. To a Florentine mind of the earlier half of the 14th century the very ideal of perfection seems to be embodied in Giotto's compositions; what his predecessors had done was all but wiped out from memory. The progress made was equally great in what the painting had to express as in the mode of expressing it. The compositions became richer, the acting figures true to nature in all their movements, sometimes at the expense of more refined beauty; frequently a circle of spectators surrounded the principal scene and gave the artist an opportunity for making the first attempts of purely historical or even *genre* representations.

In admitting these great improvements we cannot be blind

to the remaining defects; if the figures are animated and life-like, their movements are also sometimes violent and harsh; the face receives an expression which is liable to become stereotyped, the eyes are frequently, especially in his earlier works, narrow and elongated as if contracted by pain. Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle have devoted four chapters to Giotto's life and works, making good the very high place they assign to him by never losing an opportunity of pointing out his eminent qualities in every painting they describe. As we cannot enter into a detailed discussion of their criticisms, it may be sufficient to speak of their account of the frescos of the Scrovegni chapel at Padua, or in the Bargello and in S. Croce at Florence, as far as they have been recovered from the sacrilegious white-washing of the 13th century. In following him in his journeys through Italy, they find an opportunity for throwing light upon the art-history of various localities, especially of Naples; in short, they have shown that Giotto was "eminent as a composer, a designer, and a colourist, and united at an even level all the qualities which constitute the universal genius of the artist."

After having discussed the benefits derived by sculpture from Giotto's works, as we see them embodied in the works of Andrea Pisano and his sons, the authors proceed to the numerous school of Giottesques. That the weaker sides of the master's works should become more tangible in those of the pupils and imitators can hardly astonish us. During nearly 70 years what Giotto had done reigned undisputed all over Italy, and no room for improvement seemed left. Yet it would be unjust to speak too slightly of works like those of Taddeo Gaddi, whose manner is frequently soft and pleasing, though in originality of composition and carefulness of execution he is inferior to Giotto; or of his pupil Giovanni da Milano, whose observation of nature and knowledge of drawing and colour, assisted by the study of Siennese models, indicate a not unimportant step forward.

If with Giotto the inclination to combine a series of pictures in a cycle of compositions has already been frequent, it becomes almost the rule with his followers. What Assisi had been to the painters preceding Giotto and to the master himself, the

Campo Santo at Pisa became to his successors,—a grand field of combined activity and rivalry. To identify the works of all the Giottesques is a rather sterile and difficult task. Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle have attempted it with their usual conscientious carefulness, starting from the scanty data furnished by contemporary records, and submitting them to a critical examination. It is a proof of the difficulty of the task that they have not been able to obtain an answer to every question; but at the same time of their loyal trustworthiness, that they have not ventured to give us more than they *knew*. So many bold assertions or clever assumptions have always been set afloat by the writers of Italian (and other) art-history, that we cannot speak too highly of the authors' abstemiousness in this respect.

As the examination of the works of the Florentine artists of the latter half of the 14th century, very frequently proves the existence of influences from without the circle of Giottesque traditions, it might be questioned whether it would not have been advantageous to interrupt the description of Florentine art for a moment, by turning to the Siennese masters before undertaking the lives of Masolino, Masaccio, and all the latest Giottesques. The authors having adopted a different course, we hear very frequently of Siennese manner and Siennese influence before we have learnt what this peculiar style was, which had begun almost contemporarily with Cimabue, and had reached its full development before the middle of the 14th century. We cannot help admitting the advantages of such an unbroken descent as the authors display to us; but the course here suggested might perhaps have made it easier for the student to come at once to a full understanding of masters like Orcagna, or Fiesole.

It is impossible to enter now into all the details of the chapters devoted to the Giottesques, but we must again draw attention to the sober conscientiousness with which their works have been discussed and their lives described. Full justice has been done to the almost universal genius of Orcagna, who, in grandeur of thought and in the severe truthfulness of his com-

positions, is not only a more faithful follower of Giotto than any of his immediate disciples, but also the worthy predecessor of Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, and their friends. The result at which the authors have arrived with regard to his famous "Triumph of Death," and "The Last Judgment," will perhaps not be palatable to all who have admitted these popular frescos; but it would be rash not to consider the weight of the reasons which made it seem possible that the Campo Santo owes these celebrated works to the Siennese brothers, Lorenzetti.

One of the most interesting parts of the first volume is the one devoted to the great fresco-painters of the beginning of the 15th century, Masolino and Masaccio. The authors have been fortunate enough to work upon the entirely new data supplied to them by quite recent researches. If the lives of these artists, as they stand now, read entirely differently from the hitherto received stories, they have the great advantage of being based upon documentary evidence supplied by Sig. C. Milanese from original records, and upon the recent discovery of incontestably genuine frescos by Masolino at Castiglione di Olona, near Varese. By studying these, the authors became enabled to form a trustworthy opinion of Masolino's style and qualities, and possessed of a standard by which they could judge other works commonly ascribed to him.

Masolino has thus been ascertained to be the son of an "*imbiancatore*," Cristoforo Fini, born in 1383 or 1384. Educated probably under Gherardo Starnina, the pupil of Antonio Veneziano, he settled at Florence in 1423, but shortly afterwards entered the service of his countryman, Pippo Spano, the captain of Sigismund, king of Hungary. Soon after Pippo's death, in 1427, he must have returned to Italy, for in 1428 we find him at work upon the frescos at Castiglione, where Cardinal Branca Castiglione had entrusted Masolino with the decoration of a church he had erected in honour of the Virgin, S. Stephen, and S. Lawrence. In these frescos we learn to appreciate Masolino as an artist exclusively devoted to the study of the detail, neglecting the great maxims of composition, and sacrificing almost everything to a study of nature. It is improbable that

after having completed the Castiglione pictures, he should have returned to Florence, as the search for any record there, later than 1427, has been totally unsuccessful.

In consequence of these latest discoveries, Masaccio's life also takes a slightly varied aspect. Born in 1402, he was received into the painter's guild in 1424, apparently after he had been at Rome and painted the frescos in S. Clemente. Illustrating chiefly the life of S. Catherine, they reveal a rising genius, uncertain as yet, but promising the very best. We are ignorant of the precise date of his return to Florence, probably it took place not very long before 1424, and as his death must have taken place at Rome before 1428, he must have created during these four years the frescos in the Brancacci Chapel which have covered Masaccio's name with truly deserved and everlasting glory.* Here he shows himself free from all the trammels of traditional types, his drawing penetrates for the first time into all the recesses of organic life, the figures are teeming with truthful animation, for he has mastered the art of modelling and draping; they detach themselves from the background, and from each other, in pleasing roundness; the backgrounds become of a noble simplicity, the worthy frameworks for his grand compositions; whenever he has to employ architecture its lines are drawn according to the notions of a correct perspective, his colouring is harmonious and powerful, assisted materially by an undeniable knowledge of the effects of the atmosphere in the distances. We shall not quarrel with Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle, if, after having duly acknowledged all the great qualities of the master, they are not blind to a few dangerous ones. They arise, nearly all of them, from the richness of his inspirations and the boldness of his execution. "The movement of his figures," our authors say, "was as ready as it was significant; but, like Giotto, he neglected the detail of outline in the feet or articulation of the human figure,—the plastic

* A comparison of dates alone suffices to show that Masolino's coöperation in these frescos is next to impossible, as with a very short exception in 1427 he was in Hungary or in Lombardy whilst they were being executed. So that whatever praise history has to bestow upon their author, is due to Masaccio.

definition was often [?] absent." They consider it fortunate that men of inferior genius, like Paolo Uccelli, gave up everything to the study of mathematical problems, for this kept art within the bounds which Masaccio might have swept away. Admitting the truth of these remarks, they will not prevent us from recognizing in Masaccio a genius equal to the highest; the more we study the noble, manly grandeur of his compositions, the better we shall understand the immense effect they produced upon his contemporaries, and the lasting influence they exercised upon the greatest of the great that were to follow.

Most touching is the contrast between Masaccio's manly conceptions and the fervour of Fra Angelico's aspirations. His art, the purest effusion of a mind possessed by the most religious ardour, produces a similar feeling in the beholder. To discuss critically the artistic qualities of Fra Giovanni da Fiesole's works is not an easy task, for his pictures require much more to be felt than to be analyzed. Historians find some difficulty in explaining this rather solitary figure, surrounded as it is by the realistic tendencies of the Florentine School. Our authors direct our attention to traces of similar feeling, in Masolino, Antonio, Veneziano, Lorenzo Monaco, and suggest a common origin. The influence of Orcagna is undeniable, and also a close relation to Giotto's compositions. If Fra Giovanni's form is less perfect, his religious expression is infinitely superior to all his contemporaries. Everybody remembers Vasari's beautiful sketch of this truly pious monk,—how he prays before he begins to paint, how tears fill his eyes whenever he has to represent the crucified Redeemer, how he abstains from retouching his paintings, because he does not feel at liberty to alter what he believes to be a divine inspiration. Do we not read this character in his works? When he has to represent the passions of the impious mind, or the suffering forms of the condemned, he proves that his pious soul is unacquainted with such violence; pure heavenly bliss he *can* express, and better than anybody else. Our authors remind us that Fra Angelico was, as regards art, less of the 15th than of the 14th century, and that he may be said to have purposely neglected all the developments acquired by

a period in which the study of form and classicism was pre-eminent. His drawing, especially of the nude, is sometimes imperfect, his perspective not equal to Masaccio's, his colouring always clear and pleasant, more similar to Giotto's than to that of his contemporaries: yet the practical means, the artistic language he used, were the most fitted to render and realize his idea. We cannot do better than recommend Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle's chapter on Fra Angelico to a most attentive perusal, for fuller justice and more cordial admiration has never been rendered to his pious creations.

After having examined the gradually declining productions of some late Giottesque masters, chiefly natives of Arezzo, like Spinello, Parri Spinelli, and the Bicci, who are proved to be, at the very best, bold decorators, adhering to Giotto's principles of composition, but careless of form and detail,—the authors turn at last to study the development of the Siennese School. We have stated our reasons already, why we should have preferred to see it discussed at an earlier place; but we have no objections to make to the manner in which it is done now. The general remarks on the peculiarities of the Siennese are clear and instructive. If Siena adhered more faithfully than other schools to traditional habits in the technical methods of execution, its painters very early bestowed particular care upon all the ornamental parts of their works; so that this became one of their principal features, and even impeded their progress towards the severe simplicity and grandeur, which the Florentines had cultivated so much, and which had taught them always to subordinate parts to the whole. Colour became a special study with the Siennese; it was brought to great perfection, as in Simone di Martino's easel-pictures, where it is delicate and warm; or in the dramatic frescos of the Lorenzetti, the power of which it enhances by its clear brightness.

Most important is the influence exercised by Siena upon the schools rising in the neighbouring provinces; as at Florence, where none of the followers of Giotto had been entirely free from it, whilst many of the very best owed to Siennese examples some of their very highest qualities. More so still in Umbria, where

we cannot help recognizing very frequently the stern figures of the men, the languid grace or the affected tenderness of the women, so peculiar to the Siennese style. The great beginning of the Siennese School was made by Duccio's large altarpiece, painted in 1310. Highly interesting as this beautiful picture is from any point of view, it is peculiarly instructive, inasmuch as we can study in it almost all the qualities, not of Duccio alone, but also of his successors, who hardly deviated from the grand example set by the master. Though we may say, that Duccio continues the old art; and adheres, as a rule, to the old typical compositions, he introduces into them at the same time a new vigour: he prepares for them the possibility of ultimate perfection. Thus in his famous "Majesty," of 1310, the Virgin and Child are closely related to similar pictures by his predecessors, but to their stern solemnity has been added a feeling of graceful refinement. In the numerous small compositions from the life of the Saviour which formed the back of the "Majesty," we become more intimately acquainted with Duccio's style. The scenes which he selects are the old typical ones, but new feeling has been infused into the antique forms. He has studied nature conscientiously; his colour is powerful, but lucid and soft. The habitual compositions have been enlarged, numerous groups, not absolutely given in the subject itself, have been added, and excite our admiration by the varied and expressive animation of their faces. Quiet, collected repose, as well as all the different shades and degrees of more violent passion, are truthfully rendered. If the figures of his men by their broad and muscular frames remind us of the archaic type, his women are warm with soft and gentle feeling, and both are relieved by a well-disposed style of drapery. The authors, who cannot be said to be prejudiced in favour of the Siennese school in general, compare Duccio rather unfavourably with Giotto; but they admit also that "Duccio, at once the Giotto and Cimabue of his country, was the most dramatic artist that Siena has produced, being rivalled in force only by the Lorenzetti, in grace only by Simone."

Amongst Duccio's immediate successors, Ugolino and Segna

for instance, continued to show themselves faithful to the old types, whilst their colour and general execution is pretty much like Duccio's. Ugolino's long figures are frequently rather angular in consequence of their exaggerated movements. It may be remarked that Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle believe him to have been the artist who re-painted the faces of Guido's Virgin and Child in S. Domenico, mentioned before, and who gave this early picture such a deceptive character of a more advanced state of art.

Yet the whole school was on the road of progress. The compositions grew large, with a frequent partiality for allegorical subjects; clinging all the time to the old types of a former period, but softening them more and more. In the works of Simone di Martino a great improvement on Duccio's style becomes perceptible. His manner is peculiarly soft; his females especially are of a touching tenderness of expression. His execution is graceful, though the design and modelling are not without defects. His single figures betray an earnest study of nature, although his compositions, considered as a whole, are not so well balanced as those of his Florentine contemporaries. Simone's friend and relative, Lippo Memmi, has left us some interesting, most carefully executed, frescos at S. Gimignano, which distinguish him honourably amongst Simone's numerous followers.

A position entirely new in many respects, is the one occupied by the brothers Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti. Although true Siennese, they cultivate in their large allegorical compositions a broader and much more dramatical style than is usually to be met with in the productions of their townsmen. Their types are in general those of Duccio, but they are modified by a superiority of genius. In his frescos at Assisi or in the Campo Santo at Pisa, Pietro proves himself a good colourist, skilful in modelling, though a certain want of nobility may sometimes be seen in his figures.

His brother Ambrogio is particularly great in his impressive allegorical frescos of Good and Bad Government, at Siena. The calm and noble repose of some of the figures, e.g. of

Justice, of Peace, &c., betray a curious reminiscence of the quiet grandeur of some of the antique types of the earliest Christian art. This is so much the case, that Rumohr thought Ambrogio must have made use of some miniatures of old manuscripts. Highly interesting are Ambrogio's first attempts at landscape painting, in one of his grand allegories, where he demonstrates the beneficial consequences of Good Government by a representation of rich country scenery, enlivened by parties on horseback, &c.

In Taddeo di Bartolo boldness and greater vigour are added to the grace and the feeling usually disclosed in the productions of the Siennese school. His defects become more apparent in his larger works, frequently in consequence of the speed with which he used to execute the numerous commands he received from all sides. Rumohr considers him as the first example of that peculiar combination of the austerity and earnestness of older art, with the languid, enthusiastic aspirations of the modern one, as it found a home in the schools of Umbria.*

In consequence of his being frequently at work at Perugia, Taddeo di Bartolo was particularly fit to hand over to Umbria the entire legacy of the grand school of Siena, in order that it might fertilize a new ground and prepare the last steps leading through Pietro Perugino to Raphael, and in him to the highest development of art which Italy or any other country had ever yet seen, or is ever likely to see again.

Umbria, just as every other province of Italy, had possessed its own artists from a very early period. Their art seems to have proceeded from miniature painting, for the earliest works of the Gubbian school (for instance) betray the bright colouring, but also the flatness so common in the productions of the illuminator. More interesting to us is the peculiar circumstance, that in the very earliest timid attempts we can discover soft kindness and tender feeling,—those qualities which in later times were to distinguish the Umbrian school amongst all others.

* Rumohr, *Forschungen*, vol. ii, pp. 109, &c.; *ibid.* p. 393.

Those who are curious to know more about the earliest beginnings of art all over Italy, will be greatly satisfied with the chapters which Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle have devoted to a survey of the commencements of the local schools at Bologna, Modena, Parma, Padua, Milan, Verona, Venice, &c., before returning to the history of the last development of Florentine art. In collecting whatever records have been preserved, and in discussing all the remaining specimens, the authors have had frequent opportunity for correcting the opinions of various art-historians, whose pardonable predilection for their fellow-townsmen had blinded them to the weakness of their productions, and exaggerated the unskilful decorator or house-painter into a respectable artist. One grand exception to the usual feebleness of early north Italian art is to be found in some Giottesque fresco decorations at Padua, in the chapels dedicated to S. Felice and to S. Giorgio, and most lamentable is the uncertainty as to their authors, for the usual attribution to Altichiero of Verona, and a certain Jacopo Aranzi, apparently requires to be confirmed by future investigations. The latter name especially is surrounded by a good deal of uncertainty, as not less than three different artists lay claim to it.

(To be continued.)





KING RICHARD II.

(Drawn by G. Scharf from the Original Portrait in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, 1850.)

Contributed by John Murray, Esq., from Markham's History of England.

THE WESTMINSTER PORTRAIT OF RICHARD II.

SINCE the destruction of the kneeling figure of King Edward the Third on the east wall of St Stephen's Chapel, in 1834, no English regal portrait can compare, either for antiquity or merit of execution, with the large Westminster whole-length of Richard II., recently known as the Jerusalem Chamber portrait; unless we except the Wilton House Diptych, hereafter to be mentioned.

The picture had formerly hung on the north side of the choir of the abbey, and was only removed on the occasion of repairs and alterations in May, 1775.*

The picture is so well known, that any elaborate description of it would only be considered superfluous. The accompanying woodcut from a drawing which I took with some difficulty in 1850, may sufficiently serve to show the condition of the picture during the first half of the present century. The earliest engraving taken from this portrait is one executed by Vertue, in 1718. He did not work directly from the picture; but made his engraving from a drawing taken by Grisoni, an Italian artist, patronized by J. Talman. Mr John Talman was the son of a successful architect (builder of Chatsworth and Swallowfield); he resided much in Italy, and formed a large col-

* See Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*, 4to, 1837, page 251. The choir was reconstructed about this time, under the direction of Mr H. Keene, surveyor of

the works. Neale's *Westminster Abbey*, vol. ii. page 68. Pennant's *London*, ed. 1791, page 70.

lection of drawings which, including many of his own sketches, were presented by him to the Society of Antiquaries.*

The drawing of the picture in the Abbey was lent by Mr Talman to the Society of Antiquaries, and engraved at their expense by Vertue in his capacity as their appointed engraver. This office had been bestowed on him by the Earl of Winchelsea, in 1717, at the time of the revival of the Society.

The print appeared the following year, in their first volume of the "*Vetusta Monumenta*," No. 4.

Vertue made a second engraving from the picture, on his own account, for Rapin's *History of England*, about 1732, and wrote under it "From a most Antient Original in the Quire, Westminster Abby."† It is a much more artistic performance than the one taken from Grisoni's drawing; but he had evidently, although working from the picture itself, altered the action of the hands, and modified the features, so as to contrast as little as possible with his previous performance. He added moustaches, and spread the beard along the lower edge of the chin, in order to give the face a more modern character. Again, the mass of hair on each side was curtailed and brought nearer to the eyebrows, so as, in fact, to have the effect of impoverishing and of considerably narrowing the face.

The proportions of the sceptre and of the cross rising from the globe were unnecessarily altered, and the arms ridiculously shortened and thrown out of drawing, whilst very absurd straight shadows, cast from the cross and sceptre on his white ermine tippet, together with large twisted ermine spots, united to produce a striking deviation from the simplicity or baldness of the previous engraving.

The third and most accurate transcript of the original picture was the one executed by John Carter, in 1786. He was

* See Bathoe's *Catalogue of various Picture Collections*, London, 1758, page 79. Grisoni accompanied Mr Talman from Florence to England, in 1715; he painted "history, landscape, and sometimes portrait; but, his business declining, he returned to his own country, in 1728." See

Walpole's *Anecdotes*, edited by Dallaway and Wornum, 1849, pages 626 and 661.

† Vertue's descriptive account of the "Heads of Kings" at the end of the second volume of Rapin's *History*, is dated 1736.

the author of several valuable works on Architecture; but his best production was a series of folio plates, entitled "Specimens of the Ancient Sculpture and Painting now remaining in this Kingdom," in two volumes, London, 1780-1794.

Carter was induced to undertake this new engraving of Richard II. by the circumstance of observing certain marked differences between Vertue's 1718 engraving, in the "Vetusta Monumenta," and the picture as he then saw it in the Jerusalem Chamber. He states in the letter-press to the first volume of his work, page 55, that he was struck with the impossibility of the staff springing upright from the side of the globe which is in the King's right hand, as exhibited in Vertue's print. He "took an opportunity to compare it with the painting, and was astonished to find that not only the staff and globe was wrong copied, but that every part was in the same predicament. The Editor then determined to draw and engrave a new print from the painting, for this work; he obtained permission for that purpose from the Right Rev. the Bishop of Rochester; when he had finished the drawing, Richard Bull, Esq., did him the great favour to examine Vertue's print, and his drawing, with the painting; he was pleased to approve of the drawing, found it an exact copy, and immediately purchased it."

This is now the best record of the picture as it existed quite recently in the Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington.

Before proceeding to examine the picture itself, it will perhaps be serviceable to consider the other principal portraits of Richard II. known to be extant, and, at the commencement of the list, to place those which bear most resemblance, whether copies or independent productions, to the Westminster picture.

Paintings.

I. At Windsor Castle, among the older royal portraits, collected in a small apartment at the foot of the stairs leading to the Queen's pew in the private Chapel, is an old picture, on panel, life-size, nearly to the waist, which greatly resembles the one belonging to the Jerusalem Chamber. The shape of the crown

exhibits several points of difference. The leaves rising from it are more directly in imitation of natural vegetation and vary in their forms between the blunted outline of the oak and the sharp bristling character of the acanthus. The arrangement of jewels on the circlet of the crown, and on the broad collar round the top of the white cape, is similar in both.

The face is moderately shaded, with the light also coming in from the left hand. The eyes and eyebrows are dark brown, with an effective touch of white light on the eyeballs that was scarcely attempted by artists during the King's lifetime. The hair also is dark brown, and not by any means full; but there is a remarkable space between the eyes and the hair, giving a great width to the temples, which is observable also in Carter's 1786 engraving. The moustaches, sharply painted with an S-like curve to them, are limited to a level with the lower lip, and the two tufts of hair on the otherwise smooth chin are brought nearer together than in the Westminster portrait. The background is of a dark monotonous brown hue. No indications of either sceptre, cross, or carved back of the chair are perceptible. Above the crown is inscribed in golden capitals, RICARDO II.

II. A very similar picture in the British Museum, with the only difference that the eyes, moustaches, and two tufts on the chin are much smaller. The external angles of the eyes are raised, and he appears to be less earnestly looking at the spectator. The golden crown is wrought with still freer foliage, and has, as it were, two tiers of leaves, similar to the preceding, and very different from the artificially shaped and strangely composed crown shown both in Vertue's and Carter's engravings. The large ornament or "Ouche" in front of the collar is, as in the Windsor picture, of an elliptical shape, whereas in the Westminster one it is still larger and intended to be circular.

There is a peculiarity about the ermine spots both in the Windsor and British Museum pictures, which deserves mention; namely, that they are painted in the shape of black barbs, like arrow-heads, but with the points directed *upwards*. The background to the British Museum picture is also a deep plain brown, with the name RICARDVS written on the left side on a line with the

circlet or band of the crown. The jewels, also composed of oval and lozenge-shaped stones, with double pearls between, are differently arranged. Instead of a lozenge stone being placed below the central leaf of the crown, that position is merely occupied by a couple of pearls set in the usual fashion, one over the other. Here again the light is admitted from the left-hand side, the face remarkably wide across the temples, and the hair dark brown and even thinner and more compact than in the preceding one.

III. A similar picture is at Longleat, with full face, golden crown, and large ermine cape. It is inscribed, like the Windsor portrait, RICARDO II. This picture is said, like many of the other pictures belonging to the series, to have formerly been purchased by one of the Thynne family from Cobham Hall.

IV. Another very like the preceding, but with the eyes looking more decidedly away to the left, with an animated expression on the countenance, is at Hardwick Hall, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. It is inscribed, entirely to the left of the crown, "Richard II.," in very modern characters, such as are now used in common printed books.

All the above pictures have evidently been painted upon in a coarse, clumsy manner; even down to very late times. How much of the genuine original work still lies dormant under those masses of false colour, it is difficult to ascertain; since even the proving of them must be attended with much danger and still greater uncertainty.

V. There exists, in the Hall of Lumley Castle, a curious early adaptation of this Westminster Portrait of Richard II. It is thus described by Mr Surtees in his *History of Durham* (vol. ii. page 154), "King Richard ii. represented in the bloom of youth, and with bright auburn hair, sits on a chair of state in his royal robes, scarlet lined with ermine, his inner dress, deep blue, or purple, powdered over with golden Rs, and crowned: he holds the sceptre in his left hand, and with the right giving a patent of nobility to Sir Ralph Lumley, who kneels before him in his Baron's robes. . . . On a scroll at the king's feet, 'Kinge Richarde the Seconde.' The back-

"ground; representing, probably, the presence-chamber, is diapered with golden lilies. On the frame 'R. R. 2, AN' D'N'I., '1384, A^o REG. 8.' Dimensions, 7.9 by 4.6.—C. S."

Mr J. R. Planché, in his essay, read at a Meeting of the Archæological Association, December, 1865,* "On the Portraits of the Lumley family at Lumley Castle, and their Effigies at Chester-le-Street" (illustrated by a small engraving of this and three other portraits "evidently fictitious"), says of the Richard II., "Without positively asserting that it is, in all its details, a precise copy, I find I am fully justified in adhering to the opinion I expressed, that I recognized in the picture at Lumley Castle a very close imitation of the celebrated original portrait of Richard preserved in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster. The attitude is simply altered to the act of presenting the patent to Sir Ralph, in lieu of his bearing the mound in the right hand. The crown worn by the king is not exactly reproduced, the shoe is not so pointed as in the original, and the diaper of the background is not the same. In all other respects the imitation is so close as to leave no doubt as to the original which the artist followed."

IV. The famous diptych picture of Richard II. now belonging to the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton House, near Salisbury, and which in the year 1639 formed part of the collection established at Whitehall Palace by King Charles I. It consists of two panels hinged together like the leaves of a book, which, when opened, display, on the left side, King Richard II. in profile kneeling; and, on the right, the Virgin, and the infant Saviour in her arms, with attendant angels. The picture was executed in distemper colours, incorporated with varnish. Each wing measures 1 foot 5½ inches by 1 foot.

A Catalogue, taken by Abraham Vanderdoort in 1639 of the pictures at Whitehall Palace, and printed by Bathoe in 1757, contains, at page 173, No. 30, the following description: "Item. An altar-piece, with two-shutting all over gilded doors, wherein is painted on the one side Richard the second side-

* Journal of the British Archæological Association, vol. xxii. page 36.

“ling, kneeling in his golden robes, to our Lady; besides him
“standing St John Baptist, with a white lamb, and King Edward
“the Confessor, with a ring on his left hand, standing by, and
“Saint Edmund with an arrow in his left hand, and upon the
“other door, our Lady and Christ, and some eleven angels all
“in blew, with garlands of roses upon their heads, the badge
“of the white hind upon their left shoulders; on the out-
“side of the door, the arms of Edward the Confessor, with
“a red hat and mantle; which said piece was given to the
“king by Sir James Palmer, who had it of the Lord Jen-
“nings.”

The Sir James Palmer here mentioned became afterwards Chancellor of the Order of the Garter in 1645.* King James II. subsequently presented the Diptych to Lord Castlemaine when he went as ambassador to Rome. Dr Waagen observes of this picture † that “the execution is as delicate as a miniature; the
“heads, in the partially-opened eyes, have something of the type
“of Giotto. In the drapery of the Virgin there is the Gothic
“sweep of the lines, which was lost in Italy at the end of the
“14th century. The extremities are still feeble and meagre.” The background to the figures on both leaves is a burnished surface of patterned gold; one being different in point of ornamentation from the other. A trefoil leaf, something like a small shamrock, decorates the ground behind the king and his patron saints, whilst the field, at the back of the Madonna and Angels, is enriched with a regular diaper composed of crosses enclosed within discs, and having the space between the limbs of each cross punctured with dots or small holes. The nimbus round the head of the infant Saviour is also gold slightly punctured, whilst that of the Madonna is fluted with radiating lines or delicate scratches. There is also a remarkable peculiarity about the nimbus encircling the head of the infant Christ; a crown of thorns, minutely plaited, follows the circular outline on the inside, like the well-known guilloche ornament. The

* See Ashmole's History of the Order of the Garter, fol. London, 16—, p. 243; 1749, page 353.
† Waagen, Treasures of Art, vol. iii. and Pote's History of Windsor, 4to. Eton, page 150.

punctured patterns, formerly called in English *pounced work*,* are very elaborate on all parts of this picture.

The gown of the King is powdered with White Harts, which are interlaced with Broom-cods running in the same manner as the interlacing foliage on the mantle of his effigy in the Abbey. He wears round his neck a collar of Broom-cods; and on his left shoulder is his badge of the White Hart. Even the angels wear a similar collar and a similar badge. It will be remarked that the pendant to the collar in front, in every case, is formed of two of the Broom-cods only; and that the King, as well as the angels, wears the White Hart, as a badge, on his shoulder, and not as a pendant to the collar.†

The King appears to be extremely young, probably before his 16th year, when he was married to Anne of Bohemia, A.D. 1382. The face is perfectly smooth and without any sign of moustaches or those tufts on his chin which afterwards so peculiarly distinguished him. His hair is composed of rich brown wavy locks entirely covering the ears; the eyes are blue, and the delicate fingers of his upraised hands are destitute of rings. The crown, although not reaching much above the top of his head, is richly jewelled. It is composed of three large jewelled leaves, rising from the circlet or band, with smaller trefoils between them. The execution of the picture exhibits a close affinity to the best works in Italy of that period. At the same time, there is nothing to contravert the frequently-expressed opinion that it is the genuine production of native talent.‡

Hollar executed a very faithful engraving of this picture in 1639 (the same year that Vanderdoort made his catalogue of the Royal Collection at Whitehall), and appended the following dedication to it, "*Serenissimo Potentissimo et Excellentissimo Principi Carolo Dei gratia, Magnæ Britanniae Franciæ et Hiberniæ Regi, Fidei defensori Has tabellas Aqua forti (secundum Antiqua Originalia Coloribus depicta) æri insculptas Humillime dedicat consecratque. Wenceslaus Hollar, Bohem: A°. 1639.*"

* See *Archæologia*, vol. 29, page 55.

† Ibid. ut supra, page 36.

‡ Mr W. H. Carpenter, the late Keeper

of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, was of opinion that it might be the production of a Bohemian artist.

The background to the figures, instead of being diapered with a pattern, is perfectly plain and consists solely of horizontal lines. See Wenzel Hollar, von Gustav Parthey, Berlin, 1853, vol. 1, page 42, No. 229.

The figure of the King has been delicately engraved by Henry Shaw, in his "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," London, 8vo, 1843, vol. 1, plate 32.

Illuminations in Manuscripts.

The next form in which we meet with representation of the unfortunate King is in manuscript illuminations. These are indeed far too numerous for any attempt at particularization.

VII. One however, among the crowd of works of this class, stands forward and claims a distinct notice for itself. This is the famous Metrical History of Richard II., now in the British Museum, and marked Harleian MS. 1319. It was written evidently by some one who was a witness of the events narrated, and the representations of Richard, as they occur in the numerous historical illustrations, possess a remarkable amount of consistency, and unite to afford a very clear notion of the king's individual character. The entire poem has been published with accurate copies of the plates in outline in the 20th volume of the *Archæologia*, and numerous copies have in turn been taken from them. Nearly all the illuminations had been previously etched in Strutt's *Regal and Monastic Antiquities*; but the delicacies of such minute execution as distinguish the paintings in the original manuscript, could not be conveyed through the medium of his bold but honest work, and the refined outlines of Mr Corbould, for the first time, rendered justice to these designs, when undertaken by the Society of Antiquaries.

VIII. In the "*Liber Regalis*," a small folio volume, presented to Westminster Abbey by Richard II., and always retained in the Dean's particular custody, are a few very highly-finished illuminations of royal personages. The volume relates to the ceremonial of the coronation, and contains two representations of

a King and Queen regnant being crowned separately; a third picture represents the coronation of King and Queen together, and the fourth represents the monumental effigy of a King laid on a square tomb, beneath a highly-decorated Gothic canopy.

The figures here introduced can hardly be accepted as actual portraits of King Richard and his consort, Anne of Bohemia, although the volume was prepared for their use. The countenances are too sharp and worn to accord with what we know their ages then really to have been. The gestures are distorted and extravagant. The King, seated alone, has nothing in his hands; but in the scene of his coronation with the Queen, and in the monumental effigy, he holds a sceptre in his right hand, and a globe or mound, with a lofty cross springing from it, in his left. The King and Queen are, in each instance, dressed entirely in blue lined with white. This predominance of blue, in contact with gold, and a strained expression about the eyes, with strong, deep shadows on the faces, at once remind me of the colouring of the Wilton House Diptych above mentioned. The background is a brilliant surface of highly-burnished gold, minutely punctured with dotted lines, forming a graceful pattern of flowing curves and drooping branches. It is remarkable that a dotted line is carried all round the figures so as to repeat their outline on the polished background. I feel little doubt that these illuminations are by the same hand as the Diptych* above mentioned.

IX. More satisfactory portraits of Richard and his Queen may be seen in a large and magnificent service-book, known as "Abbot Litlington's Missal," still preserved in the Chapter Library of Westminster Abbey. These figures also occur at that part which relates to a special service for the coronation of the sovereigns. Unfortunately, Strutt, in publishing his engravings from them, confuses this book with the preceding one, and refers to it as the "*Liber Regalis*." It was presented in 1374 by Nicholas Litlington, who was Abbot from 1362 to 1386.

* The representation of the King's coronation has been published in colours, but without sufficient delicacy, in West-wood's "*Palæographia Sacra*," 4to. London, 1843-5, plate 31.

The illuminations of the figures are inferior, as regards finish and detail, to the ornamental portions on the same pages. There is not the same preponderance of blue draperies on the principal figures as in the *Liber Regalis*. Strutt's engravings, in his "*Royal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities*," are numbered Plates xvii. and xviii.

X. Various illuminated Manuscripts of Froissart's *Chronicles* in the British Museum afford abundant representations of Richard II.; but none can claim any degree of authenticity at all comparable with the graphic pages of the *Metrical History* already referred to. Very few of them are actually contemporaneous. A curious matter-of-fact representation of King Richard's Deposition, executed about the time of the reign of Edward IV., has been engraved by Strutt, Plate xxxii. of his *Regal Antiquities*. This manuscript, from the Royal Collection, is now in the British Museum, marked 18, E. 2.

XI. Richard II. seated on a throne and receiving a book from a kneeling monk, of the Celestins at Paris, who holds a banner with the paschal lamb upon it in his left hand, is also engraved by Strutt in the same work, No. xix. p. 37. It is taken from a beautifully-executed manuscript in the British Museum, marked Royal, 20, B. 6.

XII. A singular figure of Richard II., a small whole-length, wearing a turban, surmounted by a crown and holding a sceptre in his left hand, is engraved by Montfaucon, in his "*Monumens de la Monarchie Française*." Paris, folio, 1731, vol. iii. p. 188. It is taken from a MS. Froissart in the *Bibliothèque Impériale*, and represents the King in the act of dropping his glove. He wears a long garment hiding his feet, and a pouch hangs from the girdle at his left side.

XIII. In the *Liber Niger*, the first volume of Records of the Order of the Garter compiled by Dr Robert Aldrydge, and dated 1534, are pictures of the sovereigns from Edward III. to Henry VIII. All wear the blue mantle of the garter, and are full-length figures very highly finished, but none earlier than Henry VII. are taken from actual portraits. This precious volume is in the special keeping of the Dean of Windsor.

Before quitting the subject of manuscript illuminations, I would advert to a remarkably characteristic figure of a young king, which occurs in a manuscript of a somewhat earlier date than Richard II., belonging to the British Museum, but which so completely *anticipates* the character of this pleasure-loving monarch that I cannot forbear inviting attention to it. The volume in question, marked "Arundel, 83," contains many fine illuminations, and, among them, an illustration of a legend frequently adopted by artists and poets of the 14th century; namely, the legend of St Macarius. It represents the incident of three kings, of different ages, whilst bent on pleasure, with the falcon on the wrist, coming suddenly upon three dead bodies in various stages of decay. The subject was ordinarily called "Les trois vifs et les trois morts." The youngest king is the one above referred to. He is crowned, smooth-faced, and with full flowing hair at the sides, precisely in the style of the King's head, as we see it on the silver groats of Richard's reign. He wears a large miniver cape, and holds his sceptre in a *non-chalant* style, whilst his countenance betrays intense fear, and, in his furtive glances towards the signs of mortality, has a girlish look that bears considerable affinity to the larger oil portrait of the King already noticed at Hardwick Hall.

Sculptures.

XIV. I now come to the most authentic of all representations of the King, in the fine bronze figure still preserved on his monument in Westminster Abbey.

The face in the effigy is exceedingly well preserved, and, although executed in a thoroughly Gothic style of art, is evidently a trustworthy likeness of the individual. The countenance is that of a very weak man, with long thin nose, peculiarly small and sharp-cornered eyes; the lids being thrown forward by a strong projection of the entire orb of the eye itself, and the eyebrows high-raised and arched, so as to indicate great want of character. The ridge of the nose is remarkably narrow, and the tip directed slightly upwards. The nostrils are small in the extreme. The cheeks are bare and perfectly smooth;

whilst the skin below the chin is gathered into two distinct folds which can hardly be taken for what is called a double-chin; seeming more probably to be the natural effect of the head being bent forward by a pillow when the rest of the figure is in a horizontal position. The hair is confined by a plain fillet bound round the head, and flows copiously on each side of his face, covering the top of the ears, in beautifully disposed and natural curls, which almost indicates an acquaintance with genuine Greek sculpture of the period of Alexander the Great. The ears, as far as seen, are extremely well modelled, and there is no indication, by perforation or otherwise, of earrings having been worn. The moustaches referred to above in the description of the picture at Windsor, are remarkably small and compactly twisted: they take the S-like form, and spring from the sides of the upper lip, coming to a termination very little beneath the level of the lower lip.

The two tufts of hair below his very round and comely chin hang straight down to a point, but with the same compact twist noticed above. To carefully detail the elaborate decorations, in beautiful engraved lines, all over his dress, and the hood falling over his shoulders, would lead us too far from our main object. Suffice it then to observe that the robes of the King are powdered or strewn with three badges, (1) the White Hart, (2) the Broom Plant, and (3) the Rising Sun. Among them are intermixed the letters R and A, the initials of his name and that of Anne his wife. The borders of the robes are ornamented with elegant patterns minutely delineated, the principal being a running scroll of the broom plant; at the foot are two rows of ermine spots, and the hood is also lined with ermine, but the inner sides of the mantle are plain. The badges on the mantle are interwoven with running lines of flowers or small leaves. These heraldic devices are lucidly explained in a learned paper written upon them by Mr J. G. Nichols, F.S.A., in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxix. p. 36.* Gough, in his *Sepulchral Monuments*, folio, 1786, vol. ii. p. 163, gives a large line-engraving, in an

* See also Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* ut supra, p. 191, note; and Neale's *Westmin.* vol. ii. p. 107.

oval, of the head of Richard II., executed by Basire from this tomb; but it is very unfaithful.

The official documents, including contracts and arrangement for the construction of this tomb, begun in Richard's own lifetime, are, fortunately, preserved, and may be consulted in Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. vii. p. 795 and 797-8. They are written in old Norman French. The body of the King was removed to this tomb in the Abbey by order of Henry V., soon after his own coronation.

Over this tomb still remains a table or canopy, like the tester of a bed, which has been said to be of a similar mixed metal to that composing the recumbent effigies. Mr Gough states that the surface was formerly gilt and enamelled with fleurs-de-lis, lions, eagles, and leopards in lozenges, but all this seems very questionable.* The pattern of the diaper appears to me to be of the simplest description; namely, a series of quatre-foils in raised framework fitted closely together, and having in the centre of each a small boss or rose, of a somewhat square shape; but which time and dirt have now rendered perfectly unintelligible. It is just possible that these projections may have originally possessed the forms of lions, eagles, &c., mentioned above, and it would indeed be a great advantage if these decorations, together with the elaborate figure-paintings, could be seen—were it only for a limited time—in a better light and thoroughly investigated. These paintings are in four square compartments, one of which contains a personification of the Holy Trinity: the compartment next below it is occupied by the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin. The remaining spaces contain standing figures of angels; two in each, holding a shield of arms between them. All these canopy-figures have their feet turned to the east, so as to suit the sight of any one lying beneath them.

Some historical notes respecting these paintings will be found in Sir Charles Eastlake's *Materials for a History of Oil Painting*, 1847, p. 177. The diapering of the ground of this canopy was considered by Neale to bear a considerable resem-

* Neale, vol. ii. p. 106.

blance to that of the picture of Richard II. in the Jerusalem Chamber.* They are also rather elaborately described by the Rev. Joseph Nightingale in "The Beauties of England and Wales," 8vo, 1815, Vol. X., part iv., page 32. He says of the Coronation of the Virgin: "This part of the painting seems to have suffered least from the ravages of time: the countenances when examined minutely are still very beautiful."

XV. Next to the effigy on his monument, the most reliable sculptured representation of Richard is the figure seen on his great seal; two types of which are known to exist. Unfortunately, owing to the perishable nature of the wax in which these impressions have been taken, little beyond the general form of the figure, and of the architectural accessories, has come down to us. Examples of them may be seen in the public cases in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum, and they have been very accurately figured in Collas's "*Trésor de Numismatique et de Glyptique*." Paris, fol. 1835. Planches, vii. No. 2, and viii. No. 1, "*des sceaux des rois et reines d'Angleterre*." In Planche vii. he appears seated under a richly canopied Gothic throne, wearing pointed shoes as in the Westminster picture, holding a globe, with a lofty stemmed cross springing from it, in his left hand, and in his *right* a sceptre terminating in a rich floriated ornament at the top. The relative position of these insignia is here in opposition to the Westminster picture.

The very tall cross rising from the orb is first apparent in the great seal of Richard I., where, in common with all his Norman predecessors, he appears grasping a large sword in the right hand.† The lofty cross rising from the orb has already been noticed in the Westminster "*Liber Regalis*." The sword was exchanged for the dove-topped sceptre by Henry III. in the second issue of his seal,‡ whilst Edward III. discarded the dove and adopted the floriated heading continued by Richard his grandson.

The forms of the crowns on their heads are very difficult to be made out; but in all cases the points issuing from the

* Vol. ii, p. 110. See also *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, by G. Gilbert Scott, 1863, p. 176. † Collas, Planche iii., No. 2. ‡ Collas, Planche iv., Nos. 2 and 3.

circlet are fleurs-de-lis of a very complete form. The crowns on the great seals of Edward III. first show three, and then five lilies, whilst those of Richard II. have five on both seals.

XVI. The silver groats of Richard, exhibiting his full face and beardless chin, with rich flowing hair on each side, afford a beautiful example of the crown with three large fleurs-de-lis, and two smaller points between them.*

XVII. On the reverse of the gold nobles of the same monarch, lions, surmounted by crowns, are placed within the four limbs of the cross. Here the form of the letter R in the centre of the cross is worthy of observation. On the obverse, the figure of the King in armour, carrying sword and shield, is seen standing in a galley, with a streamer, bearing St George's Cross, at the mast-head.†

XVIII. A fine Anglo-Norman gold coin in the British Museum represents King Richard seated, holding a large sword in his right hand, and the left raised, with finger pointed, as if in the act of admonition. The drapery of the figure is well arranged; it is only seen to a little below the knees. The crown is very simple, and consists merely of three well-formed fleurs-de-lis. The face appears in full, smooth as usual, and with the flowing locks at the side. On the reverse, the ends of the cross are terminated by an acorn between oak leaves, and in the spaces between the limbs of the cross are lions and fleurs-de-lis alternating; but no crowns over them.‡

Among our architecturally decorative statues of English kings in various cathedrals, those occupying the niches at the entrance to the choir of York Cathedral are most deserving of attention: not only on account of the individuality of character in their faces; but for the apparent genuineness of their condition at the time when John Carter made his drawing from them.

They were executed, it is supposed, rather before the middle of the 15th century during the reign of Henry VI.§

* Ruding's *Annals of the Coinage*, No. 6.
London, 1817, vol. iii., p. 317.

† Ruding, *ut supra*, p. 392.

‡ Ibid. Supplement, part ii., plate 13,

§ *Iconography of Wells Cathedral*, by C. R. Cockerell, 1851, Appendix, page 63.

XIX. The figure of Richard II. in this rood-loft screen is very majestic, wearing a long tunic and mantle, with a hood or small cape round the neck. The drapery falls well, and is artistically arranged. The crown consists of five tall richly-indented leaves rising from a jewelled circlet, and the hair springs sharply in bushy crisp curls on each side, as observable in the Westminster painting. The eyebrows are round, arched, and somewhat elevated. The two tufts on the chin are there, and no signs of moustaches are traceable. The general appearance of the face, turned straight forward, is very similar in character to the Westminster portrait. I give this description from Carter's spirited etching of the statue, which shows its exact condition as far back as 1794.* Carter in his text, page 64, observes that the crown is very perfect, and resembles the one seen in the picture at Westminster. "The right hand is broken off, as likewise the "point of the shoe. The outward cloak and hood are lined "with ermine, and most beautifully bordered with a double row "of beads, between which are alternate beads and large precious "stones; it is also fastened under a brooch made of nine curious "jewels. The mantle is laced, as usual, and the elegant collar is "ornamented with gems and beads. At the wrist is a jewelled "armilla or bracelet intended to confine the extremity of the "sleeve." Mr Cockerell† says of this statue, "Richard II. displays those personal pretensions 'as the handsomest king since "the Conquest,' for which he was remarkable. His hair is gilt; "the under part shaven, as observed at Canterbury, a fashion, "says Milner, introduced by King John of France, so long a "prisoner in this country. It appears from an entry cited by "Mr Browne, 1509, that these statues were all painted; 'Paid "to John paynter of York for painting one image of King "Henry, according to an agreement made, 20s.'"

XX. Although Richard is believed to be among the six regal statues in the screen at the entrance to the choir of Canterbury Cathedral, authorities are by no means certain as to which figure was intended for him. It would naturally be one

* Carter's Specimens, vol. 2, plate liii.

† Iconography, page 65 of Appendix.

of the three beardless kings, shown in Carter's engraving, plate 55, vol. 1, of his "Specimens." As the crowns seem to vary, and two of the beardless monarchs have crosses instead of fleurs-de-lis rising from the circlet, I would select the remaining statue which stands next, on the left, to Ethelbert, holding the model of a church in his hand, and wearing a jewelled and elegantly leafed crown, as being most similar to the one in the Westminster picture. This attribution has the support of Mr Cockerell,* who adopts this figure, and states that it is obviously a portrait.

XXI. Among the kings on the west front of Exeter Cathedral, this monarch is said to have found a place; but amid the uniformly seated figures none of Richard's peculiarities † have been preserved. In Murray's Handbook to this Cathedral, 1861, vol. 1, page 150, the screen is said to deserve the most careful examination. "It is difficult to identify with certainty the statues in the two upper rows." Richard is said to be No. 16 of the upper row beginning at the north. Mr Cockerell says: "It 'is strange that the glorious King Edward III., No. 20, and his 'reckless grandson Richard II., No. 21, are represented only in 'bust over the south entrance.' ‡

XXII., XXIII. Kings of England, down to Richard II., decorated the west front of Lichfield;§ and at Lincoln also will be found a series extending to Henry VI., which, principally as regards costume, yet retain some interest with the archæologist.

XXIV. At the upper end of Westminster Hall were the figures of our kings from Edward the Confessor down to Richard II. See an engraving of Richard II., in a niche, in Britton and Brayley's "Palace of Westminster," Lond. 8vo, 1835, page 441, note, and plate 1. They are engraved in Carter's "Specimens," vol. i., plate 34, and described at page 39 of the text. He refers to a letter respecting them in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1782, page 432. His own sketches were taken in 1784.

* Iconography, page 53 of Appendix.

† See Carter, plates 49 and 54.

‡ Cockerell, Appendix, page 32.

§ Cockerell, ut sup., page 74 of Appendix; do. page 83.

*Engravings.**

XXV. The earliest known engraving of Richard II. is of the date 1618, and belongs to a very rare series of engravings of our kings and queens, beginning with William the Conqueror. This series is so seldom to be met with that I here transcribe, in extenso, the writing on the title-page, "*BAZILIΩLOGIA, A Booke of Kings. Beeing the true and lively Effigies of all our English kings from the conquest until this present with their severall Coats of Armes, Impresses and Devises; And a briefe Chronologie of their lives and deaths. Elegantly graven in Copper. Printed for H. Holland, and are to be sold by Comp: Holland over against the 'xchange, 1618.*"

The engraving of Richard II. in this series is clearly derived from the Westminster portrait; although many senseless and unnecessary deviations have been made from it. The face is seen in full, and the eyes look at the spectator; the large ermine tippet falls in the usual manner, and is fastened likewise by an oval "Ouche" with a broad jewelled collar at the top. The light is admitted from the left hand, and the moustaches are small and slender, the chin rather smooth, with the two tufts which are so characteristic of his face. The crown is strangely altered in point of construction. Sharp tooth-like pinnacles rise from the band of the crown and terminate in a kind of flower, each with a pearl in the centre, whilst the pinnacles are adorned by curved crockets, one on each side, having the space between them occupied by a large pearl resting on the circlet of the crown. The sceptre, terminating in a thoroughly heraldic fleur-de-lis, is placed in his right hand, and the ball, having a short cross rising from it, is transferred to the left. The attitude of the hands is entirely altered. The jewels are curiously cut into square fascets, and the plainness of the ermine tippet is

* It would be idle to dwell on the coarse woodcuts of Richard II. in Rastell's "*Pastime of People*," 1529, and Hollinshed's "*Chronicles*," 1577. They possess no indication whatever of having been derived from any authentic representation. In

Rastell the figure is very large, and occupies the entire height of the page. He wears a long robe, and holds the sceptre downwards, in reference to the melancholy termination of his reign.

relieved by the introduction of a ponderous hanging collar and jewelled chain; the latter, falling lowest, has the badge of the Order of the Garter attached to it. This badge exhibits the figure of St George on horseback galloping to the left, enclosed within an oval garter bearing the usual words "*Honi Soit*," &c.

Taken altogether, and allowing for admitted variations—such as those detected in the *Heroologia*, an almost contemporaneous work,—this is really a very fair representation of the picture. No reference however is made upon the plate to the source whence the likeness had been obtained.

The letters "*R. E. Sculp.*" upon it indicate that it was the work of Reginald Elstracke, a skilful engraver, who employed his hand chiefly upon portraits; some of which have become exceedingly rare.

XXVI. From this collection of kings, Faithorne made a series under the following title: "*Effigies Regum Anglorum, Wilhelmo Conquestore, are to be sould by Robt. Peake, att his shopp neare Holborne Conduitt.*"

XXVII. Stent is supposed to have made use of these plates afterwards. They are very coarse in comparison with those of the *Basiliologia*, and only contain a much smaller proportion of the figures; no hands are visible. The Richard II. is one of the best faces in the entire series. The strange shapes of the crown, jewels, and sceptre, being still further exaggerated.

XXVIII. Sandford, however, in the first edition of his "*Genealogical History of the Kings of England*," London, 1677, adopts the *Basiliologia* engravings as guides for his vignettes at the heads of the chapters, and the portrait of Richard II., with the sceptre on his right side, and the jewelled collar and chain with the George hanging from it, are executed with a remarkable degree of delicacy. This little vignette, on page 127, is well deserving of attention, inasmuch as the artist has observed a marked peculiarity about the moustaches of the effigy in the Abbey, which has escaped attention in all painted portraits; namely, that the moustaches do not spring from near the nose or from the space between the nose and mouth, but from the *sides* of the mouth, on a level with the upper lip; they then

droop a short way and disappear altogether. Sandford's engraving repeats the strange shape of the crown, and, as if disappointed at not being able to do more with it on so very small a scale, repeats it much larger, according to Elstracke's engraving, as a centerpiece over the framework encircling the portrait.

XXIX. Hollar's engraving from the Wilton Diptych has already been noticed in connexion with a description of the picture itself. See *ante*, page 34.

It is hardly worth while to pursue any of the numerous and poor repetitions that fill up the interval between these engravings and the works of G. Vertue with which this article commenced.

XXX. The curious perversion, however, introduced at p. 237 of Kennett's folio History of England (professedly adorned "with effigies of the Kings and Queens from the originals, engraved by the best Masters," London, 1706), should hardly be allowed to pass without some notice. It has, like so many others, been copied—with wide deviations—from Elstracke's engraving. The countenance and proportions are entirely changed, and seem as if clumsily copied by some ignorant hand. The name of the designer is E. Lutterell. The rest of the work, as far as mere mechanical engraving is concerned, is brilliant and excellent. It is the production of a well-known artist, P. Vanderbanck.

XXXI. G. Vertue's Engraving, 1718 (described *ante*, page 27).

XXXII. G. Vertue's Engraving, 1732 (described *ante*, page 28).

XXXIII. John Carter's Engraving, 1786 (described *ante*, page 28).

The Westminster Picture.

XXXIV. From the year 1775, when the Westminster portrait of Richard II. was removed into the Jerusalem Chamber, to the time of the Manchester Exhibition in 1857, the public no longer had access to it. Under the auspices of Dean Buckland, the Chapter consented to lend their treasure to the great ex-

hibition about to be opened at Manchester in May, 1857, when this picture, partly it may be from its size; partly the subject, and, most of all, from its Gothic quaintness, attracted universal attention. It was hung among several of our earliest historical portraits over a staircase leading to one of the galleries, and appeared as No. 15 of Mr Peter Cunningham's Catalogue of the British Portrait Gallery.

During this time it was noticed by an eminent critic in the *Manchester Guardian*, in the following words. "The Richard II. here (15), from Westminster Abbey, though Walpole may choose to describe the picture as preserving the person of the King 'in the most lively manner,' has been reduced by the repaintings of generations to a state in which nothing but the contour of the original can be said to survive. It exhibits those regular and handsome but weak and insipid features, of which we see the germs, really well-conveyed, in the curious Wilton Picture (42, Saloon A.)." Dr Waagen of Berlin also pronounced a decided opinion on the picture. In his "Walk through the Art-treasures Exhibition, Manchester," 1857, page 45, he observes: "The development of art shown in this portrait is far too great to be of the time of this king. Perhaps it is a copy from an original, now lost, of the first half of the 16th century."

The *Manchester Guardian* also contained a critical notice of the pictures in the gallery of Ancient Masters (Saloon A.), and the Wilton Diptych is thus commented upon. "A curious foreign painting (42) next claims our attention. It includes the most authentic portrait of our own monarch, Richard II., and is a diptych from Wilton House, considered by many to be of Italian execution. Some even have gone so far as to attribute it to Angelico da Fiesole, but this is improbable, as the monarch died when Angelico was only ten years old, and the portrait here represents him as young, and with his brow yet unwrinkled by the cares of his later age. There is much sweetness in the expression and figures of the angels and Madonna. The exclusive predominance of blue in this compartment is very peculiar. Only the infant Saviour is dressed in a gold mantle. The King

"himself is richly habited, and, with the exception of the bronze effigy in Westminster Abbey, may be considered as the only authentic record of the monarch's appearance—since the face, in the Jerusalem Chamber portrait, was irreparably spoilt by repainting in the last century."

That the picture was grossly and repeatedly painted over, has been proved by subsequent investigations, but happily the mischief done was not so absolutely irreparable; and this, it is hoped, the conclusion of the present essay will sufficiently prove. Dallaway, in his *Anecdotes of the Arts in England*, London, 1800, p. 425, says, "The portrait of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey is said to have been retouched by Vandyck," an observation which is afterwards repeated, in a tone of positive certainty, in the 1813-edition of Pennant's *London*, page 98.* We have upon more certain record the names of two cleaners who actually worked upon the picture, Captain Broome, a print-seller residing near the Parliament House, and a Mr Charles or Edward Muss. Walpole particularly tells us that Broome repainted the Westminster Richard *after* Mr Talman's drawing was taken.† The following copy of a Chapter Order, with which the Dean of Westminster has favoured me, bearing date March 10, 1732, doubtless refers to the employment of Captain Broome:—

"That two pictures, one of King Richard II. in the church, and another of Archbishop Williams in the Library, be cleaned and repaired."

Captain Broome's residence was to the north-east of Henry VII.'s chapel, on the site of the old committee rooms of the House of Commons.‡

Dallaway, in a note to his edition of Walpole's *Anecdotes*,

* "It was retouched by Vandyck, and again about the year 1727."

† Walpole's *Anecdotes*, edited by Dallaway and Wornum, vol. i. page 26, note.

‡ Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*, page 251. I recently met with traces of his transactions as a dealer among the papers at Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby in Lancashire. In May, 1722, James Earl of Derby purchased of him a

curious little picture by old Francks of "Pharaoh in the Red Sea" for £31 10s. In the course of 1723 he sold to Mr T. Wright, who transferred it to Lord Derby, a remarkable painting by Nicholas Poussin of "The Arts inquiring of the genius of Rome why they do not flourish." It was No. 619 of the gallery of Ancient Masters at Manchester in 1857.

page 24, says, "This portrait of Richard II. was in its primary "state of singular curiosity. It was, at first, placed above one of "the stalls of the choir of Westminster Abbey; but has been re- "moved into the Jerusalem Chamber, in the Dean's lodgings; it "was most injudiciously restored, or, in fact, painted over, about "a century ago. . . . It has been lately cleaned, and made to ap- "proach nearer to its original character." The date of his publication is 1826. His first mention of restoration was doubtless in reference to the mischief perpetrated by Broome at the period above stated, and the second probably relates to a cleaning mentioned also in Neale's Westminster Abbey, vol. 2, page 301, published in 1823, where it is said that the picture had been recently cleaned by Mr Charles Muss. In Dart's Westminster Abbey, supposed to have been published in 1723, there is no mention of any restoration having been applied to the picture. He however expressly remarks on its condition, and observes, "The "lower part of this picture is much defaced by the backs of "those who fill that stall, which, if I mistake not, is usually the "place of the Lord Chancellor when the House of Lords re- "pair hither."*

Beyond the above instances I am not aware that anything beyond a harmless coat of pure mastic varnish from the brush of Messrs Rutley has been added to the picture. This was done, I believe, preparatory to the removal of the picture to the South Kensington Portrait Exhibition in April last.

During the time of its appearance at Kensington, various critical notices were printed respecting it. A selection from them will be interesting, and the following are perhaps among the most important. The well-known writer in the *Times* says, "Again, real interest, both historical and artistic, attaches to the "full-length life-size portrait of Richard II. (7), sent by the "Dean and Chapter of Westminster, which formerly hung over "one of the stalls in the Abbey choir, but has since been re- "moved to the Jerusalem Chamber. It has been entirely paint- "ed over, and is now a ruin, but even the ruin shows us the

* Vol. i. page 62.

“fair, soft, weak face which we should expect, and it is, in all probability, a contemporary monumental picture.”

Mr Planché, in contributing a series of valuable observations on this Exhibition to the *Builder*, thus proceeds. “No. 7, Richard II. This is really a curious picture, and in its original state had every appearance of being contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the unfortunate monarch. But it has undergone woeful treatment from somebody.” Mr Planché believes it to have been copied by order of Lord Lumley, *circa* 1594, in a picture still extant at Lumley Castle.* Of the Westminster picture he continues: “The King’s tunic is powdered with crowned R’s and roses, as upon his effigy in Westminster Abbey, and the background with crosses *clechée* and flowers which have so faded that they are all but invisible. Whatever may be the veritable age and history of this picture, however it may have been tampered with, it deserved to be placed at the head of the “Catalogue.”

A discriminating writer in the *Saturday Review* contributes the following: “Richard II. is represented in the collection—the remarkable portrait of him at Wilton not being obtainable —by the very large picture, on a massive oak ‘table’ which comes from the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster. The figure of ‘the unhappy beautiful prince’ is more than life-size, seated in a State chair in royal robes; it is quaintly described in Dart’s History of Westminster, who mentions that the lower part had been much defaced by the backs of those who filled the stall above which it hung. Beneath this picture, buried under coats of paint, might be found, no doubt, some remains of the original; the raised diaper of the background, however, retouched, is a genuine remembrancer of ancient work, and resembles the mural sculpturing over parts of the Abbey walls. Compare the coloured print of it in Carter’s Specimens of Sculpture and Painting. The picture is not a copy, as conjectured by Dr Waagen, but is in all probability the original board that first hung in the choir at Westminster, perhaps

* See *ante*, page 32.

“even before the time when Henry V. (in 1413) paid John Wyddemer £4 for a horse-bier, coffin, &c., for removing the body of the hapless King, and burying it in its present tomb in the Abbey.”

The judgment of a foreign critic, Dr Alfred Woltmann, already favourably known in this country by his *Biography of Holbein*, still in course of publication, will be read with interest. It appeared in a number of the *Fortnightly Review* (No. 32, for September).

“One of the most valuable among these ancient portraits in the eastern corridor, is No. 7, the more than life-size picture of King Richard II., belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. Unfortunately, the whole picture, belonging, it is true, not to King Richard’s time, but to the beginning of the 15th century, has been painted over in oil colours, especially the face, whilst the brilliant royal robes in which Richard is dressed show still some traces at least of the original painting.”

Sharing these opinions,—or rather impressed with a much stronger conviction as to the enormous amount of re-painting upon the picture than any of the preceding writers,—Mr George Richmond, R.A., took up the subject very warmly. He availed himself of an opportunity to represent the circumstance to the Dean of Westminster; urged that the picture should be cleaned before it was allowed to return to the Jerusalem Chamber, and proffered, not only to supervise the operations of cleaning, but with his own hands to work upon the more important parts. Happily his offer was accepted. After a due conference with his ecclesiastical colleagues, the Dean informed Mr Richmond that the picture should be entrusted to his care, and accordingly, at the close of the Kensington Exhibition, on August 18th, the picture was immediately removed to the studio of Mr Henry Merritt, a skilful picture-restorer.

Upon a careful examination, and by testing the picture in various parts, Mr Merritt found that the colours, so abundantly laid on, were not of any very great antiquity. The oldest in





BEFORE THE CLEANING.



RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL STATE.

THE WESTMINSTER PORTRAIT OF KING RICHARD II.

Traced by G. Scharf from the original picture 13th September and 31st October 1866.

Reduced on the scale of two inches to the foot.

the mass would have been about 150 years old, thus carrying us back to the early part of the 18th century, and only just before the time that Talman employed Grisoni to make his drawing for the benefit of the Society of Antiquaries. Mr Richmond did even more than he had engaged to do; for he attended, day after day, at Mr Merritt's studio, and not only directed the clearing of the false paint from the surface of the face, and the more delicate parts of the hands and ornaments, but helped to tear away thick masses of dirty oil paint that had encumbered delicate folds of the drapery, revealing at last a beautiful red colour for the robe, a noble arrangement of folds, and some marvellous painting of the white fur lining (miniver) which could not be other than the work of one of the very best artists of the time; showing that it was indeed a Royal portrait, and, in all probability, taken from the life.

The accompanying illustration will best exhibit the degree of change that has been effected by all these recent operations. The two heads have been carefully reduced from my own tracings, taken at different times, to the same scale of rather more than two inches to the foot. The left portion shows the recent state of the picture, with its diapered background, and both crown and sceptre-heading very different from those in the right-hand example, where the countenance appears as now restored to its original condition. The following notes of the change may perhaps best serve to indicate the chief points of contrast, and the general bearing of the alteration.

"Instead of a large, coarse, heavy-toned figure, with very deep, solid shadows, strongly-marked eyebrows, and a confident expression (almost amounting to a stare) in the dark-brown sparkling eyes, we now have a delicate, pale picture, in carefully modelled forms, with a placid and somewhat sad expression of countenance; grey eyes, partially lost under heavy lids; pale yellow eyebrows, and golden-brown hair. These latter points fully agree with the King's profile in the small tempera Diptych at Wilton, belonging to the Earl of Pembroke. The long thin nose accords with the bronze effigy of the King in Westminster Abbey; whilst the mouth, hitherto smiling and ruddy, has

become delicate, but weak and drooping in a curve, as if drawn down by sorrowful anticipations even in the midst of pageantry. Upon the face there is a preponderance of delicate shadow, composed of soft brown tones, such as are observable in early Italian paintings of the Umbrian and Siennese schools executed at a corresponding period. Indeed, the general appearance of the picture now forcibly recalls the productions of Simone Memmi, Taddeo Bartoli, Gritto da Fabriano, and Spinello Aretino.

“Many gratuitous changes seem to have been made by the restorers in various parts of this figure of King Richard; several well-devised folds of drapery were quite destroyed through ignorance. The position of the little finger of his left hand, holding the sceptre, was found to have been materially altered. The letters R, surmounted by a crown, strewn over his blue robe, were changed in shape, and the dark spots on his broad ermine cape were distorted from their primitively simple tapering forms into strange twisted masses of heavy black paint. The globe held in his right hand, and covered with some very inappropriate acanthus leaves, was at once found to be false, and beneath it was laid bare a slightly convex disc of composition, gilded and very highly burnished. This, however, was not an original part of the picture. A plain flat globe with its delicate gilding was found hidden still lower; and it was then ascertained that the head of the sceptre and the crown on his head had, in like manner, been loaded with gold and polished. Beneath these masses of solid burnished gilding, bearing false forms and ornaments unknown to the 14th century, was found the original Gothic work, traced with a free brush in beautiful foliage upon a genuine gold surface lying upon the gesso preparation coating the panel itself, and constituting a perfectly different crown as well as heading to the sceptre from those hitherto seen. The singular device (for the 14th century) of a fir cone on the summit of the sceptre has disappeared entirely. The diaper, composed of a raised pattern, decorating the background, coated over with a coarse bronze powder, and not even gilded, was found to be a false addition. It was moulded in composition or cement, pos-





A. Tracing of border design between the leaves and flowers, showing the irregularity with which the leaves and flowers are joined together. The pattern is the old Kruja leaf and flower, as seen in the old Kruja leaf.

sibly as early as the reign of the Tudors. Not only did it stand condemned, in itself, by clumsiness of workmanship and a reckless fitting together of the component parts,* but it was found to have extensively overlaid some of the most beautiful foliage and pieces of ornamentation. The picture is painted on oak, composed of six planks joined vertically, but so admirably bound together as to appear one solid mass. It measured, within the old frame, 7 feet, by 3 feet 7 inches. The back is quite plain.

The large, clumsy frame was found to have concealed a considerable portion of the picture; and by removing it, the carved end of the chair, on one side, and the lower part of the curved step in front, were laid open to view. Unfortunately, the right side of the picture, beneath the frame, had been wantonly mutilated by hacking as if with an adze or hatchet, so as to render the chair on this side much less perfect. The raised diaper-work was continued under the frame, and, in the upper left-hand corner, had been curiously patched by two square pieces of inferior workmanship, which were let in as if to make good some incidental flaw.

After the closing of the Kensington Portrait Exhibition, I went up to Mr Merritt's studio to examine the picture carefully, and on September 12th and 13th, before anything had been done to the face, I took a careful tracing of the head, collar, crown, and sceptre; also the two hands, sleeves, and the ball with the acanthus leaves painted on it, and the stem of the cross rising from the periphery of the globe, exactly as shown in Carter's engraving, which, taken altogether, has proved to be a very literal and accurate rendering of the picture in its later state of re-painting. I now much regret that time did not allow of my making tracings from other parts of the picture; but I had engagements to fulfil out of town, and did not return to Lon-

* These strange irregularities, in application of the mould or stamp, will be seen in the accompanying outline, giving two portions of the picture. The upper, B, above the straight line, taken from the background to the left of the head, and the lower, A, from the space between the King's crown and sceptre. The proportion of the stamp used in the lower portion is longer one way than the other. The stamp seems to have been used, regardless of uniformity, when the longer or narrower way would best fit in to a limited space.

don before the 26th. On the following day I proceeded to Mr Merritt's, and was then perfectly astonished at the change that awaited me.

What had been going on meanwhile may be gathered from one or two extracts that I have been permitted to make from an elaborate daily record of operations kept by Mr Merritt, during which Mr G. Richmond had added further observations.

September 25th, 1866. Mr Richmond worked cleaning tippet, and removing thick layer of lead. Pure tempera painting found underneath with brown varnish. Cleaned face, which came out as now seen, saving an injury on right temple, part of the nose, and a spot below the mouth, which are still to be pointed out. The eyes had been slightly rubbed, and required trifling repairs. Scratches are on the face, evidently the work of malicious persons. These scratches are still to be seen from a side view.

Note by G. R. *Mr Merritt with great courage and equal skill removed the thick coating of re-paint from the left side of the face,—revealing one quite unlike that which was taken off; hair red, colour of the eyes gone; but the colour of the flesh quite that of a red-haired person, and I think the eyes have been blue.*

September 26th. Mr R. worked on chair and robe. Removed opaque oil, and found below it transparent crimson, rich and deep, like Venetian red.

September 27th. Mr R. worked on chair, robe, and right hand. Removed black outer frame, and recovered a large piece of the footstool; and, up the side, a finely-preserved Gothic ornament, supporting elbow of throne. The frame had to be broken off the picture in very many pieces. It hid about four inches in width along the bottom of the picture, rather less at the top, and about two inches on each side.

September 29th. Mr R. occupied in endeavouring to remove morsels of stucco-diaper background, found evidence of an older background under chair-ornaments, where the gold is still seen, and around the hair. The older background was apparently reddish, gilt in oil, and covered with undefined sprigs and scrolls, as now seen in the openings of the chair-back. Mr R. found the clumsy diaper-stucco laid on so as to cover and mar the contours in many parts of the chair, and outer tresses of the hair. The true outlines, recovered by the removal of the stucco, are now visible. Mr R. also worked on ornamental collar above tippet, bringing out oak-leaf.

Note by G. R. *On the collar false emeralds had been painted, covered with thickly-painted high-lights, to make the sparkle, all in wrong places.*

Note by G. R. *Happily the raised crown was in composition, about one-eighth of an inch thick, which Mr Chance* very carefully and skilfully chipped off. In flaking off the false globe, and cross that springs out of it, we were very*

* A practical gilder.

careful to note how the cross was inserted into the ball or globe. [See difference on this point by comparing Vertue's and Carter's engravings.]

October 2nd. Mr Chance slowly uncovered the raised gold, which hid the true crown, sceptres, and globe.

Note by G. R. *Mr Chance uncovered a shadow falling from the right thumb upon the globe, and found also that the little finger of the left hand came outside the sceptre, and was not, as the prints represent, hidden by it.*

October 4th. Mr Chance found gold under pinnacles of crown, further supporting the impression of a plain gilt background prior to stucco.

October 5th. Mr R. superintended the removal of the outer raised sceptre, when the top ornament came out in fine drawing and shading.

October 12th. Found the blue tunic thickly painted over, and upon this ground the letter R, with crown and sprig with the circular ornament, was coarsely stencilled. On removing these ornaments nothing remained save the false blue covering, and on removing that, the letter R, crown, and circular ornament came to light as now seen.

On October 29th, having again returned to town, I renewed my visits to the studio, and both then and on the 31st, took minute tracings of all the principal parts of the picture, carefully studying its present condition.

The following detailed observations then made, with the picture before me, may possess some artistic interest.

Two crowns had been successively laid, one over the other, upon the true one. The original crown was flat, having, as it were, two tiers of gracefully painted foliage growing naturally out of the jewelled circlet on the brow. (See the illustration facing page 27.)

The second crown had been thickly laid on with composition at the time when the diaper pattern was added, and took the general form seen in Vertue's 1718 engraving. The third operation was a re-gilding and re-painting of the ornaments and jewels with a heavy black outline, and probably the work of Captain Broome in 1726.

The eyeballs in the recovered picture are really of a brownish colour; but viewed at a distance, with the surrounding red tints on the face, appear a bluish grey. The hair is a rich chestnut brown, painted upon a gold ground. It recently appeared merely a solid dark mass of blackish brown. Since the cleaning, all the delicate shadows which separate the waving locks, have come

out, and the curls appear to have resumed their pristine condition.

The jewels on the circlet of the crown were faintly tinted with bright colours, and each was surrounded by deeply punctured holes done originally upon the gilded surface before the preparation was too much hardened to receive an impression. The cavities therefore of these punch-holes were equally gilded with the rest of the surface. Dotted or punctured patterns on gold are frequently to be met with in the MSS. of the end of the 14th century. They were commonly used in the golden glories round the heads of saints in early Italian pictures. The beautiful picture by Simone Memmi, now in the Liverpool Royal Institution, representing "Our Saviour found in the Temple" (engraved in Kugler's Handbook to Italian Painting, page 157 of third edition), is an excellent example of this decoration, and the Wilton Diptych, the Liber Regalis, and Abbot Litlington's Missal, belonging to Westminster Abbey, are still more delicate and even more perfect in preservation.

The face is painted in pure tempera, upon the gesso ground which covers the actual panel, and has completely resisted the oils and varnishes laid over it for so many centuries. The colour is solid, especially on the forehead, where the smooth surface is lined by regular and minutely fine cracks.

There is a subdued brown tone about the face, peculiar to the early Siennese paintings; the right half of the face (as the spectator looks at it) being more in shadow than the left.

The cheeks are quite pale. The mouth is of a soft brown crimson, shaded with rich brown. There is no indication of eyelashes, and the eyeballs have no sparkling light upon them. The white of the eye is of a uniform light colour; equal in strength with that of the light down the front of the nose. The eyelids are strongly defined with a deep brown outline, which gives a fulness of look, so characteristic to many of the early Italian mosaics in the apsidal recesses of the older Christian churches.

The eyebrows are sketchily marked with brown lines of a thin flowing dark brown paint, which must have been applied with a fine soft brush, capable of giving out the colour in body

and breadth upon the slightest pressure when requisite, and yet adapted for leaving off with the minutest possible point. These beautiful touches are sometimes to be seen on glass paintings of the best period, and also visible here, as well on the foliage of the crown as on the beautiful floreated head of the sceptre. Some of this colour I first observed adhering to the under-part of the stucco of the diaper as it was being lifted off from the outlines of the crown and sceptre and carved ornaments belonging to the back of the chair.

The hands are treated in the same manner as the face. It is remarkable that no rings are worn. The shadow also from his thumb upon the flat surface of the gold of the globe deserves notice. The coating of gold on this part was found to be much scabbed and broken away; but the original gold ground lay immediately upon the gesso, which had nothing but the smooth wooden panel beneath it.

Unfortunately no inscription has been discovered on the picture. When the lower part was uncovered, revealing the whole of the circular base of the throne under his feet, I was in great hopes that a date at least, if not the painter's name, would have been forthcoming. My expectation was partly founded on the curious Triptych painting on wood, engraved by D'Agincourt, pl. 124, *Peinture*, in which the date 1336 appears with other letters on the front of a similarly curving-step to the throne.

The two tall thin pinnacles and the straight back of the chair, not reaching higher than the King's neck, are characteristics which command notice on first sight of the picture. Lofty pinnacles of this kind may be observed in early engravings of the Monument, at Westminster, of Aymer de Valence, who was murdered in France, 1323,* and also of Thomas Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, lying in the same Abbey.† They likewise appear at the angles of the throne in both great seals of Edward III. The throne on the first seal has a raised arch or niche encircling his head; but the second exhibits a chair with a

* See Neale's *Westminster Abbey*, vol. ii. p. 275.

† Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* page 106, edition 1677.

horizontal, ornamented back, reaching scarcely so high as to the shoulders. The chair seems to be of wood, and in neither case is there any cushion to sit upon. The sides of the seat appear to have been perforated in arcades similar to the openings so conspicuous in the Westminster picture.* Slender pinnacles also appear at the extremities of the backs of thrones in Italian art; witness the plate in D'Agincourt, previously referred to, and also plate 127, where the curving elbows of the chair and tasselled cushions closely resemble the Richard II. painting. The altarpiece engraved by D'Agincourt was the work of Vitalis di Bologna, and bears date 1345. The curved elbow again appears on a succeeding plate of the same work exhibiting a tabernacle and altarpiece by a Pisan artist belonging to the same period; with a multitude of pinnacles raised on lofty, slender square shafts, which would indicate an Italian taste in the painting before us. Lastly, with regard to the chair, I will cite the illumination in Abbot Litlington's Missal, which represents the coronation of Richard's Queen Anne of Bohemia. The straight back, high-raised pinnacles, and curving arms to her throne, exhibit a precisely similar construction to that of the seat in the large picture; whilst the sides are perforated with arches and marked with cross lines like the ordinary casements of church windows. The illumination has already been described; see *ante*, page 36.

The diaper which has engaged so much anxious thought on the part of those concerned in the recent operations, deserves some careful explanation. It has been for many years a leading feature in the picture, and many persons have associated it with the carved diapering in the stonework on the walls of the Abbey.† Both Vertue and Carter however failed in this part of their engraving to observe and accurately copy the component parts which formed the pattern.

On removing some of the stucco of the crown, and also external portions of the sceptre, it was found that the original

* See Collas, Trésor, &c., Sceaux d'Angleterre, &c., pl. vi.; and Sandford, *ut supra*, pages 122, 123.

† Neale, vol. ii. page 46, note.

work had even extended beneath the stucco ornaments of the diaper, and consequently, in order to recover them, parts of the diaper had to be removed. This led to further investigations, and, ultimately, it was ascertained that, in all parts of the background, the original surface of the panel had been lowered excepting just within a quarter of an inch round the edge of the figure itself. Nevertheless, the clumsy workman, in adding the stucco ornament, carried it beyond the well-defined limits, and covered over many parts of the gracefully flowing hair, and the elegant foliage of the sceptre-head.

It is therefore evident, that although the moulded pattern encroached upon the original form of the figure, the workman employed in reducing the previous background had not disturbed the free, bold work of the first artist. I feel sure that the background coeval with the portrait, was of gold, patterned either by puncturings, as in the paintings and illuminations above cited, or by delicately-painted ornaments in flat colours. But this lowering the surface of the entire ground might be the natural result of a desire to efface some deeply punctured ornaments already existing, and, indeed, without this course there would have been no very effective means of obliterating them.

There can be little doubt, when we remember the Wilton House Diptych, the Metrical History of Richard, and the various productions of Italian art belonging to the same period, that so large a surface as the background of the Westminster portrait would not have been allowed to pass without ornamentation. A square piece of the diaper pattern in relief has been intentionally left undisturbed in the upper left-hand corner. Two square cavities, one over the other, were found towards the upper part of the picture, which had at a subsequent period been filled in with cement, and impressed with a pattern to match the remainder of the surface. They were very shallow, and may possibly have been made to serve for the attachment of some bracket or framework to support a lamp.

When, or for what exact purpose the picture was painted, still remains to be ascertained.

Neale, following Dart,* supposes that it was painted on the occasion of the King's visit to the Abbey in the year 1390, on the anniversary of St Edward's Translation, October 13th, when King Richard and his Queen sat crowned in this church, with their sceptres in their hands, during the celebration of mass. It has also been imagined that a reference to this picture exists in a document in the Pell Records respecting payment for decorating the canopy of Queen Anne's tomb in the Abbey,† but, as my friend Mr Burtt has shown, on a reference to the original deed, there is little just ground for the supposition. It is most probable that the greatest changes effected in the picture took place in connexion with the building of Henry VII.'s chapel at the east end of the Abbey. It was then that the stucco and polished gold were applied. That the picture was in the choir of the Abbey early in the reign of Charles I., is shown by the following passage in Weever's "Funeral Monuments," published 1631, page 473. "That beautifull picture of a King "sighing (sitting), crowned in a chaire of estate, at the upper "end of the Quire in this church, is said to be of him, which "witnesseth how goodly a creature he was in outward linea- "ments." Grisoni's drawing taken in 1718 (not, I regret, to be met with among the drawings belonging to the Society of Antiquaries) must have been exceedingly careless and inaccurate, because the face appears to have then been almost the same as we see it in its restored state. Of this we have a curious proof. Vertue, who had commenced collecting materials for a history of painting in England as far back as 1713, visited Westminster Abbey in 1725, and there made some technical notes of the picture, inserting a sketch of the left eye on the page of his book, which is still preserved in the British Museum, and perfectly contradicted the picture when Carter saw it. It confirms therefore the belief that the actual drawing of the face had not been so injuriously tampered with until Broome in 1732 painted it over with dark heavy shadows after the fashion of Sir God-

* Vol. ii. page 67.

† See Eastlake's *Materials for a History of Oil Painting*, 1847, page 178.



frey Kneller. Broome likewise added the ridiculous shadows cast from the sceptre and cross upon the white ermine cape; altered the drawing of the fingers, and blackened the outlines of ornaments and jewels on the crown. The shape of the crown and the fir-cone apex to the sceptre belonged doubtless to the Tudor period. That the shadows thrown on the tippet were added between the time of Grisoni's drawing and Vertue's own engraving done for Rapin in 1730, will appear from the fact that no shadow whatever is to be seen in the one, whilst in the other, namely, Vertue's later performance, the shadows are introduced with all possible fulness and care. It will scarcely be necessary to continue the narration any further. As a spectator of the whole proceeding,—whilst thoroughly concurring in Mr Richmond's views, and having already, in an official capacity, expressed a similar opinion as to the former condition of the picture, to the Dean of Westminster,—I bear willing testimony to the zeal and efficiency with which our distinguished portrait-painter has laboured upon the picture; and I rejoice to think of the high moral courage, on the part of the Dean and Chapter, that grappled with so serious an undertaking, and brought the work to such a perfectly satisfactory conclusion. My best acknowledgments are due to the Dean of Westminster for affording me the opportunity of studying the *Liber Regalis* and Abbot Litlington's Missal at perfect leisure; to the Dean of Windsor for similar advantages with regard to the *Liber Niger* at Windsor; and also to Mr B. V. Head, of the British Museum, for much valuable information respecting the gold coinage of this reign.

G. SCHARF.

THE HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND.*

PART II.

NEITHER in this, nor in any other European country, did the striking events which illustrated the beginning of the 19th century, appear favourable to the cultivation and progress of the Fine Arts. Everywhere were to be seen exasperated men engaged in bloody combats, or preparing for battles destined to be memorable in the world's history. To a contemporary, whose philosophic calmness enabled him to observe without taking a side, it would have seemed that the art of war was to swallow up all the rest, or render them subservient to it, literature becoming transformed into a chronicle of slaughter, and painting being chiefly employed to depict the exploits and the features of conquerors. Yet, great as was the commotion, and absorbing as were the details of the exploits of soldiers and the projects of their chiefs, there were still opportunities enough for the propagation of the ideas which exercise a wider and better influence over society, than hosts of armed and victorious men. In agitated times it is as difficult to believe that the revolutions, which overturn some, and shake to their foundation all of the thrones in Europe, do not arrest the development of peaceful arts, as to believe that, when the wind is raging and the Atlan-

* A Century of Painters of the English School; with critical Notices of their Works, and an Account of the Progress of Art in England.' By Richard Redgrave, R.A., and Samuel Redgrave. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1866.

tic is a rolling mass of waves, wherein the stoutest craft helplessly perish, the scene is not one of unmitigated horror. Still, even when the storm is most terrible, and the destruction the most thorough, the Gulf stream flows on its wonted course, carrying with it the elements of heat and life to shores which would soon be ribbed with ice were its current arrested.

With a continuity as unbroken, and as beneficial an influence, did the current of new and unwarlike ideas flow silently on, even when the one-half of Europe was a camp, the other a battle-field. At the very time when England seemed wholly occupied in lavishing the treasure of her merchants, and the blood of her sons, in a cause which, if equally noble, has proved as bootless as the conquest of Palestine, her literature was being recast, and her artists were producing paintings, which were unexampled then and are still unsurpassed. In Germany, notwithstanding the changes, which were everywhere made in consequence of victories everywhere gained, men of letters were as busy as men of the sword, and Goethe and Schiller were creating a literature in prose and verse, which was to give a reputation to their country such as it had never before enjoyed. Italy, though she had lost her independence, yet gained at the hands of Alfieri some literary glories, of which she had good reason to be proud. In France the social changes which had led to the decapitation of crowned heads,—the lesser consequences of which were to convert wealthy nobles into beggars, to elevate beggars into offices of dignity and power,—were almost contemporaneous with a revolution in literature, which had the effect of dethroning the effete classical school, and substituting for it the new romantic school of which Chateaubriand was one of the founders.

The general tendency of the movement was towards personal liberty of action. It was held to be absurd, that men who had ideas to express should not give vent to them in their own style. The consequence was a determination to escape from the leading-strings of routine, to disregard the dictates of conventionalism, to consider Nature as alone deserving of worship, as the only standard of perfection. The influence of the new ideas was not simultaneously manifested with equal power in all coun-

tries named above. In Italy, for example, various retarding causes postponed the working of the leaven. Even Alfieri, with all his enthusiasm, was not a proper representative of the new spirit. Several years had to elapse before supremacy of the natural over the artificial was perceptible in the art and literature of France. Not so in Germany and England. In both countries, the operation of the altered spirit of the age is clearly manifested, by the best works which were produced when this century opened. Among English artists, Turner is the representative of the new ideas. Whatever is most striking in his art is attributable to this. He shares with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others, the honour of being the founders of a new dynasty, the apostles of a new faith.

I.

Of nature, under every aspect, Turner was an enthusiastic admirer. The majesty and might of the heaving sea, the diversified features of a landscape, the glories of a sky laden with rain-clouds, or gay with fleecy and changing patches of vapour, were the objects in which he delighted, and which he repeatedly portrayed. The greater portion of each year, he spent in traversing on foot this and other lands, for the purpose of sketching whatever attracted him by its beauty or novelty. Even when an old man he rose at an early hour every morning, to gaze upon the sky lit up by the first beams of the sun, and to note the effects which pleased him. Indeed, to fix in colours some of the gorgeous but evanescent hues and shapes of sun-lit clouds, was always the chief desire of his heart. That he might reproduce these and other appearances with the utmost fidelity, he employed artifices unpractised by his brother artists. His first achievement was to excel in the new art of water-colour painting, and having perfected that art, he applied some of its processes to oil-painting, thereby succeeding in widening its scope as well as improving its results. Whatever aided him to express his ideas with completeness, he unhesitatingly adopted. His perseverance and boldness, the earnestness of his love for nature, combined with great executive skill, enabled him to

gratify to the full the taste of his age for the natural and true, and to attain the position of the first among English landscape painters.

The merit of his work is incontestable: the rapidity with which he obtained his reputation was unprecedented. Unlike so many other men of originality, he had not to pine for years, vainly longing for the approbation of the discerning critic, and the applause of a gratified public. If his pictures encumbered his studio, it was not that eager purchasers were lacking, but because he refused to part with them on any terms. He had the greatest difficulty in executing the commissions entrusted to him. From his twentieth to his seventy-fifth year his pencil was in constant requisition. His fecundity was astounding. Between 1787 and 1850, he exhibited 259 pictures at the Royal Academy, and 16 at the British Institution between 1806 and 1845. Of the rough sketches and finished drawings, the number he made and left behind him is incredible. Not only so, all his works are excellent of their kind. Every line he drew showed the original artist.

The most instructive part of the brothers Redgraves' memoir, is the selection given from contemporary critiques on Turner's earlier works. These notices demonstrate not only how thoroughly he was admired even from the first, but also how thoroughly his art was suited to the age. In the "Companion" to the Exhibition of 1796, it is said of his "Fishermen at Sea," "as a sea-piece this picture is effective. But the light on the sea is too far extended. The colouring is, however, natural and masterly, and the figures, by not being more distinct and determined, suit the obscure perception of objects dimly seen through the gloom of night, partially illumed." In the "Critical Guide" it is remarked concerning the same picture, "We recommend this piece, which hangs in the ante-room, to the consideration of the judicious; it is managed in a manner somewhat novel, yet the principle of that management is just: we do not hesitate in affirming that this is one of the greatest proofs of an original mind in the present pictorial display; the boats are buoyant and swim well, and the undulation of the element is

admirably deceiving." At that period, the man, whose approbation was valued, and who evidently possessed great critical acumen, was named Williams, and he wrote under the pseudonyme of Anthony Pasquin. When discussing the pictures of the year in his "Touchstone" to the Exhibition of 1797, he says of Turner's "Fishermen coming Ashore at Sunset previous to a Gale,"—"we have no knowledge of Mr Turner but through the medium of his works, which assuredly reflect great credit upon his endeavours. The present picture is an undeniable proof of the possession of genius and judgment, and, what is uncommon in this age, is, that it partakes but very little of the manner of any other master: he seems to view Nature and her operations with a peculiar vision, and that singularity of perception is so adroit that it enables him to give a transparency and undulation to the sea more perfect than is usually seen on canvas. He has a grace and boldness in the disposition of his tints and handling which sweetly deceive the sense; and we are inclined to approve him the more, as all our painters have too servilely followed the steps of each other, and given us pictures much like japanned tea-boards, with ships and boats on a smooth glassy surface, than adequate representations of that inconstant, boisterous, and ever-changing element."

Among Nichols' "Literary Illustrations" is a letter from Mr Caldwell, of Dublin, dated the 14th of June, 1802, wherein it is recorded:—"A new artist has started up, one Turner; he had before exhibited stained drawings, he now paints landscapes in oil: beats Louthembourg and every other artist all to nothing. A painter of my acquaintance, and a good judge, declares his pencil is magic; that it is worth every landscape-painter's while to make a pilgrimage to see and study his works. Louthembourg, that he used to think of so highly, now appears mediocre." In the "Literary Panorama" for 1807, "The Smith's Shop" is characterized "as a truly masterful performance. The artist has produced a breadth, a harmony, and a variety which show that he understands his art thoroughly." Uwins, a brother artist, in a letter dated 1815, says in reference to Turner's works then in the Royal Academy Exhibition, that

he is the greatest of living geniuses, whose works this year are said to surpass all his former outdoings. In 1816, Leslie wrote to his friends in America that "Turner is my great favourite of all the painters here. He combines the highest poetical imagination with an exquisite feeling for the truth and individuality of nature, and he has shown that the ideal, as it is called, is not the improving of nature, but the selecting and combining objects that are most in harmony and character with each other."* Wherever he went and was recognized, he met with honours such as no man of his profession had ever before received in England. Then, as now, the public was eager to see and quick to cheer either the soldier, through whose skill a great battle had been successfully fought against the country's enemies, or the statesman, who had sustained the national dignity, or increased the people's happiness. But then, even more than now, the silent worker with pen or pencil was not the object of admiration beyond the narrow circle of his personal friends. When we read, then, not only the foregoing testimonies to the impression produced by Turner when still a young artist, but also that when making a tour through Devonshire and visiting Plymouth, he was welcomed and treated as an "extraordinary genius,"† we have evidence, amounting to demonstration, to the effect that the public taste had become sufficiently well educated to appreciate the works of a genuine artist. Moreover, the character of his performances on the one hand, and their popularity on the other, were signs of the ascendancy which ideas, whose force must be attributed to their conformity with natural truth, as opposed to conventional symbols, had then acquired in this country.

The more certainly the high position which Turner so early reached and so firmly occupied can be demonstrated, the greater must be the astonishment at the course pursued by Mr Ruskin. In a series of works, the first of which appeared in 1843, he not only eulogized Turner's art in language verging on the hyperbolic, but he denounced his countrymen for their blindness to Turner's merit, in language which would have done honour to

* *A Century of Painters*, vol. ii, pp. 99, 100.

† *Thornbury's Life of Turner*, vol. i, p. 221.

a lampooner of the last century. The artist died in 1850, having lived seventy-five years, enjoyed an unchallenged reputation, and amassed by his profession a handsome fortune. These are the simple facts: Mr Ruskin's version is that "he was hunted to his grave by the malignities of small critics and the jealousies of hopeless rivalry."*

To reconcile the discrepancy would seem impossible. Indeed, the more the question is considered, the more intricate does it appear. For another charge has been made by Turner's last biographer which places Mr Ruskin in a rather awkward position. The biographer puts the following on record: "I have heard people, friends of Turner, assert that Mr Ruskin's book killed him, by increasing his fame, leading him more into society, and so altering his food, his hours, and his habits."† Perhaps the true explanation may be that what Mr Ruskin hastily attributed to others had been done by himself. He may not at first have been so impressed with Turner's pictures, as he was after carefully studying them. Ashamed of his mistake, he may have been led by a very natural process to regard others as still in darkness, and consequently to begin his crusade against those whom he thought to be alike blind and obdurate, by exaggerating both the nature of the crime, whereof he supposed them to be guilty, and the grandness of the cause in support of which he desired to enlist them. Like every man who is thoroughly sincere and exceptionally endowed with the apostolic power of reproof and threatening, he succeeded for a time in persuading many that England had been unpardonably ungrateful to one of her illustrious children. The ferment is now over, for the words of the eloquent champion have ceased to awaken a response. Gradually, the rather prosaic facts have been placed before the public and have sunk into the public mind. Indeed, with increased knowledge has come a revulsion of feeling tending to lower Turner's rank in popular estimation. Just as the hero of Blenheim is now regarded as a splendid soldier, but a semi-illiterate and rather despicable man, so is Tur-

* Lectures on Architecture and Painting.

† Thornbury's *Life of Turner*, vol. ii. p. 264.

ner the artist spoken of with the less enthusiasm, seeing that personally he was unscrupulous in his dealings and coarse in his tastes. His shortcomings were not wholly inexcusable; many of them originated in his early training. But they can neither be palliated nor denied without sacrificing truth on the altar of hero-worship.

It is with the artist and not with the man that we have here to do. As an artist, Turner's place in the line of English painters is after Hogarth, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. As the former embodied for the first time satirical sketches of the period in paintings, and the latter carried portraiture to a degree of excellence which no predecessor had accomplished or any successor surpassed, so did Turner give the finishing touch to landscape-painting. In originality, fertility, compass, and power he is unequalled by any fellow-countryman who has cultivated the same field.

To the general capacity for the reception of the ideas which Turner propagated in his pictures he owed much of his early success; to the fact of his being imbued with, and able to give form to the ideas of his time, is attributable his predilection for landscape as opposed to what is styled high art. The career and melancholy fate of Benjamin Haydon furnishes strong confirmation of this view. Haydon was "out of joint" with the times. He persisted in thrusting historical pictures on a generation which had no relish for such things. It was not the inferior quality of his works which hindered their acceptance, for Benjamin West had painted as bad pictures, yet the public crowded to see, and buyers were found for them. But the lapse of a few years had done much to alter the public taste. Men had become more fastidious and discerning, less ready to be attracted by a cry, more disposed to express a liking for what they enjoyed. The influence of the connoisseurs was waning. Critics had arisen to whom "brown trees" were not essential points in every good landscape. One of the last and most estimable representatives of the old school was Sir George Beaumont. His impotence as a critic is proved by this, that from him Haydon received earnest support in his endeavours to vivify an extinct style of art.

Haydon was eight years younger than Turner. While the latter had shown how to paint sea-pieces with truth, and had devoted himself to extract from Nature all the secrets she would impart to a faithful and persevering votary, Haydon had left Plymouth and settled in London, hoping "to create a new era in art." At the age of twenty-one he purchased a canvas six feet by four, upon which to represent "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt." Having so done, he records that he set his palette, took his brush in hand, and, having prayed for a blessing on his career and for energy "to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to the just estimate of the moral value of historical painting," "looking fearlessly at his unblemished canvas, in a species of spasmodic fury he dashed down the first touch." When the picture was finished, it pleased him greatly. He says that he had treated the subject poetically; that "the colour was toned and harmonious;" that he believed it to be "rather an extraordinary work for a first picture. It was an attempt to unite all parts of the art as a means of conveying thought, in due subordination. It had colour, light and shadow, impasto, handling, drawing, form, and expression." The picture about which he thus wrote was begun on the 1st of October, 1806. Forty years afterwards, he began another, called "Alfred and the Jury," but this one he never finished, for after making this entry in his journal on the 22nd June, 1846, "God forgive me! Amen. Finis. B. R. Haydon. 'Stretch me no longer on the rack of this rough world,' *Lear*," he put an end to a life which had been a series of fitful and unsuccessful struggles against insurmountable difficulties.

At nearly every period of history, there is a close and necessary resemblance between the forms in which the prevalent ideas are manifested by the artist and by the man of letters. In England this relation can be traced even at a time when national art was at its lowest stage of development; for instance, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. The painters of those days found their chief employment in producing designs for the pageants which were so greatly admired, and their symbolical pictures were as curious and incongruous as the verse and

prose which was then fashionable—as the “Masques” of Ben Jonson, or Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy.” Even closer and more apparent was the connexion during the first quarter of the present century. In Turner’s works is combined all that is distinctive and original in the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He had that ardent love for natural scenery which distinguished the former, and the like skill in rendering with fidelity the shifting and little-noticed phases of diversified foliage and of careering clouds, when the sun shone, the rain fell, or the wind blew. Like Coleridge, he could imagine visions as wonderful as that of Kubla Khan, and could deck them with hues as gorgeous as those conjured up by the poet’s glowing words. Now, what Turner was to Wordsworth and Coleridge, that was Haydon to Southey. The latter believed himself destined to charm his countrymen with great epic poems, the former with great historical pictures. In the one element of bigness, both succeeded; the countless cantos were matched by the huge canvas and the colossal figures. When Southey condescended to produce a volume of letters, a few ballads, a short biography, or an essay, he had readers and admirers. When Haydon stooped to paint portraits, though inferior works, according to his own confession, they brought him patronage and filled his purse. Both were intensely vain of their powers, and both were intoxicated with the grand style. Of the two, Southey was the more worldly-wise, and overcame his repugnance to what he considered a low class of works, chiefly that by working at them he might support himself and his family. Besides, he was fortunate in having munificent friends, who, out of admiration for his personal qualities, aided him in fighting the battle of life. In the case of both, the result fell far short of the anticipation; great powers were frittered away, instead of being used to advantage. The spectacle is a very melancholy one, that of men taking a wrong course and persisting in their mistake. The classical and romantic stories, which are so often regarded as fables, are but accurate illustrations of what is frequently to be witnessed. To be condemned to roll a stone continually up a hill, to carry water in bottomless pitchers, to weave ropes of sand, is but what is done

by men, who, endowed with extraordinary natural gifts, drag out weary days in running counter to the dominant ideas of their age, in endeavouring to compel their fellows to admire that for which they cannot possibly have any liking.

The futility of Haydon's work is exemplified by Etty's success. He, too, came forward as a historical painter. For a time he failed in attracting notice. But he persevered, and the reward was great, though tardily bestowed. Yet it was won, not because he continued to cover his canvas with large figures, representing scenes from sacred or profane history, but because these figures were painted in a manner which was considered to be original and life-like. The truthfulness to nature which the age demanded, he conformed to in the mode wherein he represented human flesh. His nude men and women were as different from those of his contemporaries, as was the colouring of Turner from the colouring of the "brown school." He strove to paint real human flesh, not an ideal compound of parchment and leather. He had an admiration for female beauty of which he was not ashamed, and which he made manifest by every resource of his palette. This constant straining after the expressiveness of truth in flesh, and beauty in colour dominated his purpose of representing a scene in history. Had he chosen the same subjects as Haydon did, people would have flocked to gaze upon his pictures on account of the manner in which they were painted. His place is a high one among historical painters, not because he revived the style of the old masters, but because he drew correctly, and was a faithful and effective colourist.

II.

Unsuccessful as were historical pictures, because unsuited for the age, yet the artists who painted them did not lack the countenance and patronage of many who were then regarded as arbiters of taste. Lord Mulgrave commissioned Haydon to paint "Dentatus," invited him to his table, where he was treated with distinction on the sole ground, that he professed to revive the art of historical painting in England. The example had been set by the sovereign for whom Benjamin West produced those

curious failures in his grand style, which were then ranked among works of high art. Perhaps half the follies of which earnest artists and open-handed patrons were then guilty, originated in the prevailing but baseless notion that it was nobler to treat a historical subject than to paint a landscape or a portrait. For a like reason it would be said then and now, that it is more dignified to write a history or an epic, than an essay or a novel. The foundation of such a belief is that as in art some of the greatest Italian pieces were historical, and in literature some of the most finished among ancient compositions are poems or histories, so whoever deals with similar themes merits great honour because competing with illustrious men on their own ground. But it is not because the capture of Troy was so important, or the struggle in the Peloponnesus was so exciting, or the acts of the last Roman emperors were so extraordinary, that charm and value have been imparted to the *Iliad*, the history of Thucydides, the *Annals* of Tacitus. It is the art of the bard, the tone and style of the historians, which have ennobled the subjects. Had Tacitus written a novel, his work would still have been a grand one: we know that his life of Agricola is as masterly as any chapter in his history. No matter what the subject or whence derived, the great artist or writer will render it great by his treatment. It is the quality of the thought embodied or expressed, by which we judge the work: the worker is also the thinker; the unconscious matter is plastic in his hands. Let the style be bad, the building will be hideous though the material used be the finest marble. The vulgar man will produce ignoble work, although he paint the "Creation" or the "Last Judgment." The man devoid of vanity or prejudice, who, with a strong desire to do his best, passes his life in painting sign-boards, is entitled to more respect than the conceited and impotent professor of high art.

In order to foster the style of art then reputed honourable, the British Institution was founded in 1805. The brothers Redgrave are very strong in their condemnation of the manner of which its affairs have been administered. They ridicule the inflated projects of its projectors and supporters. They

take evident pleasure in recording how grievous was the failure of the schemes which were propounded with great pomp. They say, "The extended influence of the directors, the liberal subscriptions by which they were assisted, the support of the artists of the time, were alike favourable to the scheme; yet with all these advantages, bit by bit the plan has been a failure,—the proposal to make a public collection of the works of British artists, the encouragement of high art by rewards and premiums, and, lastly, the exhibition of modern works."* About the completeness of the failure there can be no question. But the reasons adduced by the brothers Redgrave to explain it are, it seems to me, quite beside the mark. They point out with undeniable force how ill-advised the governors were in framing certain conditions and bestowing particular prizes. Their objection is that the body was not a professional one; their conclusion, that such a body must necessarily prove incompetent. They censure the tone in which, so early as 1811, the directors take credit for having afforded to British artists "some though not adequate encouragement, to exert their talents in the higher branches of art;" and they ask, "When taking such high credit for their labour of only four years, did the directors not know that for above forty years the Royal Academy had been steadily educating a large class of students in the highest branches of art?" They place on record a long list of premiums of one, two, and three hundred guineas awarded for works which the directors considered to be high art, but which are unworthy of a place in any collection of good pictures. Among these mistakes the most glaring was that of employing James Ward to paint "The Battle of Waterloo, an allegory," for the sum of one thousand guineas. When completed, the picture was presented to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, but as there was no vacant space there, it was rolled up and stowed away out of sight.

In the opinion of the brothers Redgrave, it was owing to the faulty constitution of the governing body that the awards of the British Institution were both wrongly and uselessly bestowed.

* Vol ii. p. 163.

They say, "The directors neither wanted the funds, nor, we readily admit, the desire, to promote art within the limits they had proposed to themselves; but they were sadly deficient in that judgment and knowledge which were equally essential to the success of their plans. They were on friendly terms with members of the Royal Academy and the heads of the profession, but whether from a misplaced reliance upon themselves or from whatever cause we know not, they did not seek that professional assistance which would have been invaluable. They might safely assume that an artist would feel encouraged, though the profession might not, by the receipt of a handsome premium under any circumstances; but how much higher would he appreciate and feel stimulated by the award, if it had been adjudged by the heads of his profession, and stamped by a judgment to which even his unsuccessful competitors must bow. In one case a mere pecuniary gratuity is adjudged, in the other it is accompanied by a coveted honourable distinction."* The opinions entertained by the brothers Redgrave as to the ill success of the British Institution are reiterated in their summary of the proceedings of the Royal Commission appointed in 1841, to consider how best to take advantage of the re-building of the Houses of Parliament, for the promotion and encouragement of the Fine Arts in this country. They contend that the latter body did not fulfil the objects for which it was formed; that its action was prejudicial to the art it was expected to advance, and that its failure was the inevitable consequence of the preponderance of the "lay element." Be it remarked, in passing, that sufficient stress is not laid by them on the fact that although "the heads of the profession" were excluded from the Commission, yet that, having as secretary the late Sir Charles Eastlake, who, next to the Prince Consort, was the most influential among its members, and to whose enlightened judgment the others certainly deferred, that Commission cannot be fairly cited as an example of a body which gave effect to theories propounded by men who wholly ignored professional experience. It is alleged that the composition of

* Vol. ii. pp. 146, 147.

the Commission was exceptional, because of the exclusion of men professionally representing art. The brothers Redgrave "know of no parallel instance. In commissions relating to questions of law, jurisprudence, or ecclesiastical matters,—and there have been many,—their chief members have been of these professions, and the same course has been followed in the numerous similar inquiries in matters of science. Why should art be an exception, and the artist be told, as is so often the case, that every one is better fitted to judge of art and art interests than himself?"

Several fallacies vitiate the strictures passed by the brothers Redgrave on the British Institution, and the Royal Commission for the formation and encouragement of the Fine Arts. Chief among them is the overrating of professional judgment in questions relating to art, as exemplified both by the remark that the premiums bestowed by the managers of the former body would have been not "a mere pecuniary gratuity," but "a coveted honourable distinction," had they been awarded by "the heads of the profession," and by the insinuation that the absence of professional artists neutralized the power for good of the Royal Commission. Now this faith in "the profession" gives a tinge to all their criticisms: it may be right, then, to inquire as to its value. Should the opinions of "the heads of the profession" be accepted without hesitation? is a question which might be summarily disposed of by denying that art can ever be a profession in the same sense as law, theology, or medicine. The principles of the law, the prevailing doctrines in medicine, the accepted dogmas in theology, these can be taught and put in practice; proficiency in any one of them can be easily tested. Those who have attained to proficiency can accordingly determine the qualifications of any candidate, who professes to have mastered the respective principles, doctrines, or dogmas. But let a candidate come forward and declare that he is a proficient in a better body of law than that of England, of medical doctrines more rational than those held by the College of Physicians, of dogmas more in accordance with Scripture than those set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles, would it be fair to accept the decision of the supporters of established

theories, as condemnatory of the propositions of the innovator? Would the censure of "the heads of the profession" be as conclusive against the heterodox, as their approval would be when given in favour of the orthodox candidate? In short, it is expected that professional men should always coincide; or that if they differ at all the disputes should be confined to points of detail.

The case is far otherwise in questions relating to art. Whether we take the art of painting, of composition, or of oratory, it will be found that the characteristic of each is endless diversity. To train up a painter, a writer, or an orator, in the same sense as a lawyer, a doctor, or a parson can be trained, is simply impossible. The artist can be taught to draw in true perspective and lay on colours so as to produce certain effects; however, this is but to teach him the grammar of his art. In like manner the grammar and nothing more can be properly taught to the youth who in future life will prove to be an Addison, Gibbon, or Macaulay, a Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, or Gladstone. An accomplished artist, writer, or speaker may be more quick than another to detect technical excellences, the skilful distribution of light and shade, the neat construction of sentences, the happy choice of epithets, and the well-managed peroration. But the purpose for which the picture was painted, the book written, the oration delivered, was not to win the applause of a few brother artists, but to please, convince, or influence hundreds who are unskilled with pencil, pen, and tongue. Nevertheless, the latter are the true judges of the effect. They may be ignorant of the difficulties skilfully overcome: they may not appreciate the sacrifices made on their behalf. This matters not, for an artist is fairly judged by results alone. In estimating the power which Demosthenes exercised over the Athenians, or the pleasure which the flowing periods of Cicero must have afforded to his hearers, we never take into account the practice on the sea-beach, or the laborious study of Grecian models. These things we consider, if at all, when dwelling on the characters of the men, not on their oratorical triumphs.

As soon as the young painter has received the requisite

technical instruction, he cannot do better than emancipate himself from the influence of his teachers. Should he venture upon a new manner of colouring or of grouping accessories, his teacher will probably condemn it as bad because contrary to the maxims of some recognized authority. When Sir Joshua Reynolds first displayed his originality, he was scoffed at. Had he been tried by the heads of the profession in his day, he would have been condemned as too self-willed or too ignorant to excel. Would he have deserved censure had he scorned the criticism of men older than himself, yet, despite their years and position, wholly unqualified to detect, admire, and reward originality?

It may be answered, that among the candidates for fame there are few who will prove as great painters as Sir Joshua; that the "heads of the profession" now, are very different from the men who were blind to his merits. To this we reply, that no one can tell when the man of genius will come forward, and that it is as natural as it is inevitable, that men who regard their art as a profession will always judge artistic works with professional eyes, admiring the work which is executed in accordance with rule rather than that which is original. And it is not only rules, but the particular class of rules by which they paint that must be adhered to. A Japanese painter presenting a tray ornamented according to the traditions of his craft would be scouted as an innovator, although the rules in accordance with which he had mixed his pigments and coloured his figures were more ancient than any current in a European academy. Indeed, there is no escape from the conclusion that to the judgment of the general public the artist must ultimately appeal. His efforts are always exerted to gratify the public, for no artist, whether he be one of "the heads of the profession," or a mere tyro, thinks fame unworthy of his aspiration, and few artists would hesitate if called upon to choose between the suffrages of their fellows and the unanimous approval of the public. From no body such as governed the British Institution, and composed the Royal Commission for the promotion and encouragement of the Fine Arts, can the verdict be obtained which sends down a man to posterity as the master of his art. By no men, how-

ever skilled and honoured, can the word be spoken which shall hinder the painting, writing, or oration, from being hailed as a master-piece. The collective, not the individual, opinion eventually prevails. It is the public that bestows the immortality of name: by the public the aspirant's works can alone be judged.

When the brothers Redgrave ascribe the failure of the British Institution to foster high art, and of the Royal Commission to naturalize fresco painting in England, to the professional ignorance of the members of those bodies, they ignore the working of the law which operated to render the failures inevitable. National tastes demanded other gratification than the high art which pleased the dilettanti, or laboured imitations of the frescoes which earnest and original men had produced in Italy. The public desired what was true and sincere, and obtained it. Had "the heads of the profession" occupied the places for which they are said to be fitted, the British Institution and Royal Commission would still have been running counter to the requirements of the age; consequently their failures would have been as conspicuous, although they might have been different.

III.

While the directors of the British Institution were prosecuting their barren mission, and Haydon doing his best to introduce what he regarded as the noblest style of painting; while Turner, more responsive to the voice of the age, was producing pictures which, whether imaginative or the reproduction of natural scenes, were distinguished for truthfulness of representation, other artists, confining themselves to depicting with fidelity homely scenes taken from real life, were making for themselves honoured names by touching the sympathies of a public predisposed to admiration. Conspicuous among these men were Wilkie, Mulready, and Leslie. The career of the first adds another to the host of proofs that works fitted to please and endure, harmonize with the liking of the time for what is true though undignified, rather than what is lofty but unreal. His earlier works made him famous, whereas his later ones excited

no enthusiasm. The former were what would be termed tame and familiar, but they were certainly intelligible and interesting. Their chief merit is to appeal with effect to the sympathies of the general public; to excite pleasure alike in the minds of the fastidious critics and of the gaping crowds. In the popular works of these painters there is much of the charm exerted by the plays of Shakespeare and the satires of Hogarth. They contain elements which interest mankind, as well as those which are specially suited for an English audience. The less cultivated take delight in the plots of Shakespeare's plays, relish the palpable hits of Hogarth. The more refined are impressed and gratified with the noble poetry and profound knowledge of the dramatist, with the subtlety of observation and skill in depicting character of the painter. Both were thoroughly men of their time, yet they have contrived to interest men of all ages.

So it is with Wilkie, Mulready, and in some degree with Leslie also. If the latter be inferior to the others, it is attributable to the fact that he selected his subjects from books instead of life, that he illustrated authors in place of fixing the living manners of his time. The brothers Redgrave, while manifesting thorough appreciation for the works and aims of these painters, are yet half doubtful as to the share they had in exalting the English school. In their opinion "our school suffered somewhat by this change from heroic and religious to familiar art—suffered in the grandeur of its attempts at least, more especially in the estimation of Continental nations—and really suffered by adopting too generally subjects of a somewhat tame and familiar class, to the exclusion of the ideal and poetical. It gained, however, in care, refinement of execution, in attention to the completion of the parts and the perfection of the works as a whole; and of late years there has been a marked tendency in our artists to leave the commonplace and the familiar for subjects which not only appeal to the eye but interest the mind also."* These remarks contain another example of the tendency already referred to, which is, to set up the opinions of other

* Vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

nations as worthy of special consideration by us. What matters it that "Continental nations" should approve of the course pursued by the English artists? Would their approval tend to make those efforts more admirable or successful? Is it not true that when one of the nations of the Continent censures or applauds our art, the nation in question merely indicates aversion from that which differs from its own artistic products, or liking for what strongly resembles them? Again, it is a mistake to blame the class of subjects chosen by any school at a particular time, provided the choice be made in sincerity, and the performance be admirable. Benjamin West, Haydon, and the directors of the British Institution, aimed at making England notable for historic or high art. "Continental nations," and all those who value imitations more than originality, must have applauded their endeavours. Yet who would soberly prefer the best of their bastard historical pictures, to the most commonplace of the subjects treated by Wilkie or Mulready? Wilkie's picture of "Reading the Gazette after the battle of Waterloo" is a truer historical work, and a far greater picture, than his own more ambitious and very theatrical "Preaching of Knox." Yet the former would be ranked below the latter by the sticklers for time-honoured etiquette!

Wilkie became popular with as great rapidity as Turner. The latter exhibited his first picture on the walls of the Royal Academy in 1790, when he was but fifteen years old: at the age of twenty-four he was elected an Associate, and at twenty-seven he became Royal Academician. "Pitlassie Fair," Wilkie's first picture of note, was painted when he was nineteen, and he soon found a purchaser for it. With the sum thus earned, he made the journey from his Scotch home to London. Before he was twenty-one he exhibited his "Village Politicians" at the Royal Academy, and became at once notable. His "Blind Fiddler" and the "Rent Day" followed in rapid succession; the result being that as early as possible, nay, eight days before attaining the prescribed age of twenty-four, Wilkie was elected an Associate of the Academy. He was a Royal Academician at the age

of twenty-six. The mere enumeration of these dates suffices to show a success almost unexampled. But the success cannot be adequately explained by phrases about great natural talents or good luck. A man at the ages when Turner and Wilkie were already famous, is incapable of satisfying exacting judges, and charming unreasoning spectators, unless his productions are not only unusually clever, but in a style which those who see them for the first time are prepared to appreciate. Landscapes by Turner, and domestic scenes by Wilkie, were both skilfully executed, and they were suited to the requirements of the day. Had they been exhibited at the first Academy Exhibition, or at that of last year, they might have attracted less notice. It is with works of art as with certain dainties: there is but a set time in a nation's life as in that of an individual's, when a particular picture is certain to be welcomed and the dainty to be enjoyed. In 1267 Cimabue's "Madonna" was carried in triumph through Florence amid the shouts of an admiring populace. Were it desired to elicit the same enthusiasm now, it would be necessary to select the portrait of Victor Emmanuel.

Before closing this notice of Wilkie, it is but fair to acknowledge the completeness with which the brothers Redgrave have answered certain charges which his biographer has preferred with more haste than discretion. These charges seem to be wholly unfounded, and are shown to have been advanced with the worst taste by the biographer of an artist who does not scruple to admit that when acting as a member of "the hanging committee" he selected the best place for his own picture. Wilkie records: "We had many a squabble, as you may suppose, during the arrangement, about who should have the best places; but as no one was admitted, this was all confined to ourselves, and although we had the interests of all the members to balance and take care of, as well as those of our own particular friends, and those of the many poor fellows who had no friends, we have adjusted them all so well that there is not a single complaint. The first persons we thought of were our own three selves, as you may suppose; and, acting on this principle, my picture of 'Blindman's Buff' was accordingly placed in the prin-

cipal centre in the great room." This confession is amusing enough; but Mr R. Redgrave has doubts about its applicability to other members of the like body, or as to Wilkie being always ungenerous. Indeed, he cites two cases from his own experience; in the one, Leslie "withdrew a picture of his own to make way for one that, if not more deserving, would have injured its author more, if misplaced, than could be the case with the work of a painter so distinguished as Leslie;" in the other, Wilkie took down one of his own pictures for the purpose of giving a place on the line to a picture by Mr Redgrave. He adds, what is undoubtedly the simple truth, that "the first endeavour of the hanging committee is to do justice according to their best judgment." In certain instances a man's judgment may be led astray by latent partiality, and this sometimes happened to Wilkie. His bias was naturally in favour of his own countrymen, and was twice exhibited in a ludicrous manner. He was once observed by a colleague to carry a picture about from room to room during two or three days, seeking for a place where to hang it so that it might be seen to advantage. When asked why he carried it about, he replied, "It's Geddes'." This proved to be a mistake. Thereupon, learning that it was the work of an Englishman, he laid it down to take its chance with the others. "On the same occasion, his two companions being away for a short time found on their return one of the rooms hung entirely with Scotch pictures on the line. Wilkie had taken advantage of their short absence to serve his countrymen; but this arrangement was soon set aside; 'This won't do!' they both exclaimed, 'it is a perfect Scotland Yard; take it down, carpenter.'"

In the hands of Mulready, the style of which Wilkie was a master was developed to a greater pitch of elaboration. He aimed at representing not only domestic incidents with truth, but at rendering the finish of the details as complete as was the sense of reality inspired by the whole. With greater delicacy of taste, and a finer appreciation of beauty, than was manifested by either of these artists, Leslie devoted himself to the representation of scenes from Shakespeare, Cervantes, and others, which demonstrated alike his great artistic capacity and his

acuteness in interpreting the author's meaning. Of this trio, it is well said that "we value a picture by Wilkie, we are surprised by a picture of Mulready's, but we love a picture of Leslie's."

Passing over many men who are ornaments of the English School, among whom Constable alone would require more space than can now be spared for a review of his performances, I shall proceed to discuss briefly that movement which, under the name of Pre-Raphaelitism, attracted so much notice when, shortly before the death of Turner, it first agitated the English School.

IV.

The brothers Redgrave are very fair and temperate when treating of the rise and progress of Pre-Raphaelitism; their comments are just and pointed. They have massed together with effect the evidence disproving the title of Turner to the rank of chief of the new school; yet they have guarded themselves against the imputation of considering as a "new heresy" that which was the proclamation of principles having a leaven of truth. With their strictures every candid reader must coincide: of the tone in which they are uttered every one must approve. However, after all has been said, there is still a want unsatisfied; it is not enough to record the facts of Pre-Raphaelitism, its origin remains a mystery until the facts are explained. That a few young artists banded themselves together, professing to work on a new and more rational system, is the broad fact about which there can be no question, and which is represented as the origin of Pre-Raphaelitism. That the first productions of these artists were ridiculed by some, commended and competed for by others, that after a time their art was recognized as a distinct branch of which the admirers were more numerous than the detractors, is commonly supposed to be the process which took place. The conclusion is that these artists were first very daring and then very fortunate. The inference is that to their originality the results are due.

Their hardihood will appear less extraordinary if the circumstances which prompted it are considered. Had their early

attempts been wholly individual they would have failed: they would have been unable to proceed so far as they have done in the path selected with so much parade, had it not been prepared for them as they were prepared for it. The attention their works received from the beginning, the influence they have exerted upon art, are wholly attributable to the conformity between the doctrines propounded by them, and the prevailing state of mind among those to whom they were addressed. Had not this pre-ordained harmony existed, they would have painted and preached in vain. Who would have regarded either Pre-Raphaelite pictures or opinions had they been produced when Sir Joshua was president of the Royal Academy, when his master-pieces were the greatest attractions on its wall, and his discourses were accepted as unimpeachable expositions of sound doctrines?

While it is an error to rank Turner among Pre-Raphaelites, yet it is true that his works are the forerunners of theirs. He was no more a Pre-Raphaelite than Cowper was a lakist; Cowper, however, is the progenitor of Wordsworth. The like difference marks the artist and the poet. It was the desire of Turner's heart to represent with exactness alike the fleeting and the permanent among natural appearances, to produce at once a truthful and striking effect. He had no system: fortunately for him, his impulses were in harmony with the demands of his age. So it was with Cowper. He did not devote himself to the production of epics formed on established models, and composed in the conventional poetical style. What pleased him, he narrated in simple yet melodious verse, being more solicitous about giving correct expression to his thoughts than about the poetical fitness of his subjects. Having exemplified by his practice how much more effective is natural language than stilted phrases, he made it easy for Wordsworth to construct his system, and pen some of the "Lyrical Ballads." Both the earlier and later styles of Wordsworth prepared the way for the studied simplicity and elaborate melody of the Tennyson's verse. But all these changes in versification merely kept pace with the public requirements. Hollow pomp and meaningless parade in literature and art had

become displeasing to a public, which was emancipated from the shackles of customs and dress which had been borne without murmuring by a preceding generation. When it ceased to be fashionable for men to hide their hair under wigs, for civilians to carry swords, and for educated men to greet each other with assumed obsequiousness, bowing to each other till their knees ached, and reiterating senseless phrases about being the most obedient humble servants of each other, it became impossible for a literature or art reflecting the artificial manners of a by-gone time either to be intelligible or to afford gratification. Other changes followed which created a new public and revolutionized the old. The face of England was altered by discoveries which gave wealth to thousands, and new ideas to every one. The substitution of the locomotive for the team, of the steamer for the sailing ship, of messages flashed along a wire for letters sent by post, tended not merely to render life more active but also to arouse a demand for new modes of pleasure. One result was to bring forward a large class of men who, having become speedily rich, desired to surround themselves with every luxury which money can command, and who were devoid of the prejudices which, in former times, had prompted the titled connoisseur to prefer what was classical to what was modern. The new men, on the contrary, relished the glowing colours of the picture fresh from the easel far more than the colours obscured by time. Besides, they liked that which they could understand; the literal reproduction of a piece of scenery, of a pebble-strewn shore, of a flower-clad wall, satisfied their eyes far better than the picture representing what they had never seen, and painted according to rule. For similar reasons these men could take delight in the caricature of Dickens and be insensible to the subtle analysis of Miss Austen.

As with the public, so was it with the artists. The circumstances which operated to cause the former to enjoy that which had the stamp of reality, also operated to cause the latter to discard the ideal. On the younger men the effect was the stronger, because they were naturally the more sensitive to new impressions. Because young men, they were prone to exaggeration;

consequently they incurred the charge of pushing principles, having a substratum of truth, to extremes which were ridiculous. Their greatest yet most characteristic blunder was to manifest contempt for all who differed from them; to set up their own ideas and achievements as standards, the perfection of which it were hopeless to rival. A section of the public was ready to welcome their pictures: the majority of the critics hastened to denounce them. The patronage and the denunciation were alike welcome. Every buyer was an irresistible argument in favour of their principles. Every adverse criticism was accepted as a token of the effect they had produced. Nothing pleases an innovator more than the expressed censure of those whom he regards as the blind partisans of the side he attacks: the warmth of their opposition being accepted by him as a certain proof of the intensity of his zeal. While the struggle was still ardent, the ranks of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren were strengthened by the accession of a recruit whose capacity for stimulating them by his approving voice was only equalled by his power in crushing beneath the weight of rhetoric the objections of hostile critics. Even had Mr Ruskin never written a line, the Pre-Raphaelites would have produced a favourable impression on the minds attuned to sympathize with them, but they owe the rapidity of their reputation to the triumphs of his pen. On their behalf he devised theories which, propounded in a fascinating style, sank into many minds. He was not only the apostle of Pre-Raphaelitism in art, he also introduced it into literature. Whereas others had left to the illustrator the task of presenting to the eye the minute details of the external forms of scenes, he strove to make the pen cope with the pencil, and to furnish an elaborate prose-picture of the scene he desired to represent. Indeed, the prose of Mr Ruskin is a striking proof of the universality of the dominant tendencies to which, and not to the revolt of a few young artists, the origin of Pre-Raphaelitism is attributable. Additional evidence is to be found in the writings of Carlyle, but nowhere is the correctness of this view more palpable than in the *History of England* by Macaulay. The motto of the Pre-Raphaelites was truth: their aim was to

attain this at the sacrifice of conventional beauties. What conventionalism had been in art, that had dignity been in history. Not a truthful picture of an age, but a sonorous narrative of the events wherein great personages played leading parts, had been the ideal of English historians before Macaulay produced the work of which the following is one of the first paragraphs: "I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavour to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government,—to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the religious sects, and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the 19th century a true picture of the life of their ancestors." The foregoing, with a few alterations, would have served as the Pre-Raphaelite manifesto. It has the advantage, however, of being more temperately worded than the declarations in which was announced the advent of a new school of artists. To the tone taken by the friends and disciples of that school was owing much of the excitement it caused. Had the Pre-Raphaelite brethren been less dogmatic and egotistical, they would have been less notorious, and they would have been less bitterly opposed. On account of the noise they made they have been reckoned among the exceptions to the time, rather than the mere exponents of its spirit.

If an impartial survey leads to the conclusion that Pre-Raphaelitism in art was neither exceptional nor inexplicable, a careful analysis of results produces the conviction that the movement has been satisfactory. What is most objectionable about it is the name. What deserves the greatest praise is the spirit of independence it was designed to foster. It is unfortunate that among the principles of the young artists the one whereon they

laid the greatest stress implies the attainment of that which is impossible. Not all the sincerity of the most accomplished artist will suffice for reproducing any natural effect or piece of scenery with "absolute uncompromising truth." The absurdity of this proposition is the greater, because those who gave utterance to it would have shrunk from its consequences. If the possibility of reproducing the effect of something in nature be granted, then the power of reproducing a similar effect in the case of a work of art cannot be disputed. Yet who, even among the most bigoted of the Pre-Raphaelites, would maintain that the copy of any picture they valued, made with "absolute uncompromising truth," would be other than a copy; that is, would be destitute of artistic value! The contradictions between practice and profession were perhaps even worse than the opposition between the principles and their applicability. Setting off in quest of truth, the Pre-Raphaelites were satisfied when they had reached symbolism. Professing to represent literal facts, they aimed at conveying the most far-fetched ideas in an unlooked-for shape. Determined to be straightforward and sincere, they gave fantastic titles to their works. Having no predilection for "that spurious beauty whose attractiveness has tempted men to forget or to despise the more noble quality of sincerity," they selected the ugliest faces for their female models, and certainly convinced the spectators that men may be artists, yet insensible to beauty. Indeed, the list of mistakes is too long for record: fortunately, the men of talent who made them had the acuteness to perceive their errors and renounce their misleading principles. That they should have been fettered by dogmas proclaimed by themselves was as intolerable as to be the slaves of dogmas imposed by others. Literally followed, the theories of the Pre-Raphaelites would have led to as much conventionalism as did those traditional precepts which they had rejected. What is good in the movement has survived. As the brothers Redgrave justly remark, although the principles may be objected to, yet their propounders ought not to be depreciated. "Be this far from us. Some of the followers of this school have attained, and are universally allowed to have attained, the first rank in art, and have painted pictures

which all true lovers of art must admire. Some have avowedly repudiated the early principles of the brotherhood; and all who have gained eminence have more or less ignored them. We are also willing to admit that the principles themselves have a value, if not enforced to the exclusion of others, in enforcing constant reference to nature and greater imitative truth.”*

The desire to be original which was indulged to the extent of being eccentric, was the characteristic of the Pre-Raphaelites who challenged criticism. Gradually the eccentricity was abandoned, and the brotherhood became merged into the body of professed artists. This, then, was the only event of moment which signalized the termination of the first century of painting in England. At its commencement nearly all who aspired to be successful artists entertained a superstitious reverence for the works of the old masters: at its close the same works were regarded by the younger men with very different eyes. The change in opinion was fundamental. The English School had escaped completely and for ever from under the baneful shade of the “Black Masters.” The connoisseurs had passed away. Against their opinions Hogarth had vented his sarcasms, as in later times others have called in question the value of the teaching of the Royal Academy. Nothing more needs be said about the connoisseurs; when the dead are buried, they may be suffered to rest in peace. But the Royal Academy is still a strong and lusty body, possessing great influence, pursuing definite objects. How far are those objects laudable, to what extent is that influence rightly directed?

v.

The Royal Academy was founded for the purpose of affording to young men opportunities for studying art and enabling artists to bring their works directly before the public. From first to last it has admirably served these ends; its students are well taught, its annual exhibitions are highly popular. Yet complaints have never ceased: attacks of the most violent kind have

* Vol. ii. p. 625.

been constantly levelled against the Royal Academy. While admitting the persistence of the outcry, the brothers Redgrave question its justice. They see nothing either in its constitution or administration which can give occasion for subverting "an institution which is the acknowledged representative of the art of our country." They do not perceive that though the form remains, yet the character of the Royal Academy has entirely changed since its formation, and that in this change lies the main-spring of the grievance. Indeed, they do not seem to be aware of the exceptional position which the Academy occupies. After mentioning the fact of its establishment in 1768, they say, "Literature and science had long possessed influential bodies distinguished as their representatives. Such a body was at last constituted for art; and though its members could not look forward to the wealthy fellowships with which the universities are endowed, or its professors to the lucrative fees of their compeers in the other professions, they heartily accepted their mission, and laboured zealously with the hope to found a national school from out the untaught mediocrity by which they were surrounded."* Now, where were the influential bodies, representing English literature and science in 1768, or in 1867, which can be put in comparison with the Academy? Between the latter and the Royal Society there is not the slightest analogy, nor can the brothers Redgrave mean that the universities having for their chief objects the cultivation of the classics, mathematics, and theology, can be cited as representing English literature! If men of letters and of science had a body corresponding to the Royal Academy, they would assuredly be as prone to criticize its management as artists are to attack this representative body. Now, the peculiarity of the Academy is that it combines teaching with the bestowal of substantial honours. Its members are the aristocracy of art, and they are not only ennobled, but have exceptionally good opportunities for accumulating wealth.

Putting aside all the charges of favouritism which have been

* Vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

brought against Royal Academicians, and regarding their position with perfect impartiality, it is impossible to deny that their position is a false one. They are supposed to be the chiefs of English art, which implies that at no one time can England boast of more than forty men fully qualified and entitled to become Royal Academicians. It also follows that should there be less than forty good men to be found, the highways must be scoured for the requisite number of mediocre men to fill the chairs of chiefs. If all the forty are not truly eminent, then is the title a delusion; if double the number be ready and only half can be chosen, then an injustice is done to those who are untitled, not because they are incompetent, but because there are no vacancies. On another contingency I shall not dwell; the members may elect those who less deserve the honour, than those they reject. Suppose, as is very probable, that among those who hold no place of honour there are many who are equal in merit to those who belong to the governing body, but whose style of art is distasteful to the members of the Academy, then both are placed in false positions. The untitled artists wish their pictures to be exhibited, and hold with the brothers Redgrave that exclusion from the Academy's "walls is oblivion to painters." Their titled brethren will probably refuse admission to the pictures they dislike, or if they admit them they do violence to their judgment. In any case there will be occasion for jealousy and disputes. But while the office of member confers invidious duties, it is fraught with solid advantages. The mere fact of a picture being the production of an Academician gives to it a certain value. Academicians can thus command an artificial market for their pictures: they are likely with moderate industry to reap an income from the practice of their art which their untitled yet equally gifted brethren cannot possibly reap. When the Academy was established, it was not foreseen that this would happen. Indeed, no one could then have even imagined the vast stride which the English School was destined to make within the space of a century. The arrangements made in 1768 were adapted to the exigencies of the case. For altered circumstances, a new constitution is required.

Without discussing the changes which have been proposed, or which are to be made in the constitution of the Royal Academy, I shall simply state, as a deduction from the preceding arguments, that no change will be permanently satisfactory which does not put all artists of like powers on a footing of equality. Privilege should be unknown in art. The only rank which ought to be held in honour is that of intellectual superiority, not a title which it is possible to obtain without having the capacity for adorning it. Why should not all artists be exposed to the same competition for the favour of the public as are physicians and barristers? Why should not every artist, who has been trained and has proved himself acquainted with the technicalities of his art, become a member of the Academy? The brothers Redgrave would reply that to do this is to offer a premium to mediocrity. Indeed, they regard with apprehension the trifling changes shortly to be made in the Academy, which amount merely to increasing the area of wall-room and giving to a very few additional artists a voice in the conduct of affairs. They observe: "Extending the exhibiting space may lead to increasing the mediocrity rather than the excellence of the annual collections; to causing works of the greatest ability to be withheld lest they should be smothered in a mass of merely respectable art. Besides this, to extend the honours of the Academy is in reality to render them less honourable, less to be coveted; while giving the elections a wider constituency may result in the end in less purity of choice."* The ideas expressed in the foregoing passage will probably meet with approval among the majority of those to whom the brothers Redgrave appeal, for they are the counterpart of the many notions which artists entertain. Their absurdity will be best understood by applying them to kindred arts, to those of poetry or oratory. Suppose Mr Tennyson, after achieving his reputation, had cautioned his publishers against being too liberal towards the versifiers who aspired to appear in print, and threatened to withhold his new work lest it "should be smothered in the mass of merely respect-

* Vol. ii. pp. 630, 631.

able" poems,—who would not have smiled at the very supposition of a great work being dimmed because appearing along with many lesser ones? Would not the astonishment be as great if Mr Gladstone were to refuse to make a speech to a meeting which was to be addressed by several minor orators? It is no answer to assert that the effect of a picture may be spoiled by those adjacent to it, whereas a poem or a speech can be judged on its merits; for nearly all pictures are now painted with the intention of being hung along with others, and the merits of a truly original work are the more conspicuous when contrasted with surrounding mediocrity.

The dread about extending the honours of the Academy is hardly more rational. At present, these honours owe their chief attraction to their pecuniary value. A Royal Academician has exceptional facilities for receiving commissions at home. He is like the fashionable doctor, or preacher, who is certain to get a large practice, or attract a large audience, not because of his skill or learning, but because he is a favourite with the highest personages in the land. The true test of an honourable distinction is the extent of its recognition. Tried by this test, our most distinguished artists would receive no more admiration at Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, if instead of relying on their works they were to claim it on the ground of being members of the Royal Academy. Did the fact of his being a Royal Academician have the remotest influence in procuring for Wilkie the unprecedented honour of being commissioned by a foreign sovereign to paint a picture for a foreign gallery? Ought the members of the Academy to be accepted as the leading English artists so long as there is not to be found among them a single artist who exclusively devotes himself to the practice of our only national branch of art, our art of painting in water-colour?

In so far, then, as the Royal Academy is a body for conferring dignities, it has done no service to art. Hogarth, Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Turner, and many others, were men who could have owed little to any academy. To teach the rudiments of art is all that our Academy can do well: when acting as the guardian of artists, it becomes an obstacle in the path of progress.

Fortunately, whether radically changed or reformed but in name, the Royal Academy can do very little to retard or advance the art of England. The events which operated a hundred years ago, to excite a taste for pictures, and which have contributed for a century to develop that taste, are in operation still, and to their unseen action will be due whatever changes may be made in the future. Each generation has its special tastes, and has in its ranks the men who can gratify them. At one time the demand is for dramatized satires, at another for poetic portraits, at another for landscapes, at another for domestic life: a Hogarth, a Reynolds, a Turner, or Wilkie, is ready at the right moment to respond to the call. Sometimes are to be seen men who have a personal admiration for a style of art which is distasteful to their generation, and the lot of these men is either mockery or neglect. Among them may be numbered Barry and Haydon, and, had it not been for Royal bounty, Benjamin West would have shared their fate.

From a survey of the past of English painting, can anything be predicated as to its future? Shall I join the brothers Redgrave in concluding that "British artists will continue to produce works worthy of record in a future century of painters of the English School?" If I do agree with them in thus thinking, it is for reasons so different from theirs, that an explanation of our points of view may be all the more desirable, because it will also render clear the reasons for much of the divergence between them and myself, manifested in this and the preceding article. According to them, the progress of painting in England is only a chronological series of events, comprising the births, lives, and deaths of several men who embraced art as a profession, and achieved a measure of success. They comment on the facts of the career and the character of the works of those artists, and offer criticisms which are favourable or the reverse in proportion as the careers were noble and the works executed with technical skill. In short, they confine themselves to giving biographical details of English artists, and critical estimates of the merit displayed in their pictures. This is equivalent to regarding the

subject from without. I prefer to use the facts they have put on record as materials wherewith to obtain an explanation of painting in England, considered as a manifestation of the national mind. English art and artists cannot, it seems to me, be fairly weighed unless they are estimated as tendencies of a particular age. It is universally admitted that in literature every author has a place which could not be varied without changing his nature; that to expect Chaucer to have written the "Rape of the Lock" and Pope the "Canterbury Pilgrims," is as absurd as to look for grapes on the bramble and dates on the oak. If this be so, wherein consists the absurdity? It is owing to the law that certain products require special circumstances for their growth, that the soil and climate of the East are as essential in order that the palm should flourish and bear fruit, as are the rich soil and moist air of England necessary for the nurture of her oaks.

Between the painter and the poet there is this difference, that the one appeals to different classes of sentiments than the other, that the ideas of the former demand a larger culture to be understood, and that in a nation's life the poet must prepare the soil where the painter is to reap the harvest. Now, it was not till the middle of the last century that English culture had become sufficiently advanced to occasion a longing for national works of art which should be fit rivals to those of literature. Till then, artists were imported, and the few who were home-bred either imitated foreigners or else failed to produce strikingly original works. But from that time a craving for pictures was as generally manifested, as at former times had been displayed for new poems, or plays, or essays. As the taste became more widely diffused, the demand increased for that which was national. The result has been that the good pictures of each generation have been more and more thoroughly English in subject, style, and treatment. So remarkably is this verified by facts, that when a few of our living artists sent their works, in 1855, to the Paris Exhibition, the critics who liked them the least were constrained to grant that "The English School is the only one in

the world which is not an off-shoot from the French, and which has retained a marked originality."*

Regarding our School of painting, then, as a necessary expression of the national intellect, I shall expect it to flourish so long as it finds aliment in the national requirements. Art can never prosper where it is treated as an exotic. It can neither please nor be original, unless truly national. When it is said by the brothers Redgrave and others that foreigners think little of English art, this only proves that it is something different from what they have been trained to admire. Instead, then, of regretting as so many do the little appreciation which foreign critics display for English pictures, the supposed slight should be accepted as a real compliment. The same aversion was once displayed for our literature, and on the same grounds that it was the literature of barbarians. Careful study of that literature has led to a change in the opinions once entertained with regard to it. When English painting is as carefully studied, the like alteration may take place. Meantime, our artists have but to concern themselves with the work appointed them, heedless of the difference between it and that of the great masters. If they would be hailed as worthy to be ranked among them it will be by looking forward, and not backward, believing that as great though different works may yet be wrought in art, as were formerly accomplished, that all the opportunities for achieving immortality did not terminate when Greece declined, and Italy forgot her artistic cunning without putting a period to her foolish rivalries. It is right to admire the marvels of antiquity, but it is equally right to remember that

"We are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times."

W. F. RAE.

* Voyage à travers l'Exposition des Beaux-Arts, par Edmond About, p. 31.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL
AND
THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.

By W. WATKISS LLOYD, Esq.

PART IV.

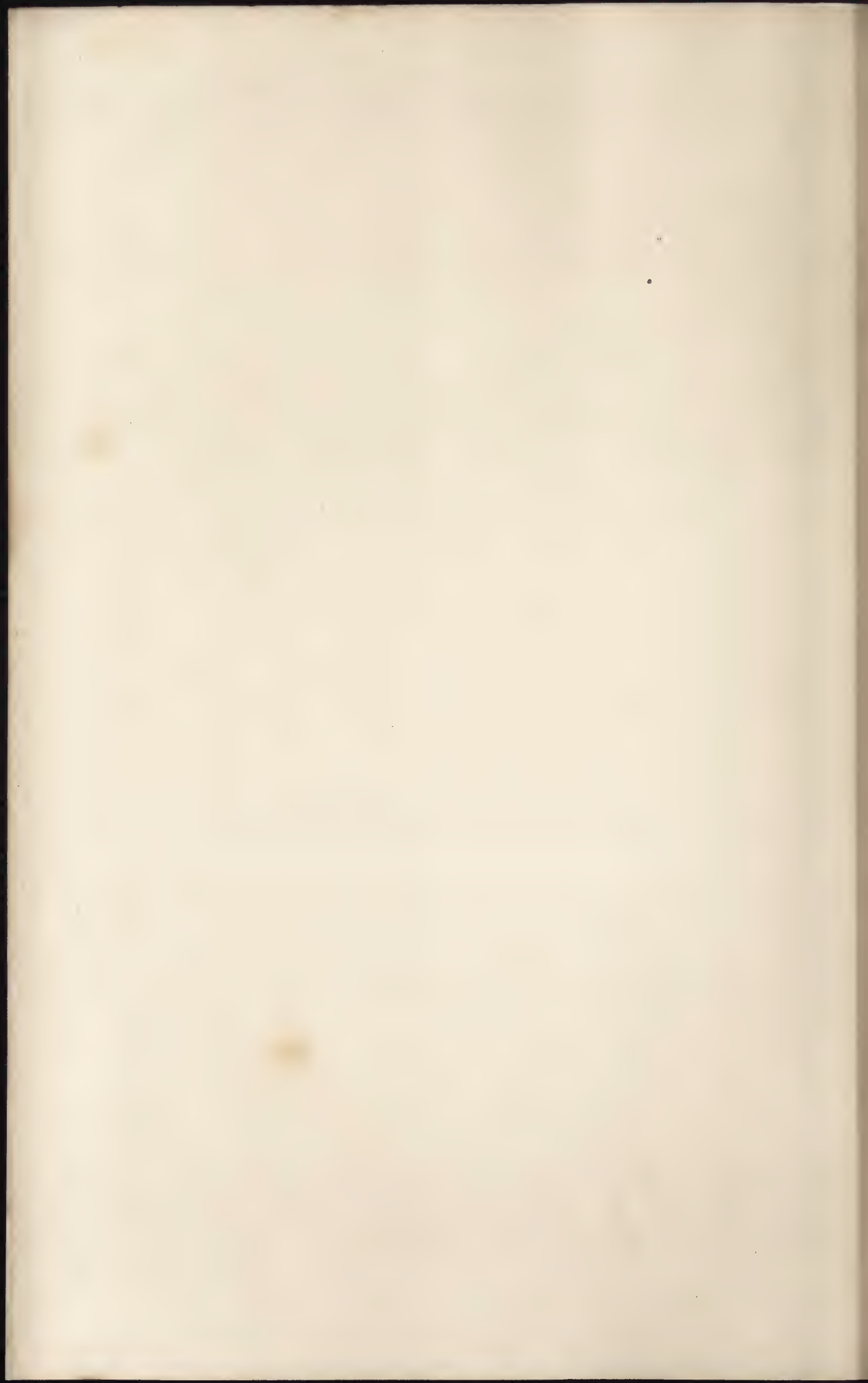
THE SACRIFICE AT LYSTRA.

FROM Perga by the coast, having left Cyprus and now lost Mark, the mission passes considerably inland to Antioch of Pisidia. Here it is represented that the Jews and the Jewish religion have much the same degree and kind of important influence that Josephus ascribes to them at Damascus. Numerous Gentile devout men, proselytes of the Gate, or equivalent to what are known as such, frequent the synagogue, some of them leading men in the city, and, as usual, a still larger proportion of Gentile women, all devout and honourable,—that is, of superior station.

It was perfectly consistent with the theory of Paul that he should commence his labours in the synagogue, and on the Sabbath. His letters sufficiently show how his Hebrew nature yearned for the attachment of his countrymen; how he would make for it every sacrifice, even of consistency, but the last. A sermon is ascribed to him here, which seems peculiarly addressed to Jews, and to Jews fully imbued with hopes and anticipations of the restored temporal kingdom of David. The sting of it, however, is in the declaration of the insufficiency of the law of Moses: "He, whom God raised up, saw not corruption. Be it known, therefore, unto you, that through him remission of sins is announced to you; and from all those for which ye could not be justified by means of the law of Moses, every one who



Fig. 1. 18. 18. 18.



believes in him, is justified." This corresponds very exactly with the passage in the Epistle to the Romans, where Paul presses the alternative between the Law and Christ, as between the flesh and the spirit; and urges the argument with what care and caution he may, until the inference that the Law had become superfluous must have been inevitable. In the present instance, the manner in which Jesus recognized by John, is presented as typical substitute of David anointed by Samuel, and the corruptible kingdom is superseded by an incorruptible, has a closer parallel in the argument of Peter's early speech in Acts.

The ministry is continued through the week-days, and with an effect that is easily conceivable after the experience the Apostles had acquired in Syria, in bringing their doctrine to bear upon the minds both of proselytes and of purely Gentile hearers.

On the next Sabbath there was a great uproar; the Jews had taken alarm at the influence exercised by preachers, who brought almost the whole city about the synagogue, but brought it, as the alarm shows, by promises and by incitements that the synagogue was not disposed to sympathize with. Thus it was that these opponents were enabled to gain the assistance of the Gentile adherents to the synagogue, male and female, in a persecution of teachers, who only commenced with scrupulous citations of the Prophets and the Law, in order presently to promote a society which, in respect to Gentiles, dispensed with the Law altogether; and, as regarded Jews, at least indoctrinated them with principles that presupposed its abrogation.

Paul and Barnabas retire before the clamour to Iconium, where like causes produce like effects; and thence they move on to "the cities of Lycaonia, Lystra, and Derbe, and the neighbourhood, and there they preached the Gospel."

"And there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, a cripple from his mother's womb, who had never walked. The same heard Paul speak: who steadfastly beholding him, and seeing that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright upon thy feet. And he leaped up and walked. And the crowd, seeing what Paul had done, lifted up their voice,

saying in the language of Lycaonia, The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercury, because he was the chief speaker. And the priest of Jupiter, that was before the city, brought oxen and garlands to the portals, and would have sacrificed with the crowd. And when the Apostles, Paul and Barnabas, heard, they rent their clothes, and sprang into the crowd, crying out, and saying, Men, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and we preach good tidings that ye may turn from these vanities unto the living God, who made the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein: who in the generations past suffered all the Gentiles to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless even so he left not himself without witness, doing good, and sending to you from heaven rains and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness. And so saying they scarcely kept the multitude (populace, more correctly) from sacrificing unto them.

“And there came Jews from Antioch and Iconium, who persuaded the multitude, and stoned Paul, and drew him out of the city, thinking that he was dead.” (Acts xiv. 8.)

The scene of the picture is laid in a public place,—the agora or forum of Lystra, amidst an assemblage of stately public buildings, and on an area paved with geometrical slabs of marble; large dark octagons, with intervals filled with small diamonds of white marble. Niches on the walls and between the columns of one of the buildings are filled with statues, apparently not of divinities, and suggestive of the readiness with which such honours were accorded in the city. The usual glimpse of country and open sky is obtained in the background, and against the open sky is seen relieved a statue of Mercury Caducifer upon a lofty pedestal; an indication of the special regard of the Lystrans for the god,—the god of interpretation and of eloquence.

The pylons of the text seem to be conceived as the entrances to a temple or sacred precinct, and are indicated by the portal of the building seen at a distance to the right, through which a loungers advances leisurely; and by an entrance nearer to the

front, on the advanced step of which Paul is already standing; while Barnabas descends upon it with hasty bound from within.

In front of this entrance, a little aside, is an enriched altar of square, not triangular, plan, and placed with one angle directly fronting the spectator, so that two of its sides are equally displayed. The opposite angle is obscured by the interposed flame, but both the tapestries and perspective declare for a square abacus; boys with incense-box and pipes are ministrant, and to this is brought the sacrifice by the priest of Jupiter with full attendance and apparatus of divine service, while the crowd presses on behind, and the cured cripple rushes in with every sign of activity and of gratitude.

Paul, in grief and indignation at the impiety of which he has been the unwitting cause, is rending—at least disordering his garments, and looks down with repudiating look at the man crowned with leaves, who has brought in the ram intended as appropriate sacrifice to him as Hermes, god of flocks, and who returns the look with questioning surprise. The caduceus of the statue of Hermes “dressed” with fresh foliage, denotes that it is his festivity.

One of the bulls, for Barnabas as Jupiter, is just on the point of being slaughtered by the priest of Jupiter, the leader and promoter of all, and towards this group Barnabas, who “leaps” forward, according to the text, and descends on the ball of his foot, is looking out.

One priest on his knees retains the head of the bull, and looks up with eyes full of reverence at the Apostles; a second wields the poleaxe. His right hand grasps the extremity of the helve, while the left slides upward towards the head, soon to descend, and the instrument has just taken its full swing to the left preparatory to the blow. The axe, as it is shown in engravings, and, as far as I can discern, in Cartoon and tapestry, would give no fatal blow to sacrificial ox; it lacks the spike that, not alone in modern slaughter-houses, penetrates through the forehead to the brain, but that is shown no less, sometimes slightly recurved, in all the Roman bas-reliefs that I have seen

of this sacrificial group; there is one at Mantua, another at Florence.

Behind the kneeling priest are two other garlanded devotees, also on their knees, and looking up with like engrossment of concentrated interest. Beyond the striking priest are two other officials, officially serious and hooded and stoled. Their formality might be taken to represent the stolid impassiveness of the hackney priests who fill the choir and mumble the chant with equal indifference in whatever service, to whatever god; there is, however, in the expression, of one especially, more of the ironical self-restraint of augurs, who cautiously avoid to intercross their glances on such an occasion lest they should laugh in each other's faces. Senile concurrence in one face displays the irony in the other,—a much younger, but experienced man. Raphael must have had ample opportunity for studies of both kinds. The heads of two others are just visible behind.

At the left corner of the picture, the right of the unreversed Cartoon, the cured cripple hurries in with hands lifted and eyes sparkling in grateful adoration. On the ground lie his abandoned crutches, and we behold his leg restored to usefulness, with foot planted flat and firmly upon the ground, if even yet it seems scarcely to play with the elasticity that will come with practice. An old man following lifts the margin of the scanty and sordid skirt to examine it more nearly, and the gesture of his disengaged hand shows his marvel and conviction. A younger man and a youth partake of his curiosity, and press to look over his shoulder. Above these heads are two female heads, which, by the direction of their gaze and in their expression, connect the marvel of the miracle with Paul. One is an aged and toothless, but vigorous and shrewd-looking crone, who screens her eyes and looks towards Paul with the same glance and gesture that Dante ascribes in a simile to his old tailor threading a needle; the other female is young, and, with head erect, looks steadily and without effort in the same direction. The aged dame is not introduced without a special purpose, and it is not for nothing that the curious scrutinizer of the recovered limb is

so well stricken in years. These are the very oldest inhabitants of Lystra, and in their testimonial astonishment we have vouchers for the previous lameness of the man, by evidence that would easily reach backward to the date of his birth.

Rushing and driving through the close crowd, and with eager arm reaching across the broad back of the sacrificial bull to stay the stroke of the priest, we see the eager young disciple Timothy;—to obtain this character for his dramatic scene, Raphael had to read on in the Acts of the Apostles beyond the chapter that describes the superstitious sacrifice. His arm comes in front of the two down-looking haruspices with much of that gain of expression which the arm of Paul, in the scene before Sergius Paulus, gains by being relieved against the upright forms of the guarding lictors. The head of Timothy is so inclined as to aid the full extension of his arm, and we see his excitement not only in the strain, but in the open and fluttering fingers. Close to his youthful and ingenuous face, but on the opposite flank of the animal, appears the face of a female, older, and yet still young,—still young, though her head be hooded with her mantle, matron-like, perhaps widow-like. I do not doubt that this is the believing mother of Timothy, who is mentioned in Acts, and has a name, Eunice, in the Second Epistle to Timothy. She looks towards Paul with a tranquil air of affectionate reverence, that bespeaks her a disciple in Christ, not sharing the madness of the crowds. The grandmother Lois I prefer to miss entirely, rather than to identify her with the peering old woman at the extreme left.

A second bull is being brought along by other attendants, who also wear the wreaths of festive ceremony.

Raphael adapted the group and details of the sacrifice from certain well-known works of antiquity, and, like the architecture introduced, they imply a pomp and profusion somewhat beyond the proprieties, taken strictly, of a simple-minded and secluded population.

The design, however, not the less remains a significant embodiment of the event,—the earliest type of the influence of

Christianity and of the rhetoric of Christian missionaries upon Pagans and upon minds that, in respect of culture or acuteness, are semi-barbarous.

The perspective of the picture is rather peculiar in the nearness of the point of view.

The converging lines of the pavement give us the point of sight, and thence the horizon. The distance along the horizon from point of sight to point intersected by prolongation of one side of the base of the altar,—the diagonal of a square,—gives distance of eye from the picture, and this proves to be less than its breadth. I suspect that Raphael made his adjustment to suit a predetermined angular presentation of the altar.

PAUL IN THE PRISON AT PHILIPPI.

“At the time of the earthquake. The earthquake is personified by a giant who has torn an opening in the earth. Behind the grate of the prison the Apostle is seen in prayer; in front are the guards. (A very small tapestry: the Cartoon does not exist.)”—Kugler, part ii. cap. iv.

The above extract, for want of more detailed description and in the absence of an engraving, must stand in place of any observations on the pertinence of the design. An engraving of the giant, of little value, is to be found among Rogers's engravings after the ancient masters.

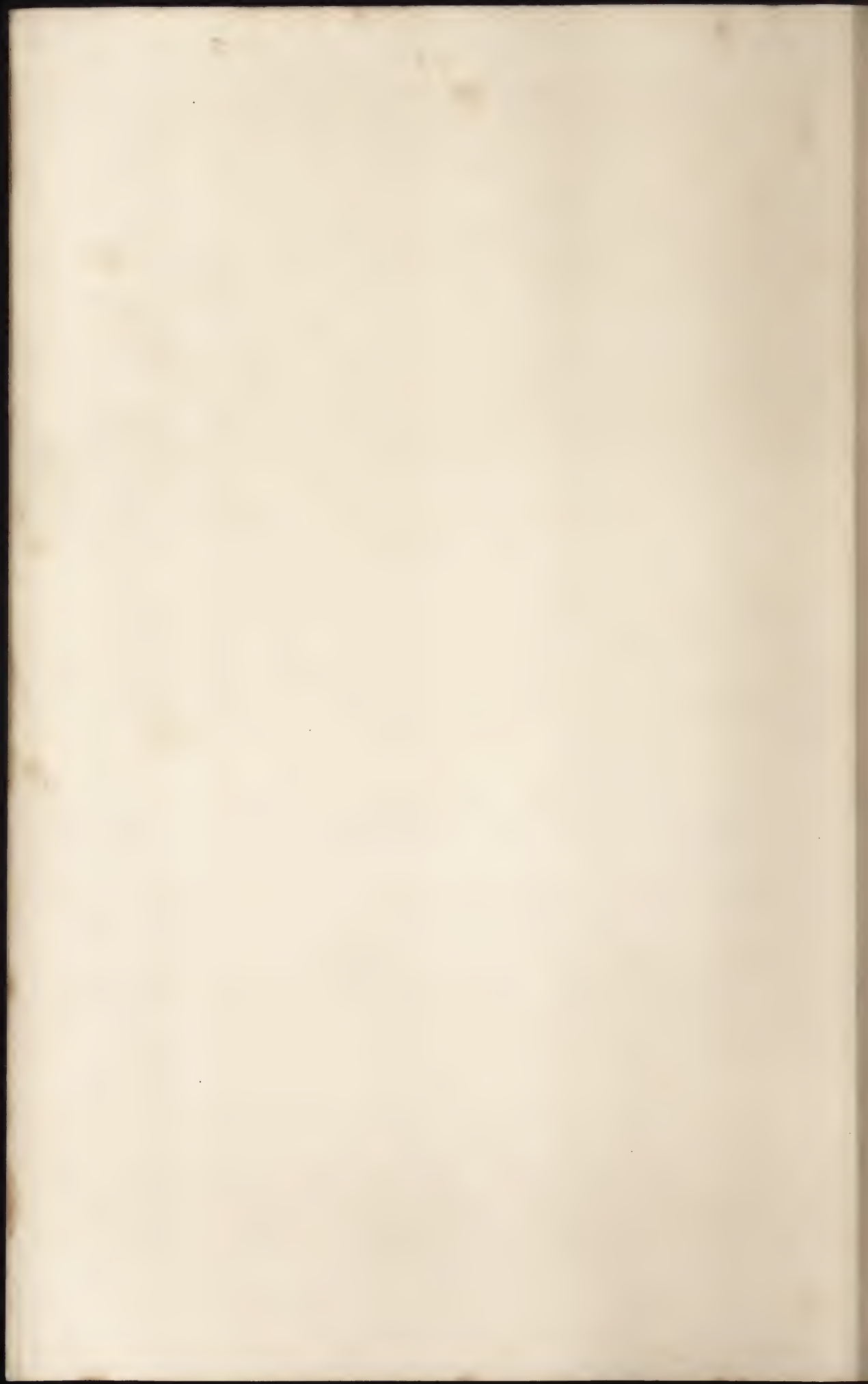
THE CARTOON OF PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

In the scene of Paul preaching on the Areopagus at Athens before groups of philosophers, Raphael found the subject for his last Cartoon, or rather tapestry,—the close of the Biblical series of the Sistine Chapel,—the expressive type of the crisis in the history of Christianity, when it at last confronted the highest intellectual culture previously attained by man, and avouched its ability to hold its own.

As Raphael has treated the subject, he has asserted for the Christianity represented by Paul, a willingness to be tested, and a claim to be admitted under the strictest examination that intellectual subtlety can subject it to; as we see him stand on



THE PRODIGAL SON.



the steps of the Areopagus in the picture, he is the very emblem of Religion admitting the obligation to accept the challenge of Philosophy.

The story of the Cartoon is thus read in the Acts of the Apostles;—

“Now while Paul waited for them—Silas and Timothy—at Athens, his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city given to idolatry. Therefore disputed he in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the agora daily with them that met him. And some of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers encountered him. And some said, What will this babblers say? and others, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange demons: because he preached to them the gospel of Jesus, and of the resurrection. And they took him, and brought him to the Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? for thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know therefore what these things mean. For all the Athenians and the strangers that sojourned there spent their time in nothing else, but to tell and hear something new. And Paul stood in the midst of the Areopagus, and said, etc.

. . . “And the times of this ignorance God overlooked; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in which he is about to judge the world in righteousness by a man whom he hath ordained; having given assurance to all men in raising him from the dead. And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again about this. Thus Paul departed from among them. But some men clave to him, and believed: among whom was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.”

The scene of the picture is an open space amidst temples and majestic buildings; the statue of Mars on a basis, as an armed warrior, indicates the god of the precinct. To him also seems to belong the circular temple, the door of which he faces: in the niches under the peristyle we see one statue bearing a buckler; another seems to wear the robe and laurel wreath of

military triumph; the third appears to be Aphrodite, the paramour of the soldier-god. Statue and architecture alike are of Roman taste and type:—the purer models of the Greek were still to be recovered.

The Apostle stands at the angle of a platform raised above the general level by four stately steps. He has advanced quite to the edge in his eagerness. Impressiveness and dignity breathe from the air of the head, and the composed energy of the entire figure, as with arms extended before him, and hands raised above the level of his head, with a lively force well conveyed by the drawn folds of his sleeve, he seems at this moment to be insisting upon the grand crowning topic of the resurrection. The figure is usually spoken of as an adaptation of a figure by Filippino Lippi, to which, like the Paul in the Cartoon of Elymas, it bears some resemblance. But in each case the force and the definition of expression belong to Raphael. Here, as in the other Cartoon, the face of Paul is in shade; and here also again, and in a still more marked manner, the erectness of the figure is defined by contrast with lines upon the ground, directly at right angles to it.

The back of the statue is turned to the scene of the sermon; the right arm and the grasped spear are extended towards it, but the face averted looks over the shield another way. There is a certain symbolical antithesis in the lifted right arm of the immobile brazen figure, to the arms of Paul instinct with life, and stretching forth against it in the warmth of his denunciations of idolatry. The remoteness of the statue in the background reduces the contrast to that latent indefiniteness that precludes the offensiveness of a cold conceit.

Intermediate, and in most absolute contrast to Paul, stands the Epicurean philosopher, as erect as Paul himself; but while perfectly attentive, perfectly composed, he takes in the discourse, listening with placid, uncontracted brow; and with arms hanging in tranquillity below the undisturbed folds of a graceful and somewhat delicate robe, he watches the exhorting gestures of the preacher with some of the interest of curiosity, supported by the polite indulgence of a gentleman.

The quietness of his expression is heightened by contrast with the listener close behind him on the left, who, with bent brows and eyes towards the ground, presses his left fore-finger to his lips with the signs less of perplexity of thought than of being stung inwardly by a self-reproach,—by a conviction, if not an alarm of conscience,—a smitten voluptuary. On the other side, again, of the philosopher of stronger nerve or easier habit, we see behind two youthful curled and pretty-favoured heads,—scholars who are following him along the primrose paths of the garden. Both look towards the new teacher askance,—one with an expression of pert dislike, and one with flippancy.

From the Epicurean group, either way, the circle of hearers is continued by a group of Stoic philosophers on the right; and, on the left, by a seated knot of eager disputants, whom we shall see reason to regard as Academics. Both these groups give evidence of being deeply affected by the intellectual drift of the discourse, but with a difference that is seen in their contrasted manifestations.

One of the Stoic philosophers props his chin upon his two hands as they rest upon the cross-head of his staff, while he bends his aged, but still piercing glance upon the Apostle. The other has folded his arms in his cloak, and with nearly closed eyes, and chin upon his breast, has the air of abstracting his attention from all but the one subject that tasks his whole powers,—the very impersonation of the obscurity that, no less than dignity, was a leading characteristic of all the writings of Chrysippus. This, the second, is the much more intellectual head and countenance; his older companion we might even be inclined to identify as the typical Cynic—“quem duplici panno patientia velat” (Hor. Ep. I. xvii. 25. I refer to the note of Orellius on this passage for illustrative citations; Diogenes Laertius, vi. 22, etc.). His dress seems almost sordid, as well as scanty, compared with that of the Epicurean; and the staff was, with a scrip, the ensign of the Cynic. At the same time, he may be but the representative of the Cynical side of Stoicism; the staff is as frequently assigned to Stoic as to Cynic,—

"Vellunt tibi barbam
Lascivî pueri, quos tu nisi *fuste* coercês,
Urgeris turbâ circum te stante, miserque
Rumperis et *latras*, magnorum maxime regum."

HOR. *Serm.* 1, iii. 135.

Behind these also are to be seen a pair of pupils,—a mighty contrast to the students who have elected Epircurus for their guide. Their physiognomies are significant of steadfast earnestness—the temper that befits the haunters of the Portico,—the admirers of the noblest ideal of manly character the world has seen :

"Secta fuit servare modum, finemque tueri,
Naturamque sequi, vitamque impendere vero,
Nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo."

And yet, at the same time, there is a taint of coxcombry even here; and in the set uniformity of the pose of the heads, the fixed brows, the settled drapery, we see hints of that affectation of the school, which offered so fair a mark at this very date to the shafts of Lucian.

There is something in their formality beyond the ordinary preparations expected from a listener,—

"Audire atque togam jubeo componere"

HOR. *Serm.* 2, iii. 77.

Very different is the genius of the group of seated listeners and debaters. Here, methinks, we see true successors of the groups of mingled elders and youths that clustered around Socrates in eager and equal vivacity, as he went about upon his self-imposed mission to Piræus or agora. Here the younger men are seated regardlessly in the front; and while one turns his head to listen to the discussion of his seniors behind him, another takes part in it uninvited, but unchecked as without hesitation, and is pointing with his left hand towards Paul, while declaring, if not vociferating, his sentiments towards the right.

Of the seniors, one of the chief is enforcing his reasoning by much the same expressive gesture that is assigned to Socrates in the fresco of the School of Athens. He presses the index finger of his left hand to the thumb of the right, as if telling off

the stages of a syllogism, or marking how a concession already reserved affects of necessity the conclusions that have been deduced from other premises; his opponent lends an ear to the representation with an air of not unwilling candour; and the third head, visible between the two, is inclined towards him with all the appearance of an appeal, to the effect that the logical necessity, as illustrated, cannot in fairness be declined.

Immediately above the pointing hand of the young man is the head of another youth, who is gazing upon the Apostle, and, as I interpret, with an expression of profoundest awe, which makes him quite unconscious of the discussion going on so near to him; or is the turn of his head given by the motive to catch what the Apostle is saying, by averting his ear from the Babel beside him? This head, remote as it is, is so relieved upon an illuminated background, and so placed, as to be highly conspicuous; and it is of great importance in the ordination of expression. In its terminal position it rounds off the composition, and answers there to the effect at the other extremity of the hemicycle, of the two figures we have yet to observe upon. These are the nearest of all to the plane of the picture, and represent the leading converts, Dionysius the Areopagite, and the woman named Damaris. Their faces beam with conviction, happiness, and joy. The right hand of Damaris, it will be seen, appears below her left arm, retaining her drapery; the arms and hands of Dionysius are beautifully expressive, and gain and give force by contrast to those of Paul. He appears to be ascending the steps; his raised foot would come upon the lowest, or fourth.

There only remain to be noticed the figures behind the Apostle. Of these, the standing bearded figure in shadow seems to be a Jew,—a great man in the synagogue; he rests his hands on the top of his stick, but appears to draw up his head as if with some recoil from the tenor of the doctrine at the point it has now arrived at. His aspect is that of a man of intellectual capacity, of acquirements,—is it fanciful to say, of learning rather than of investigation and invention, and all dominated by jealousy and pride?

If the Jew draws himself up as the direction of Paul's

teaching declares itself, the bulky listener who stands next to him draws back with different, but equally decisive, indications of distaste. He is a fellow of gross habit of body, and girt in vulgar costume significant of commonplace and coarse occupations. His hair is hidden by a cap—perhaps nightcap—which looks as though donned for some protection among dirty work; his slouch paunch is bestowed in a vest retained by the comfortable, but not dignified, invention of a row of buttons,—an acknowledgment of obligation to the mechanical that would be incongruous in the array of a philosopher. His cloak is crossed shawl-wise over his shoulders, and kilted skirts leave his limbs unimpeded for the bustle of handicraft, or the general hurry-scurry of business. Lastly, we see the two weighted ends of a sash girdle that is twisted round his middle, and his fat left hand clutching the knot of it with instinctive feeling. The girdle is the purse of this pursy drysalter; and while what intellectual powers and generous sympathies he has that are competent for such employment are hovering about the topics touched on by the preacher, he keeps his hand upon a gripe of the coined metal, that a positive sensation may save him from drifting into ideology, may remind him to hold hard by what he is resolute to accept for life as the main chance. He handles his money as if from a fear that others may be looking after it, while he is for once attending to an enthusiast; or as if the eloquence itself might charm his money from his pocket, or the spiritual exhortation end in a demand for money, which he does not intend to part with. He has crept out of his hole—shop or mart, manufactory or counting-house—or has been caught on his way thither; he will be back again there in half an hour, convinced that his time has been wasted for any purpose that need concern a man of business, and will probably wonder at the regard bestowed upon the movement by men, whom he knows to be quite as keen and quite as selfish as himself, but whose very selfishness, in virtue of the larger scope on which the keenness is employed, converts the man of business into the man of *public* business.

This figure is thrown still deeper and more entirely into

shade than the Rabbi; had a gleam of bright light been accorded to him, his presence would have marred the sentiment of the entire picture, instead of contributing, as it now does, the last relief,—town as complementary of gown; the most sordid aspect of this world looking in upon the enthusiastic forewarnings of the next.

The uncongenial spirit of these two figures—the chapman and the Rabbi—brings into prominent effect the sympathetic phase of the third of the group. He is seated on the edge of the same step on which Paul stands, and appears to me intended for his disciple and companion. In the Mantuan tapestry his devout expression is very manifest, and very decided. I apprehend that Raphael intended him for Luke,—as the accepted writer and reporter of the Acts of the Apostles. The speech, according to the narrative, was made while Paul was waiting at Athens for Timothy and Silas; but the terms of the narrative, and the very record of the speech, would be taken as implying that he was not absolutely alone.

In Luke we have the one figure in the composition, to whom the drift and detail of the discourse was not a novelty. His looks are directed, not to Paul, but to Paul's audience; his right hand is between his left elbow and knee, and his attitude contracted, but easy; and inclining in the direction of his master and his master's words, gains force from opposition of the two erect figures beyond him. He partly rests his chin on the thumb of his left hand, and partly seems to press the closed hand against his lips; while his eyes glance, and his brows are arched with some semblance of excitement. Do we not see, indeed, the gesture of a sympathetic listener, who knows that the speaker is advancing upon the very crisis of his argument, which is to decide whether he will carry his audience safely over, or part company with them for ever? Anxiety in such case comes to its crisis also: the ally is somewhat disposed to be apprehensive of the rashness of the orator, and presses his clenched hand against his own lips in the fear that a premature, an inconsidered, a hasty word may, at a moment, undo all the labour of preparation. A certain degree of sacred confidence qualifies the trepid-

ation in this case; but the trepidation, I believe, exists no less.

How many hundreds of proselytizing preachers and missionaries in modern times have drawn their inspiration and braced their energies from the accounts of the labours, the success, the policy of Paul, as set forth in the Acts of the Apostles! This fact will account for many coincidences in practice; but if a Methodist at the present day does not address a group of idlers on a common without having one or two mute companions standing behind him to support him, it is as much by natural suggestion of the situation as with any view to run parallel with Paul, Timothy, and Silas. As a point of natural suggestion it is taken up by Raphael, and he even diverges from the most literal implication of the text to satisfy the requirement of a sympathizer, and of an example of respectful attention and sympathy.

Two figures, at considerable distance, engaged in lively argument even as they walk, may be called Peripatetics if we please, or be taken simply as furthering the illustration how talk pervaded the very atmosphere of Athens.

The steps, at the edge of which Paul is standing, seem to be those of a platform, so treated architecturally as to give special dignity to the central summit of Mars Hill, and assist the suggestion, by the very formality of their treatment, that the Areopagus was a title as much symbolical as descriptive, and conveyed the idea of an institution, of a moral even more distinctly than of a natural elevation.

I have already spoken of the dignity of the figure of Paul; there is interest in observing the artistic resources—and we may almost say stratagems—by which it is enhanced. Dionysius and Damaris are nearer to the spectator, and therefore larger in scale, upon the picture; but, besides the contraction of their attitudes, the whole of their figures is not included within the picture, and thus Paul retains the distinction of being the highest fully-displayed figure in the composition. We shall recognize the value of this distinction if we notice how it is observed,

and with what effect, in the other Cartoons. In the Miracle at the Beautiful Gate we have complete view of the erect Peter, while John is subordinated by being partly covered by the cripple. The second cripple and the arm of the Levite come in front of the tripping mother with her infant, as, although somewhat more remote, her graceful stature would have introduced a dangerous competition. In the Blinding of Elymas, the crouching Magus is of course no match for the commanding prophet over against him.

In the Sacrifice at Lystra, the figure of Paul alone of the figures that stand erect is seen from head to foot, without any other object or figure partially interposing. At either end of the picture a figure is introduced nearer to the spectator, but, as in the case of the Areopagite, each of them is stooping, and of each a portion is without the limits of the picture.

In the Cartoon of the Destruction of Ananias, numerous and very important figures are much nearer to the spectator than the protagonist Peter; but Peter, besides his central position, has alone the advantage of the free display of his full height: even his coadjutor, who points to heaven, and seems almost as direct an agent of wrath as himself, is sufficiently kept down by the unceremonious interference with his figure, of the post and rail of the dais.

In the Delivery of the Keys, other figures besides the Saviour are seen erect and uninterfered with—as Thomas and John; and the due subordination is here obtained, apart from distribution of light and all-important expression, by presenting them only in profile.

In the Calling of Peter this rule of subordination deserts us. The design comprises but few figures, and the distribution of light, the indication of personages by conspicuous attributes, the preferential position, and the expression which touches here the limits of all that is possible in art, are quite sufficient to give the superiority to Peter, kneeling and half-hidden though he be, above the more central and more entirely displayed Andrew.

Wonderful ingenuity seems to me to be displayed in the adjustment of the immediate background of architectural details,

which relieve the head and expressive hands of the Apostle at Athens. The spring of the unfinished arch, with its interrupted voussoir, gives emphasis to the living lift of the arms of Paul; and these, by their direction, cross and effectually dominate the vertical lines of the architecture. The marked lines of the steps and inlaid pavement, at right angles to the erect preacher but less short than his height, contribute no little to the force of his elevation.

The light of the high sun shines upon the back of Paul, and thus gives full illumination to the fronts and faces of the audience opposite to him. The expression of his own face is fully displayed by his profile falling well defined against the illuminated portion of the sleeve of his right arm. The continued sharp dark outline, of which, as I have noticed before, Raphael constantly avails himself once in a composition, falls here to the front outline of Paul's robe and lifted arm. The general management of the light and shade—the grouping of the figures from consideration of effects of light and shade,—is managed with the seeming simplicity of nature, with all the refined dexterity of subtlest art.

The simplest point of management of all, for gaining effects of distance and distinctness among groups, is resorted to without any dissembling affectation. All the figures are lighted from the same side; but by disposing or viewing them obliquely, the shadowed side of one may be relieved upon the brightened side of that beyond, and *vice versâ*. Thus the back of Dionysius stands off from the robe of Damaris, and by the opposite effect his illuminated features are happily set forth by the dark shadow they fall against, of the robe of the musing Stoic. The right side of the second Stoic is defined upon the left-hand shadow of the Epicurean, and so on. The tameness of repetition is avoided by the blending of the lights on the fronts of the pair of Stoics, where the less marked distinctness required is gained by colour and tone; and then, again, by the arms and hands of Dionysius breaking the lights of their background. Again, in the group of seated debaters very varied effects of light and shadow are introduced,—are caused, we might more properly say, by their

varied positions. The light passing through the intervals of the group gives defining background; and each of the front figures from its position casts a degree of shadow upon itself. Linear and aerial perspective co-operate with these adjustments, and give particular value to figures which, like Dionysius and Paul, are relieved upon background and figures of which various portions are at very various degrees of remoteness.

What need is there to notice how the tranquil curves of the drapery of Paul's companion, the curves and eddies of that of the Academic group of debaters, and the lively agitation of the converts, lifting head and hand and limb in sympathy with the doctrine, relieve the erect lines and lights of the preacher and his listeners, and of the columns and arcades around them?

The circular plan of the Temple of Mars is sympathetic with the hemicycle on which the congregation has arranged itself.

The moral triumph of pictorial harmony is achieved by the invention of expressions, gestures, and combined or responsive actions characteristic of the occasion, and by the disposing of them with such cunning naturalness that each seems to fall into its place spontaneously; while each attains its own acme of expressiveness by enhancing that of its immediate neighbour first, and thence, of all.

As regards the general sentiment of the subject of Paul preaching at Athens, Raphael has allowed himself to quit the rigidly historical, as it may be held to stand in the Acts, for the sake of rising to the ideal. The leaders of the Epicureans and Stoics who attend him show no indications of an open sneer, or of politely waving him and his doctrine aside for that future hearing which in such case never comes. Something of this disposition is expressed in the Epicurean students; but that is all, and they are quite subordinate.

The philosophers are represented as candid enough to continue to listen, and the discourse of Paul is favourably represented as of a nature not only to detain and interest them, but to reduce them to difficulty, if not to nonplus.

Raphael chose therefore, let us say, to avail himself of this

subject to give a typical embodiment of the first confronting of Greek philosophy taken at its best, with ideal Christianity.

The fortunes of Christian evangelization at Athens in Pauline times may be not ill-expressed, after all, in this quasi-digest of Paul's reception and proceedings there. The Greeks required wisdom, as the Jews required a sign: the speech, in its opening, is no poor attempt at a refined subtlety, to meet the special requirement. The end of it, however, was, that not many wise, as not many rich, became converts. Whatever hearing might be obtained for the inculcation of morality and monotheism, Paul could only come back at last to the imminent approach of the judgment,—the rousing angel, the revived dead, the translated living, and the avouching of all this by the revival and translation of one man already, even Jesus the coming Judge. There were plenty at Athens, and at Rome also, who would mock at this, for it was perfectly safe then, and for some time after, to mock at it; and there were plenty who were polite enough to say they would look into the matter, for the sake of as speedily as possible having heard and thought the last of it.

"Ye men of Athens, I observe general indications of your unusual susceptibility of the religious sentiment; for as I went the round, and viewed your sacred monuments, I came, among others, upon an altar inscribed 'To the unknown God.'" This sentence is full of local colour; it is as characteristic as a chapter from Pausanias; indeed, its expressions curiously agree with the reflections of the Handbook writer a little later, upon the peculiar piety of the Athenians towards the gods, even to the extent of being a little far-fetched,—an error this, he seems to think, on the right side; as he records that not only had they an altar to Pity, but also to Modesty, to Rumour, to Alacrity. Again, we seem to listen to one who is fresh from seeing the chryselephantine Athene of the Parthenon, in the words "Wherefore we ought not to regard the Godhead as likened to gold, silver, or marble, modelled by human heart and ideal conception." Even the Athenian pride of autochthony seems to be glanced at in the allusion to the divine settlement of races of men in special times and given bounds about the surface of the earth.

MR SEYMOUR HADEN'S ETCHINGS.*

ALL the arts, in proportion as they are free (an epithet more significant than "fine"), as they are free arts in contrast with mechanical, represent so accurately and inevitably the character of the artist, whether in what they show, or in what they attempt to conceal, that some knowledge of the man himself, of his aims and disposition, his innate genius, and his education, is an invaluable aid in judging what he has done and left for us. Of this aid we avail ourselves readily when the artist has lived in times that are well past, and can be judged historically. All who study painting with sufficient earnestness to deserve the enjoyment of it, look to the biographies of Raphael and Michael Angelo for assistance in understanding the School of Athens and the Last Judgment; and even the least cultivated spectator must feel that some acquaintance with the objects and circumstances of Phidias or Fra Angelico is indispensable before he can hope to appreciate the marbles or the frescoes in which these men embodied the religious ideal of their respective ages. This pleasant biographical part of criticism is not, however, in all cases of the same importance. The more completely an artist has expressed himself in his art, the less is our necessity for such knowledge of the man. It might be a great and a rational source of pleasure to be more familiar with the actual life of Virgil or Shakespeare than fate has permitted, nor is any one likely to deny that the fuller details which we possess in regard to others

* Etudes à l'eau-forte, par Francis Seymour Haden, Notice et descriptions par Philippe Burty. Paris, 1866. Folio.

—as Dante, Milton, or Goethe—add very perceptibly to our enjoyment of their poems. Yet we could forego such information in presence of a 'Paradise Lost' or a 'Divina Commedia' with much less relative sacrifice than in case of those works which have occupied less of the man's life, or present a less complete summary of his mature powers. Thus Keats and Shelley died so young that justice was not done to them until the circumstances of each career were made known; for although all that they felt or thought, or had gone through, may be mirrored in their verse, they were taken from us too soon to complete the circle of their natural development, and left rather a legacy of magnificent promise than of ripe performance; whilst in men like Scott and Cowper, the practice of poetry occupied a space of their lives so comparatively brief, that their poetry needs the commentary, as it were, which is furnished by the rest of their days, for due appreciation. In a word, the object of all the free arts being pleasure, but pleasure being proportioned to our understanding of the particular work of art, knowledge why and how it was produced can rarely be dispensed with, if the object is to be perfectly obtained.

Thus much in justification of biography in case of artists of every class. For our own contemporaries we are, however, obviously unable to avail ourselves with equal freedom of this great source of agreeable assistance, at any rate in published criticism. It is, indeed, of no slight advantage, when we are trying to judge for ourselves of the merit of a picture or a poem, a statue or a building, that we should know whether the author be a man of high and tender nature, or habitually mean and money-loving; nay, often (in the inevitable imperfection of all our judgments, upon all subjects whatever) acquaintance with what a man has really created, by a reverse process, may lead us to a more favourable and a truer estimate of his character. But it is, of course, rarely possible, perhaps rarely desirable, to import these personal considerations into any attempt to judge of contemporary productions. Our judgments of them suffer hence undoubtedly: they are less sincere, less true, than they might be, could we take the whole circle into view; but we must con-

cede these wider horizons to those who will live when our age has passed into the domain of history, and content ourselves in general with the less complete and thorough estimate which can be derived from the work itself as it comes before us.

The remarkable volume which is now to be briefly described is an instance where—if our judgment had to be formed by the latter method alone—we should, perhaps, not do full justice to the merits of the art displayed. Approaching it with the wish to try it by the high standard which the great landscape designers and nature herself combine to furnish, we should at once be sensible of certain limitations—deficiencies, if you will—in Mr Haden's work. His subjects are taken from a comparatively narrow range: those from the tranquil river scenery of the Thames above London are predominant in the little collection; after which, in importance, we find some views through park-like avenues, and a few of those stray bits of wayside picturesqueness in tree and cottage which have at all times attracted the etcher. There is hardly any attempt to render wide surfaces of plain or hill; rock and mountain, forest and sea, are almost absent. The skies, with one or two striking exceptions, show little elaboration; they are the unbroken ether of a summer's day; no recourse has been had to storm or rain, those frequent incidents of landscape art. Designs of this idyllic character, this cultivated amenity, are often treated with that false finish which is the delight of spectators in the lowest stage of taste; indeed it is the weak side of such aspects of nature that they almost invite the artist to overwork them, rounding off every angle from the landscape, and substituting a petty prettiness for the larger and more durable charm of beauty. But Mr Haden's etchings take no pains to allure the ordinary spectator by these easy devices; they tell their tale by the broadest and simplest means; nay, there are some which require further detail if they are to be regarded as complete works; and others where the etcher's licence to blur and blot has been pushed almost to what looks, though is not, affectation. Nor does the artist in these specimens, at least, present a greater variety of manner and handling than of subject. Strong darks and full lights occur often;

there are few, too few, of those mysterious half-tints which Rembrandt employs not less often or less successfully than the vigorous contrasts common in his chiaroscuro. Thus it is probable that those whose eyes have been trained in the finished style of modern landscape-engraving, or who are dissatisfied unless the artist presents them with fullness of detail and variety of scene, may be inclined to wonder at the high value which competent judges both in France and England have set upon Mr Haden's work. There may be enough to justify the appreciation of artists; but is there here sufficient to awaken the interest of the public at large?

It is here that what we learn of the artist's life, and of the circumstances in which these etchings have been produced, properly intervenes to correct a hasty or partial judgment. There are reasons, as has been already remarked, why, in case of our contemporaries, we can rarely avail ourselves of this biographical assistance. But as M. Burty, Mr Haden's friend and editor, has himself told us enough for the purpose in the graceful preface which he has prefixed to the etchings, we may without impropriety interpret them by the aid thus furnished. Mr Haden's landscape-etching, we learn, has been the employment of a physician's holiday; the rare and highly-prized delight of laboriously-earned leisure. This is the leading point of view from which we should look at his work; the main underlying idea. To study certain conditions of landscape, and to set them forth in light and shade, has been to him the solace and the delight, the cup of strength and of pleasure, which the simple aspect of nature, in her higher or her lovelier phases, is to most men who are sensitive at all to any of the finer influences. The bias of his mind has led him to landscape of an idyllic character; nature in sunshine and peace, and not impatient of human interference. He loves the repose of a slowly winding stream, going in mirror-like levels between villages and feathery trees, and doubling them as it goes, or losing itself in long curves behind some massive forest, almost mountain-like in the expressiveness and solemnity of its bounding outlines, as they relieve themselves against a lucid horizon.

These, in the poet's phrase, are "Nature's old felicities." But art has the privilege of touching less attractive matter, where the common eye can find only its own common place, with interest and beauty; and in two or three of Mr Haden's most happy vignettes he has expressed the poetry which Wordsworth felt, when from Westminster Bridge he saw the great city sleeping beneath the summer dawning. Such, it will be recognized, are the natural forms for that art to take, which is simply the employment of a physician's holiday. The neighbourhood of London, a visit to Wales, Calais, and Amsterdam, have supplied Mr Haden with forms of beauty and grandeur. Why should a man travel further, when he can find so much within six hours of his home?

The interest excited in France, where art for art's sake has a larger and a more vividly sensitive public than among us, by some of Mr Haden's etchings, induced M. Burty to describe them in the excellent "*Gazette des Beaux Arts*:" and to the wider interest which again followed the publication of his careful catalogue, we owe the present volume. The essay which he has prefixed to the selection contains a friendly but discriminating review of the etchings, with some criticisms on our national art and character, which are well worth reading. But what will most interest the English reader are some extracts translated from the letters in which the artist gives his own views upon his art. It will be seen that Mr Haden's theory is in accurate correspondence, as the theory of any *thorough* man will be, with his style. The strength of his landscape-etchings, and the points in which they are not so strong, are alike indicated in the stress which he lays upon the instinctive nature of fine art, and in the exclusive importance assigned to the rendering of the scene. He reminds us of the early philosopher who said "Information teaches the mind nothing:" with him, as with Heracleitus, science brings with it the whole and the parts, the facts and the laws, by one impulse of inspiration.

"In my notion, the artistic faculty is innate and cannot be acquired. Art is a moral and intellectual emanation which study may develop but cannot create. The proof that art always proceeds from an inborn sentiment is that the work [it

is very convenient to follow thus the French use of the word *oeuvre*] of each master has its altogether special character, and bears no likeness to the work of any other master of equal ability. Look at Velasquez, Titian, Raphael, Rembrandt, Dürer. What more different than the manner in which each of these masters would have interpreted the same subject? Is it not clear that this individual idea was innate, and that no precept of the schools, no example would have produced it? Academic rules (under which I do not include the indispensable instruction in the first principles of art) may furnish disciples of a school, based upon the impulses of a more or less ephemeral taste, but can never create an artist of originality. On the contrary, such a school will hamper his development. I am hence an avowed enemy of academies, on the ground that the education they give is narrow. I am opposed to 'the theory and the practice of art,' as they teach them. Above all, I fear the influence of the distinctions which they award as much as that of the exhibitions which they open. This influence, it seems to me, must be fatal to originality; must inevitably generate a uniformity among artists; and, out of elements thus combined, create only that detestable result which is commonly called a school. On the contrary, the school ought to be created by the artist; his business is only to find the means of interpreting his impressions.

"It seems to me also that the true sentiment of art is only given to men of the higher nature; that the commonplace mind is no more able to create what is lovely, than the sophisticated mind to discover the truth. Works of art reflect the soul of the artist; every human feeling appears in them by turns. Human creatures pass before us under the form of their works.

"As to the practical part, only a second place is to be given to technical excellence, and all those qualities which are handed down by tradition, and consequently are within every one's reach. The artist should master the process of his art sufficiently to enable him to clothe his idea in a form of beauty. If he goes further, the means become the end; sentiment and thought, in place of being predominant, will be dragged after executive

facility. I assign no higher value to an elaborate execution. To work out details highly requires time. To spend too much time upon a picture weakens the idea, and stifles the inspiration."

Art, like that before us, practised only during leisure hours, and without the spur of necessity, rarely rises above a very moderate level; it is the art of the amateur, in short. It would lead us into a long, though a curious question (upon which Goethe has left some good remarks), were we to discuss the true limits of the artist and the amateur. Here it must be enough to point out that the latter epithet, in its ordinary unfavourable sense, does not apply to Mr Haden. If it is to be used at all, we should say, with M. Burty, that he is "relativement amateur." First, he has wisely chosen that branch of art which lays by far the smallest stress on a long course of manual practice. Engraving in its severest forms must probably be placed below oil painting or sculpture (sculpture in the high sense, that is, not the careless form and smooth, lifeless surface of what in England generally usurps the name), in its manual demands. But the highest skill in etching might be reached sooner than the skill to lay one square inch of even lines with the graver. By thus wisely proportioning his method to his opportunities, Mr Haden has escaped one of the surest snares of mere amateurism, of which the vice, as Goethe said, is to run always "after a wrong direction, which comes to nothing." Secondly, although limited, as we have already indicated, in their scope, within those boundaries Mr Haden's best pieces reach a very high degree of excellence. They are to all intents the works of an artist; though of an artist who, somewhat like Constable, has satisfied himself with a narrow range of effect and subject, and even at times, when pleased with some picturesque fragment of a view, or a single telling point of light and shade, has not cared to round off the piece into a perfect whole.

Mr Haden, in the midst of an active professional career, appears to have been awakened to a sense of his capacity as an artist by long familiarity, first with the art of Rembrandt, and more immediately with that of his relation, Mr Whistler, whose

strong sense of the picturesque element in design, and singularly exquisite eye for colour, have won for him a high *succès d'estime* during the last few years. The sight of Rembrandt's, and of Mr Whistler's etchings, some of which latter have appeared at the Academy Exhibitions, where they were duly honoured by that class of spectators—useful, though always ridiculous to the world at large—who come with eyes, made Mr Haden conscious of the peculiar powers and peculiar pleasures which belong to that species of engraving. It has been noticed by Mr Ruskin how little the fine arts have hitherto owed to physical science, in regard to those material elements in them which fall within the domain of chemistry. Here Mr Haden's own scientific experience, we may imagine, has been of advantage; he has at least perfected the mechanical part of etching, by the employment of certain skilful processes which have been published in this journal. A man who, like Francia, the great Bolognese painter, takes up one of the arts of design at forty years of age, and practises it at once with the success of which Mr Haden's volume supplies proof, must be presumed not only to have possessed innate capacity for the task, but to have long studied and prepared for it. Without denying that practice from youth upwards is an almost inevitable pre-requisite for mastery, there are, however, some qualities, and those among the most precious, which youth itself can rarely give to its productions. Thus, if such a man as we conceive our artist to be, possesses power of mind and poetical sentiment, he will be likely, in the age of fully developed manhood, to throw these qualities with the fullest effect into what he does in any of the fine arts. It will thus gain a larger and a more intellectual tone than similar work in younger hands; will partake in the maturity of the artist. This law has been most clearly exemplified in case of romantic literature: almost all the best and most lasting of our novels having been the fruit of middle life: Fielding's, Smollett's, Sterne's, Scott's, Thackeray's. Unless we are to add Mr Dickens to this list, he and Miss Austen will remain the only serious exceptions. On the other hand, in the fine arts, is the fatal want of manual dexterity,

rarely conquered sufficiently after youth to allow the work a rank above the amateur order. The reasons may be repeated why Mr Haden's would not be accurately reckoned such. He has selected that form of art in which a gifted hand can express itself with the least need of long practice, or for which (perhaps) previous practice in scientific experiment has been a school, un-awares, to prepare the firm, yet delicate touch, without which the etching-plate, like the pianoforte, is handled to no purpose; and he has then restrained himself within the precise natural limits of etching, with a moderation which all who have etched will wonder at, and which (so great is the temptation to go a little further, and try to compete with the woodcut or the line-engraving) many skilful artists have failed to observe. And, in his subjects and his efforts, he has, with equal moderation, confined himself within the bounds set by his own temperament, and the predominating wish to enjoy to the utmost the lessons of nature. Nor can the portion which he has chosen, small as it may appear, be rated as of little value. There are few forms of enjoyment purer, stronger, and more enviable than the gift of reproducing for oneself and for others those aspects of natural peace and loveliness which most closely touch the heart or awaken the poetic sympathy. What a charm against the baser influences of the world, against the disenthusiastic experiences of life, against old age itself, the common enemy of all, may not such a gift as this present! How unpurchasable a source of pleasure! How inalienable!

—Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt,
et tibi magna satis!
Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota
et fontes sacros frigus captabis opacum:
hinc tibi, quae semper, vicino ab limite saepes
Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti
saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro;
hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes
nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

In this exquisite series of pictures Virgil has summed up most of Mr Haden's favourite aspects of nature, whilst he adds some touches with an art which might have been envied by a

Gainsborough. As we read the poetry of the great early races, born in the world's youth, when life was a simpler thing and enjoyment more fresh and lively, we moderns can hardly escape the feeling which Mr M. Arnold has expressed in one of the most beautiful of his poems, that something has been lost to us among the innocent pleasures of life. We have not all the stars of Syria and Hellas and Hesperia in our sky, and our own also. Yet there are certain forms of sentiment, and of the arts which realize them,—as landscape in colour or chiaroscuro, music in opera and orchestra,—where we too may find our compensation. Were it within the compass of miracle, what a strange and penetrating delight to live one of those far-off days again! to see Ruth in the field and Nausicaa at the fountain, to visit Athens in her first glory, or go down to the harvest festival with Theocritus. But we would decline to realize the dream, had we to take this in exchange for a world before Mozart and Beethoven, Rembrandt and Turner.

A talent such as Mr Haden's, like that of his contemporaries in oil painting, Mr Mason and Mr Whistler, appeals specially to artists, or to men of natural and cultivated taste; it cannot be expected to penetrate the circle of undisciplined and prosaic observers, or compete with the facile popularities of the day. There are however enough, even in Philistia, to appreciate these etchings, if their existence is made known, and a few words may be therefore added upon the more remarkable; although landscape, unless the actual designs are under the reader's eye, lends itself ill to this branch of criticism. Reserving for the last that class of subject which appears most native to Mr Haden's genius,—the "Sunrise at Cardigan" may be noticed for its truthful observance of a momentary natural effect, when the rays of the orb, although apparently free from cloud, burst out just above the horizon in a one-sided and tumultuous manner. This grand effect is probably due to the presence of mists hanging low, and not visible within the blaze, and is generally followed by a flood of unbroken brilliancy. In the view from his own house,—a low horizon of trees and buildings, and level plain beyond,—Mr Haden has given his most elaborate study

of the clouds. Great *cumuli* are sailing across the sky, barred by long lines of nearer horizontal vapour; the central field being light. The rapid process of etching may not allow the *cumulus* cloud, the stateliest thing that vapour can build up, to be delineated in its architectural massiveness, its illusive stability; but the motion and life of such a sky are here powerfully caught; the all-important sense of air and space has been successfully rendered.

"Lord Harrington's house," and the "Entrance to Mytton Hall," present a building in the middle distance, viewed through trees which come very near the spectator. Both subjects involve one of the greatest practical difficulties of landscape art. In looking at such a scene, the focus of the eye has to be decidedly, nay, almost consciously, shifted; when we see the close trees, we cannot see the house behind; when we look for the house, we receive only a vague and confused impression of the avenue. If then the artist gives both distances with equal distinctness, he immediately sacrifices the look of air and space. Hence some compromise must be made. Mr Haden has met his difficulty somewhat in Turner's early manner, giving up the background in favour of the nearer portions. This has produced two charming designs, singularly fine in their light and shade. The "Mytton" is executed in what is technically called "dry-point,"—that is, without the use of acid to cut the lines. To this process the extraordinary brilliancy of Rembrandt's etchings has been often attributed, although it may be doubtful whether his superiority in that delightful quality be not mainly due, not to the use of this or that manual expedient (though in these respects also he is unrivalled), but to his consummate mastery over natural effect and gradation. Be this as it may, the "Mytton" is so truly fine that we may here recall Rembrandt (for example, in his noble "St Francis kneeling in a Wood," of which the British Museum possesses a splendid impression) without a too-predominating sense of compliment. And this remark may be extended to a little vignette in which Mr Haden must have had the memory of his hitherto unequalled master directly before him, "Amsterdam seen over the Water."

As the world has taken Phidias for the standard of majesty, Raphael of grace, Titian of colour, Mozart of melody, so, or even more solely and supremely, is Rembrandt the standard for the art of etching. To be recognized as belonging to his family, to inherit a little of his gifts, is what the true artist would covet more than any profusion of meaner praise.

Within the narrow bounds to which Mr Haden has restricted himself, he also makes out his right to the relationship. It is true that Rembrandt has the gift, which perhaps no artist ever possessed in greater measure, of never failing to impress a sense of balance and unity upon his work, however slight it may be. Within the long series of his etchings (not to add his oil pictures and his sketches), we find nothing incomplete, though there is much left at the point of simple indication. If Rembrandt had only written his name upon the plate, we feel that he would have put light and shade, gradation and effect, into it; it would have been a work of art. But, perhaps in part from the nature of the process, few etchers have made this kind of perfection their aim; etching is preëminently the art of suggestion; the record of partial effects, of picturesque bits, of sidelong glances, and corner reminiscences. Such things, like passages from the minor poets, may chance to strike upon a congenial feeling in the spectator's mind, and have hence their place and their value. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether incomplete work does not lessen the penetrating effect, the lasting impression, which is never stamped by merely suggestive art. Those who think so would have preferred that some pieces which belong to this class had been omitted from M. Burty's volume,—the "Towing Path," the "Sunset on the Thames," the "Shepperton," the "Richmond Park." They have all certain obvious merits; they would do credit to an artist of less poetical power; but they are not upon the high level which Mr Haden has elsewhere reached.

Let us turn to the most complete and characteristic etchings in the collection: the river-scenes, toward which, like the great Turner, Mr Haden appears to be impelled by a peculiar passion. "Old Chelsea" presents just that collection of quaint river-

side houses, rough barges drawn up in the foreground, bridge, and church tower, and curve of vanishing trees for the distance, which is the etcher's natural province. This plate, although without the charm of the more purely poetical landscapes, is certainly one of the artist's finest successes. We have seen how small a value Mr Haden sets upon school traditions, academic training, and the like; how anxious he is to render the sentiment of nature in its integrity; that he would hold one phrase of true feeling ill exchanged for the best efforts of the painter's own invention. Not so much in opposition to Mr Haden's view as by way of complement to it, let us here recall a profound aphorism of Goethe: "We know no world, but in relation to man; we will have no art, except it be an expression of this relation." Thus we may find a certain loss in return for much gained, in art practised upon Mr Haden's theory. Nature does not always tell a tale of meaning to the human soul; does not always put her best things in the best places; does not uniformly balance her design, or balances it by those large expedients which the painter is unable to reproduce. The "Old Chelsea" is, however, one of the cases in which "fortune has helped art, or art fortune." Whether it be by felicitous natural arrangement, or by happy selection of possible incidents, this plate has that evenly distributed quality of effect without which a design may please, but will not convince; may strike, but not penetrate.

"Battersea Reach" shows a noble curve of water, to which a few, a very few, well-selected current-marks give the look of strenuous though tranquil motion; the line of western London beyond is rendered with that perception of latent picturesqueness which has been noticed as one of the artist's specialities; above is a broad field of lucid sky, brought into poetical harmony with the city beneath it by a slowly drifting balloon. The rare and peculiar quality which characterizes this little plate reappears in the "Sunset in Tipperary," a design of much repose and grandeur; in "Shere Mill Pond," beautiful for its successful rendering of trees; and most conspicuously, in the view at Egham, which may be selected as on the whole the artist's capital work. The

quality in question is one so technical that it may not at first be felt by spectators. Those only who have been led to study engravings with attention will be aware how extremely difficult it is so to manage a space of almost untouched paper, mere flat and lifeless blankness, as to make it look full of light, space, and atmosphere. Yet to such treatment some of Rembrandt's most famous etchings, and, in an equal degree, some of Dürer's, owe their reputation and their brilliancy; whilst the difficulty of reaching it may be inferred from the number of gifted artists who have made the attempt without success. Marc Antonio, Lucas Van Leyden, Ostade, Everdingen,—even Claude, great as he was in analogous work with his brush,—not to name later men of merit, have all missed the mark here. He in whose hands the impossible seemed almost like a plaything, gave such a sky once, with unequalled splendour, in the "*Liber Studiorum*" (Junction of Severn and Wye). But Turner's imagination was too fertile, his memory too well stored with complex effects which no other man could trace or touch, to permit him to recur often to any single phenomenon; nor did he care to practise engraving sufficiently to enable him to express as an etcher more than a fractional part of his vast gleanings from the inexhaustible treasury of nature.—The secret lies . . . but the reader may be left to discover it for himself by examining the works just named, the "*Nativity*," "*St Anthony*," and "*Little White Horse*," of Dürer, or Rembrandt's "*Barn*" and "*St Jerome*."

With these names it is pleasant to be able to join that of our countryman and contemporary. Were Mr Haden's "work" only that of a brilliant amateur, it would be but cruel kindness to speak of him in connection with the great masters of his craft. What it really appears to be, if these pages present a correct estimate, is rather the work of a true though limited artist; work always fine in idea, occasionally rising in execution to the "height of its argument," but, when less complete, never showy, never aiming at deceptive finish, never transcending the bounds of the process which he has adopted. These qualities may be dwelt upon for their own sake a little in conclusion. For this accurate

adaptation of the means of the art to the ends of it, this moderation in short, is precisely the temper of mind which marks the true artist,—as the want of it always betrays the amateur, even were he member of all the Academies in Europe. “One of the most striking signs of the decay of art,” says Goethe, “is when we see its separate provinces mixed up together. The arts themselves, as well as their varieties, are closely related to each other, and have a great tendency to unite, and even lose themselves in each other; but herein lies the duty, the merit, the dignity of the true artist, that he knows how to separate that department in which he labours from the others, and so far as may be isolates it.” The tendencies of the day, even among men of a certain degree of taste, are set in so many ways against principles of this kind, that if Goethe’s canon be true, there is no time when it can be more of service to us. In the lower phases of art we are surrounded by attempts to make one method or style compete with another; woodcuts imitate etchings, water-colours attempt the effects of oil, sculpture colours itself or introduces pictorial and perspective elements into the bas-relief. With the similar expedients of trade-decoration we are all familiar; the plaster which even a savage could not mistake for stone; the paper which pretends to be wood; the wood which is painted to look like marble. Half or more of our ingenuity takes these false directions;—enamelled slates, flat patterns which imitate relief or perspective, papier maché and leather that plays the part of oak, stained paper with pretended lead lines to enact coloured glass;—till we reach such consummations of absurdity as when the timber ceilings at Stirling are replaced by repetitions in cast-iron, the whole interior masonry of the Palace at Westminster painted to look more like stone, or the monolithic pedestal of the Crimean memorial carved into pretended blocks in order to give some relief to the bareness of the heavy bronze-work. These lively devices have a uniform result. They end in the waste of natural resources and means of pleasure; in exhausting the limited capital applicable to fine art, and deadening our minds to it should it rashly make its appearance. They are forms of essential vulgarity. Even in regions where it is little thought of the same taint appears;

wherever effect is sought by temporary or extravagant expedients, the proper boundaries of art are broken. Deadened by perverse ingenuities and mechanical imitation, public taste rouses itself, in compensation, by stimulants and glare. To this class of wrongly directed art, belongs the spasmodic style in all its varieties through art and literature; colour without form, music without melody, sound without sense, rhetoric run mad in verse, sensational novels, and what not. The vice in these things is not that they are not effective, but that they purchase the effect by ruinous means; they destroy the balance of the judgment; they strike, but the stroke is followed by numbness. Victor Hugo, to take the most splendid and typical example hitherto extant, would have gained his wide reputation in no age but one wanting in sanity, sobriety, self-control—an age of “hero worship” and “spiritualism,” when the pure reason and the higher types of manliness appear to have fallen into a state of comparative feebleness or disfavour, and the European mind is in an anarchic and materialized condition. Returning to our subject: Against all these false forms of art we must set Goethe’s warning: “One of the most striking signs of the decay of art is when we see its separate provinces mixed up together.” Against them all we may set, as a more powerful and practical argument, the example of the one race whose supremacy in taste has received universal recognition. From first to last, we find that the Greeks employed every material, every method, and every style simply in accordance with its natural laws. Everything with them looked (if the phrase may be allowed) as much like itself as possible: each art respected its own individuality, and the boundary of its neighbours. Hence the peculiar and exquisite sincerity which marks everything that time and later barbarism has spared to us of Hellas. From the gem which requires a microscope to trace its design to the Parthenon and its colossal groups, there is nothing that is not true to itself and its special purpose; no deception, no emphasis on one quality to the disparagement of the rest, no spasmodic effect, no mere suggestion, none of that eccentricity which has been the bane of modern art, and was the weak side of the glorious things done during the mediaeval phase of Western civilization; an age when far more

of what was excellent, was itself of Grecian origin, than is generally suspected. Art governed by these laws will not strike the dull, careless, or one-sided spectator so much as the art of vivid effects, novel quaintnesses, or fanciful flashes of genius. But it will appeal to the higher and better balanced mind, which always ultimately gives the law and forms the standard for the lower organization. Other phases have their day or their generation; but this is the lasting style.

It must not be supposed that these points of taste stand by themselves, or are without a deep root in human character. Taste and art reflect a nation's mind; they are forms under which we express our inner selves. What essentially gave its peculiar qualities to Hellenic art was that, of all races who have hitherto existed, the Greeks combined the greatest love of law with the greatest deference for intellectual freedom. Hence the life of their art, combined with its singular harmony and moderation. It was so well trained that it could be trusted with anything. What that gifted race did, in every field of activity, survives however only as "the fragment of fragments." Thus, even if we aimed at such folly, it would be impossible to copy the Greek art; its value is not that we should imitate it, but be penetrated by it. There is room indeed in human nature for other styles, and many sentiments and thoughts of high importance were inevitably not dealt with by the little tribes who were scattered over the Mediterranean coasts from Cherson to Sicily before the Christian era; yet between their art and the others seems to be this difference, that it outlives them all. Like Raphael and Mozart, who among modern artists had perhaps most of the Hellenic quality, this is what the world always comes back to; its appeal never fails; it is in advance of all future horizons. If this be correctly stated, the reason must be that the Greek art is based on wider and more elementary principles of our human nature than any other. Let us look at the contrast once more as we conclude. "Nothing too much" is the ancient motto; "Emphasis" is ours; they aim at harmonizing the temper of the nation, we at gratifying the likings of the individual; they are satisfied, as it were, with wine, where we call for

spirits. The Athenian said, Harmony, moderation, rhythm, fitness, seemliness ; we lean to the irregular as the corrective to our prevalent monotony, to effects gained anyhow, to the quaint, the impulsive, and the sensational.—There is something in the modern way so pleasing to the “natural man,” the pleasure which it provides requires so much less exercise of judgment and comparison, has such an attractive air of liberty, that those who appeal to the temperate standard, not as the one exclusively valid, but as the one which should always be in view to regulate extravagance, will always have to bear the reproach of being cold, pedantic, classical,—too Greek, in a word. But it is a reproach that they will bear easily.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

* * The two fragments of etching which accompany this paper are not offered in evidence of Mr Haden's general power as an artist. For proofs of that readers are referred to the published selection from his plates ; although in the poetical quality of the river-scene annexed, and in the characteristic handling of the trees, they may find a sample of the qualities which have been dwelt upon in the preceding notice. These etchings are, rather, experimental specimens of the peculiar process to which in the June number of the *Fine Arts Quarterly*, Mr Haden has called the attention of those who are interested in the practice of the art to which he has attached himself. On that process, therefore, no more need here be said than that it consists in laying-in the lines, *whilst the surface of the plate is actually covered with the mordant* ; the principle being, to secure for each line (and thus for the whole etching as it gradually paints itself below the liquid) the exact measure of force, colour, and balance intended by the artist at the moment when he made the stroke. No two lines being of precisely the same intensity when bitten by this process, it follows that the gradations between one part of the subject and another must be exceedingly subtle. This quality is not represented in these specimens with the distinctness which Mr Haden declares to be attainable ; the etchings, from the fear

that the biting would be too quick, having been laid-in with too great rapidity to do justice to the full range of aërial gradation possible ; which (as it happened) would have been more clearly brought out by a more deliberate execution ; the impression of the receding planes would have been better given. Such, even to practical hands, are the difficulties of a first experiment. It should also be stated that, rather than enhance the effect of the plate by subsequent work, Mr Haden has preferred to leave it with all the incompleteness of a first "biting." Making, however, due allowance for deficiencies of this kind, the artist appears justified in his opinion that he attains by the process, not only a simpler execution, but a result more in accordance with the essential aim of etching,—that of rendering natural effect with the utmost possible freshness, and the most immediate reference to the scene before him. It is in this direction that the *speciality* of the art lies, and its difference from all other forms of engraving ; and the experiments which tend to improve and enlarge it are hence entitled to the favourable consideration which we do not think will be asked in vain from Mr Haden's fellow-etchers both at home and abroad.



JUSTI'S LIFE OF WINCKELMANN.*

THIS book presents us, for the first time, with the life and history of a writer whose influence, extending from the first far beyond the limits of his country, has since made itself felt wherever art has been studied.

Johann Winckelmann (born at Stendal in 1717, assassinated at Trieste in 1768), spent the first thirty-eight years of his life in Prussia and Saxony, but his activity as a writer on Fine Arts—if we except a short essay published at Dresden—did not commence before 1755, when he took up his residence at Rome. His first important publication, a Description of the collection of gems belonging to Baron Philip de Stosch, was written in French (Florence, 1760); his last archaeological work, *Monumenti Antichi Inediti* (Rome, 1768), is Italian in its language as well as in its spirit. His German writings were followed immediately by French translations, and thus made accessible to a wider circle of readers; and he became, in fact, as Gervinus has remarked, the Art-teacher of Europe.

Winckelmann's name is most intimately and lastingly connected with *modern* Art-history, which he created; before him nothing but lives of artists, or *magazines* of antiquities, had existed. He was the first to conceive the theory of a succession of styles, in accordance with clearly definable laws, and to develop it by means of the history of antique sculpture. To a great extent by mere intuition, he has succeeded in giving an essentially true definition of the style of the period of Phi-

* Winckelmann. Sein Leben, seine Werke, und seine Zeitgenossen. Erster Band: Winckelmann in Deutschland. Mit Skizzen zur Gelehrten- und Kunstgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts. Nachgedruckten und handschriftlichen

Quellen dargestellt von Carl Justi. F. C. W. Vogel, 1866. (Mit dem Bildniss Winckelmann's, nach dem Originalgemälde der Angelica Kauffmann gestochen von R. Rahn.)

dias. He has taught us to consider the Greek poets, especially Homer, as the most important source of the true explanation of antique monuments. Several generations of archæologists and amateurs, artists and poets, have lived upon the terms he had invented, on his definitions, on his dithyrambic descriptions.

Hardly arrived at Rome, Winckelmann recognized it as his special task to throw an entirely new light upon the well-known antique monuments, and to make the world acquainted with the numerous treasures then recently discovered, which had remained almost unknown, partly in consequence of the indolent ease of the Italians, partly because of the pedantry of the learned, or the jealousy of the proprietors. Everything seemed to coöperate in his favour. The excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the all but inexhaustible treasures which the refined and fortunate founder of the Villa Albani arranged under his guidance, the largest collection of gems, the discoveries made since Santo Bartoli's publications,—all seemed to have waited for Winckelmann, to be described and explained by him in a style the power and lucidity of which rendered figurative representation almost superfluous. Everything became material for his "*Systema*" of antique art.

We cannot feel surprised at the desire to know more of a man to whom science and art owed so much. The study of Winckelmann's character has always proved very attractive, and has remained so even after the results achieved by him were surpassed by later discoveries. The grand genius whose feeling, amongst all modern poets, is the most intimately related to that of the ancient Greeks, has recognized in Winckelmann the apparition of a truly antique mind. Goethe, revering Winckelmann as his guide in the study of antique art, wrote "*Winckelmann und sein Jahrhundert*," the masterly and characteristic sketches of which have always, and justly, been considered the best he ever wrote. A great deal of the interest felt in Winckelmann's history may be attributed to the sympathy naturally awakened by the earlier dark half of his life.

A part of Dr Justi's first volume contains a picture of his struggle amidst privations of every kind during thirty years. We must confess that it would have been difficult for the fancy of a novelist to imagine such a complication of physical and moral misery as has been disclosed to us by the biographer; no other country than Germany in the eighteenth century could have produced it. It is touching to read the history of all these sufferings, beginning in the decaying and silent streets of Stendal, the capital of the Altmark, interesting from its Gothic edifices reared in a more brilliant past,—to accompany Winckelmann through all the drudgery of the Latin education of the time, amongst the pedants

of the schools, and the big-wigs of the universities,—to hear of the wanderings of the youthful student from one library to the other, and of the piles of notes collected everywhere,—and how at last he is driven to purchase his Exodus from that land of bondage to the country of his longing by abjuring the faith of his forefathers at the bidding of zealous proselyte-seekers.

“At Dresden,” we are told, p. 330, &c., “in the capital of a purely Protestant country, near the very birth-place of the Reformation, resided a papal nuncio; for a Saxon elector, the descendant of Frederick the Wise, the leader of the Protestant princes, the protector of Protestantism all through the empire,—had purchased the Polish crown by becoming a German Catholic. This nuncio, worldly in his mode of living as well as in his religious opinions, is waiting for the decease of the aged Pope, in order to become himself the head of his Church, and with the view of enforcing his candidature at Rome he desires to return there, accompanied by distinguished proselytes. Such a one he gains in a German scholar, humiliated by adverse fate, in a candidature for a Lutheran curacy, longing to study heathen antiquities in the capital of art. Thus it was brought about, that the future interpreter of Greek art, who was to be for many the apostle of modern paganism, acquired the possibility of fulfilling his mission by allying himself in the eleventh hour with the Roman Church; with institutions which had begun to be shaken in their very foundations, and become an object of derision to their own sons.”

It was not only poverty, nor the drudgery and vexation inflicted by arrogance and bigotry which had persecuted Winckelmann. More oppressed than by these he had been, by the want of competent teachers, and of help in his researches, by the absence of sympathizing friends, by the coarseness and vulgarity of the general intellectual condition of his country. Does it seem possible to conceive a course of education less fit to produce an interpreter of the sunny art of Scopas and Praxiteles? How can we think of a successful study of art without intellectual freedom and cheerfulness, without elevation above the miseries of life? Such considerations as these must excite our warmest admiration for the poor schoolmaster, who, notwithstanding all these difficulties, knew how to preserve his inborn and indelible feeling for all that is beautiful, his persevering desire for an existence amidst the richer and more perfect forms of the South, entirely devoted to the cultivation of the refined ideal, embellished by friendship and sympathy! The history of such a life, which had withstood for thirty years whatever is fit to lame and to cripple the mind, is full of a beautiful and consolatory morality. It teaches us that no misery, however galling, is

strong enough to overcome or even to curb him who bears within himself one living spark of the flame of divine genius;—that such a spark not only raises him above the favour of outward circumstances, but communicates to his mind a serenity and a moral strength, of which the worldly mind, dependent as it is upon all its surroundings, can form no idea.

Dr Justi's work is not a mere biography of Winckelmann, a mere record of the principal events of his life, and his opinions on matters of science, religion, and art. Winckelmann is only the principal figure, around which are grouped sketches of all the contemporaries connected with him and his studies. Many of the episodes contained in the work have reference to the literary history of the period; we have to occupy ourselves only with those bearing on art.

Winckelmann's writings address themselves not to the student alone, but much more frequently to that part of general society which practises or enjoys art. His great endeavour was to reform and elevate the taste of his age. He was the first to attack boldly and mercilessly the baroque productions of the last century, to open the eyes of the world to the falsehood of the mannerism of the 17th and 18th centuries. It was he who delivered Europe from that blindness, almost inconceivable to us, which could admire in the works of a Bernini, a Puget, a Coustou, a fire and a "*franchezza*," compared to which the noble chastity of the antique appeared dry and hard, cold and inanimate. In his attack, Winckelmann started from the firm conviction of the unconditional perfection and the exclusive right of the Antique, and became thus the apostle of modern Classicism. His first publication of 1755 tried to prove that the only way open to us for the attainment of inimitable perfection, was to imitate the Greeks,—and upon this essay was founded the general admiration for Winckelmann as the inaugurator of the reign of Good Taste. According to him, painting was to learn again from sculpture; ideal perfection of form was to be the last and unique end of all art. Winckelmann's doctrines went parallel to those of Raphael Mengs, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flaxman;—he surpassed them only in the energy with which he fought for Classicism. His principles, applied to Architecture, have been designated by Fergusson under the name of the "Revival," in opposition to the Renaissance.

The earliest practical results of Winckelmann's teaching were the paintings of Mengs, Hamilton, and L. David; the statues of Canova; much later came the higher perfection of Carstens and Thorwaldsen.

All his definitions of the ideal, as the form of the species opposed to the lower form of the individual,—of the soft curves of the Line

of Beauty, changing the outward form into a veil covering an unearthly reality,—these doctrines of the necessary moderation of the action and expression in favour of the Beautiful,—of the necessity of Allegory as the poetry of art,—this dislike to common nature, and to the inspirations of the individual genius of the artist, who is always to be remindful of the abstract laws,—all this sounds to us as unbearable academical “cant,” for our age has almost reached the opposite pole of good taste. Yet we must not forget that such words had a very different meaning while Borromini and Guarini reigned in Architecture; while Bouchardon was the first sculptor; at a time when a Russian amateur conversing with Winckelmann could praise Monsieur Pigalle’s Mercury at Sans Souci as far above all the antiques of Rome and Athens,—when the last descendants of the schools of Pietro da Cortona or Charles Lebrun covered with their productions the ceilings of palaces and the altars of cathedrals. In order to place in its true historical light Winckelmann’s continually repeated sermon on the old theme :

“Vos exemplaria Graeca

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ,—

the author has sketched his character upon the broad background of the general situation of the last century.

Since it was at Dresden, in that colony of Italian Art, near the brilliant court of August III., king of Poland,—where Winckelmann for the first time was brought face to face with the monuments of the past, and where he made their study the task of his life,—Dr Justi has devoted the second book of his first volume to a sketch of the Saxon capital as it then was. Dresden may be called the classical town for the Rococo, for it owes its architectural physiognomy to the art of that period. The extravagant though picturesque pavilions and arcades of the “Zwinger;” the Catholic church with its host of statues and its lofty tower; the sculptures of Italian, French, and German disciples of Bernini in the “Grossen Garten;” the delicate toys produced in the Royal Porcelain-works; the paintings by Dietrich, who, a true Proteus in his art, could transform his manner into that of twenty different Dutch models; the antiques from Herculaneum and the Chigi and Albani collections; the Coreggios and Paolo Veroneses, which under Heinecken’s dictatorial rule flowed into the royal collection,—all these manifold subjects contribute to form a most interesting and animated picture of what courtiers used to call the Augustan age of Saxony. We cannot but recommend this part of the work to all those who visit the “Elbe-Florenz” of the Germans,—for its perusal will greatly enhance the pleasure to be derived from a residence in that pleasant town.

Besides the mannerism and the general decay, we are also shown

the first germs of future amelioration, as they dawned at first in theoretical criticism alone. The opinions, wishes, and judgments of the connoisseurs and amateurs of the time are fully developed; we are introduced to Algarotti, the friend of Frederick the Great, the admirer and herald of Palladio,—to Lippert, who by his "*Dactyliothek*" tried to place in the hands of artists and scholars something like a Bible of good taste,—to Oeser, who taught Goethe how to draw, and to whom the poet by his own confession owed "the sense of the ideal as it is to be found in simplicity and repose,"—to Christ, the Leipzig professor, who was the first University Lecturer on antique art. The few names and topics we have quoted may give an idea of the variety of information to be found in Dr Justi's work. It is an interesting contribution to a life-like picture of the century of the Watteaus and Latours, which, if it is not written with the light grace of Arsène Housaye, nor with his resolution to praise and admire, is not a dull lamentation on the general decay; for the author's sympathy is fully with his subject, and he is most willing to praise whatever is truly praiseworthy. Art in the 18th century had withered to an inanimate mannerism, not without a peculiar grace of its own; it was the true expression of its period, conscious of what it wanted to express, and expressing it in a language adequate to its feelings and purpose. In such a period it was a grand undertaking to recall one's contemporaries to the Antique and to Raphael. Natural simplicity, quiet and manly grandeur, ideal beauty, dignified grace,—such were the notions which Winckelmann reintroduced,—to which he restored a meaning and a new value.

Long before he had ever seen the works of Greek artists, he had learnt their fundamental principles in the epics of Homer, in the tragedies of Sophocles, in the histories of Herodotus and Xenophon;—in the marbles statues he found again what he had become acquainted with in the songs of the poets. From Plato he had gathered that enthusiasm for Beauty which again he infused into an age which had no sense of art left but an over-refined dainty *bon-gôût*. An intimate knowledge of Greek antiquity, the fruit of his laborious youth, enabled him to demonstrate the relation and harmony existing between the artistic style of a period, and the combined effects of climate, habit, religion, and political condition,—and thus to set the example of a philosophical treatment of Art History.

We are only expressing what every reader must feel, when at the end of the first volume he has accompanied Winckelmann to the gates of Rome, if we conclude with the sincere wish that the continuation of Dr Justi's interesting work may not be withheld very long.

Z.

A BOOKE OF
CHRISTIAN PRAYERS.

IN the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth there is a very curious and interesting volume, of much literary value for the evidence it affords of the public feeling and anxiety entertained for the preservation of Queen Elizabeth's life in the early period of her reign; and of great artistic interest, from its being the most important specimen of the art of wood-cutting as applied to the illustration of books, which had, up to the time of its publication, appeared in England.

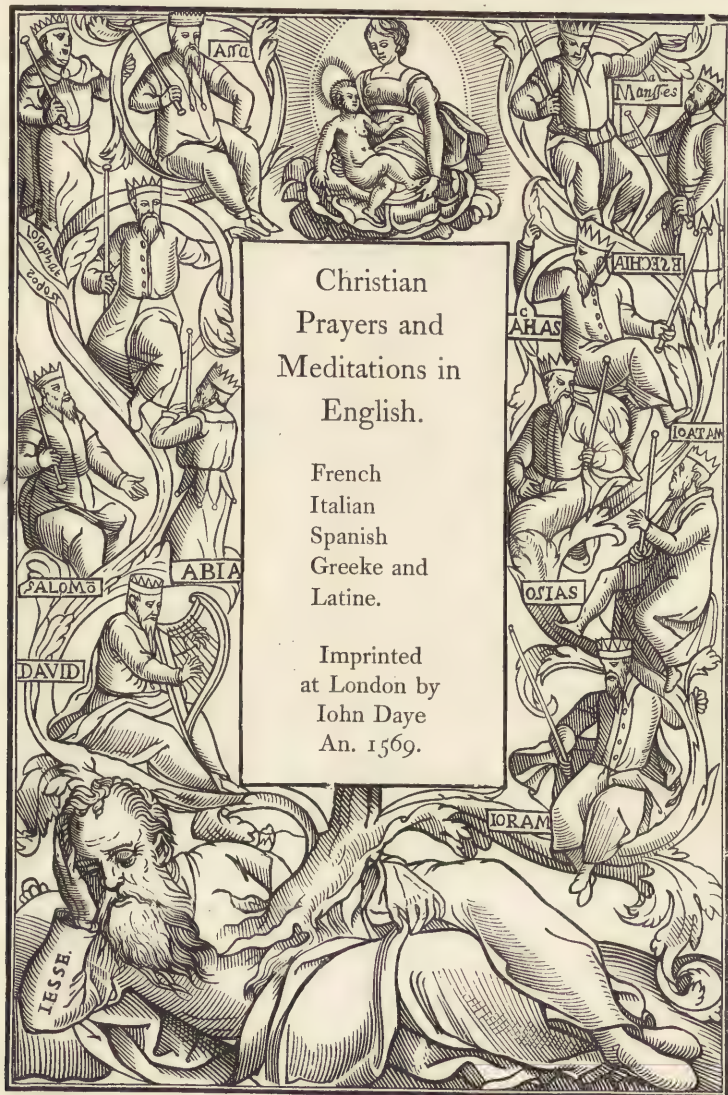
The description in Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual*, which is continued in the revised edition of 1861, is as follows:—

“A Booke of Christian Prayers collected out of the ancient writers. London, by John Day, 1569, 4to. This work, usually called *Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book*, is by some attributed to John Foxe, by others to Richard Day. Every page is ornamented with woodcuts from the designs of Albert Durer, Hans Holbein, &c. On the back of the title-page is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth on her knees. The only copy known of this edition, formerly *Queen Elizabeth's*, afterwards in the possession of *Queen Anne*, is now in the Archiepiscopal Library, Lambeth Palace. It is supposed to have been printed expressly for Elizabeth, as the prayers for the Queen are in the first person.”

But this conveys a very imperfect and inaccurate idea of the book.

In the volume of “*Private Prayers put forth by authority during the reign of Queen Elizabeth*,” edited for the Parker Society by the Rev. William Keatinge Clay, in 1851, the editor gives a detailed account of his examination of the copy in the Lambeth Library, which must have been hurriedly made, from the very erroneous statement that the book was “a private Manual of devotion for the use of Roman Catholics.”

The following is a fac-simile of the title:—



On the reverse of the title are the royal arms surrounded with the garter.

The book is in quarto, black letter, printed with a fine, large, clear type. Each page has a woodcut border, ornamented with incidents in the life of Our Saviour, similar in style and treatment to the various series of the subject in the French Books of Hours, followed by a Dance of Death, extremely quaint and curious, and highly interesting from its illustrations of English costume of the period. It is bound in

dark calf, richly gilt at the sides, and lettered at the back, "Prayers and Meditations." It is in excellent preservation, except that the woodcuts are rudely coloured throughout. Immediately following the title is inserted an impression, printed on one side only of the paper, from the fine woodcut portrait of the Queen, which was printed at the back of the title of "A Booke of Christian Prayers," first printed in 1578, of which a description is hereafter given. The following is a facsimile of the portrait.



On the inside of the front cover of the book is written, "This book had, from Queene Elizabeth's dayes, remained in the wardrope att

White Hall till the time of Cromwell, and then it was referred by Mr Jollife, one of the keepers of y^e wardrope, who, some time after, gave it to the wife of Mr Lodowick Carlisle, by whome it was given to Mrs Burwall; by whose direction it was taken out of the old cover and then bound." On the fly-leaf is written, "Queene Elizabeth her owne Prayer Booke." "Elizabeth Cottrell, given me by my most kind mother, Mrs Frances Burwell."

The binding, and the style of writing of the above memoranda, are of the latter part of the 17th century or later. The assumption that the book was "formerly Queen Elizabeth's," would appear to be entirely gratuitous, and to have originated from the foregoing memorandum on the cover. With the book is a loose half-sheet of letter-paper, on which, in Queen Anne's writing, is the following prayer:—

"O most glorious God, the Lord of heaven and earth, wee thy miserable and most unworthy creatures presume to draw nigh unto thee on this solemn day with the profoundest adoration and humility, offering unto thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving and telling out thy works with gladness: thou art the God that dost wonders, and hast declared thy power among the people; thou hast given us the blessings of health and plenty, and peace at home, and hast also vouchsafed us through the whole course of this yeare many signable and glorious successes abroad wth we this day commemoratte wth joyfull hearts."

The paper is endorsed "Anne," "Queen's Alter: by her own hand of the form of thanksgiving, Octr. 20, 1709."

That the book was "afterwards in the possession of Queen Anne," would seem to rest on the probability that it was so from the above manuscript prayer placed between its leaves. And it is still more difficult to connect the volume with Archbishop Tillotson's library, as stated by Mr Douce in his "Dance of Death," the Archbishop having died some years before Queen Anne came to the throne.

From the tenor of the prayers they were evidently composed immediately previous to their publication. In the summer of 1568 the Queen was seized with a very severe fit of sickness, which brought her to the point of death. In a manuscript prayer by her treasurer, Sir John Wason, preserved in the Lansdowne collection, he makes use of the expression, "her danger hast terrified the whole realm and people of England." In Neal's History of the Puritans there is the following passage: "The Queen, together with her bodily distemper, was under great terror of mind for her sins, and for not discharging the duty of her high station as she ought. She said she had forgotten her God, to whom she had made many vows, and been unthankful to him. Prayers were composed and publicly read in all churches for Her Majesty's

recovery, in which they petitioned that God would heal her soul and cure her mind as well as her body." It is curious to observe how closely the language of the "Christian Prayers" tallies with the above passage. The following are extracts from the prayer, "In time of sickness:"

"Behold me thy handmaiden upon whom, from my tender yeares unto thys day, thou hast heaped so great benefits, whom being borne of a King and Queene, thou hast not only endued with giftes of grace meete for a kingdom, but also hast delivered me from many and great daungers out of the handes of my enemies, and from the snares of death, which they had set for my life. I being by thee made a Queene over thy people, have never, as I ought to do from my heart, acknowledged and confessed myself to be the subjecte and handmaiden of thy Majestie, neither behaved myself towards thee accordingly as became thy handmaiden, neither being thankfull towards thee. Now I say, eyther wholesomely to admonish, or most justly to punishe thy disobedient servant, and so graciously to correcte and amend me, thou hast stricken me with a grevous sicknes of my body, and very dangerous unto my life, and also troubled and abashed my minde with terrours and anguishes of my soule, and withal thou hast by my daunger sore frightened and amased thy people of England, whose safetie and quietnes, next after thee, seemed to stay upon me above all other worldly creatures, and upon my life and continuance amongst them. Wherefore as well I, as thy people committed unto me, bowing the knees of our hartes before thy majestie, do humbly besech thee, most gracious Saviour, in thy judgement to remember thy mercy, and according to thy accustomed goodnes to deliver me thy handmaiden from thys present perill of dangerous sicknes. And first, O heavenly Physitian, I besech thee heale my soule, pardoning my unkindnes towards thee, forgeving my forgetfulnes of thee and of myselfe, and utterly blotting out and putting cleane away all other my sinnes committed agayst thy majestie. Heale my minde, reforming and instructing me with thy heavenly grace, that I may take thys sicknes which thou hast most justly punished me withall, contentedly and patiently, as a bitter but wholesome medicine of all the diseases of my minde offered unto me by thee, as it were by the handes of the best Physitian. And withall heale my body, also making it sound and pure from all infirmities and remnantes of sicknes, that I may be thoroughly cured, by the having of a whole minde in a whole body; and that I having obteyned perfect health of both by thy only benefite, not onely myself, but also all thy people of England with me, may both be taught by the perill past, hereafter to geve due reverence and obedience unto thy majestie, and for the deliverie from so great a daunger, and benefite of perfect health, may

magnifie thy goodnes and mercy with perpetuall prayses and continuall thankesgeving."

John Foxe could not have been the author of the Prayers. He was held in high esteem by the Queen, but was not in a position to render it probable that he was employed in the composition of them. His persistent refusal to subscribe to the Articles of religion, as finally settled, alone would have prevented his being so employed. The teaching and doctrines of the Genevan Reformers were regarded with grave anxiety and suspicion by the Queen. They were far in excess of her creed and views of Church government, and encroached materially on the supremacy of the Church, which she was ever so earnest in maintaining. And their strenuous opposition to the wearing of the square cap and ecclesiastical vestments, for the use of which the Queen and the High Church party were so determined, occasioned continued dissatisfaction.

John Knox's publication of "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women" was an ever-recurring object of offence. It was a vehement attack against the admission of females to the government of nations; the argument being, that it was repugnant to nature and a contumely to God to promote a woman to rule any realm, nation, or city. And although Queen Mary was the immediate object and purport of the attack, the bitterness and the sting of it, as applicable to her successor, still remained.

Calvin had dedicated his Commentaries on Isaiah to Elizabeth, and wrote to Cecil urging him to endeavour for the abolition of all Popish superstitions. Elizabeth regarded Calvin with great suspicion, from his having communicated with Knox against the government of women. And in another letter to Cecil, Calvin seeks to excuse himself with the sophistry that the Queen was an exceptional instance. "I certainly remarked ingenuously that as the government of woman was a deviation from the premacy and genuine order of nature, it was to be considered no less than slavery, as amongst the punishments inflicted on man's disobedience. But I added that certain women had been sometimes so endowed, that the singular blessing which appeared in them plainly showed them to have been raised up by heavenly auspices, either because God by such examples wished to condemn the sloth and cowardice of men, or the better to show forth his glory. I cited Deborah, and added that it was not in vain that God promised by the mouth of Isaiah *that queens should be the nurses of the Church*, by which prerogative it is clear that they are discriminated from private women."

A curious demonstration of the sensitiveness and jealousy of the Queen upon the subject, and how the remembrance of the attack still

rankled in her mind, is to be seen in one of the French Prayers at the end of the volume, in which—in the first person for the Queen—is the following sentence:—"Fay moy la grace d'estre vraye nourrissiere et tutrice des tiens selon la parolle de ton prophete Isaye."

Matthew Parker had been summoned from his retirement immediately on the accession of Elizabeth, and created Archbishop of Canterbury in 1559. He was held by her in the highest esteem and confidence, and continued so until his death, in 1575. He had finished his great work, the Bishop's Bible, which was published in 1568. From the caution necessarily exercised in those very troublous Church times, with respect to all forms of prayer which were issued, there can be little doubt that the "Christian Prayers" underwent the Archbishop's supervision; some confirmation of which would perhaps be found in his manuscript collections in Corpus Christi College at Cambridge.

The book itself carries on its face evidence that the Queen was personally interested in its compilation, notwithstanding the conversation related by Strype in his *Annals*, showing the objection entertained by the Queen to any "illustrated" form of prayer. The various prayers in the first person for Her Majesty assuredly received her own critical correction, and the imprint of the royal arms is a proof that it was published with her direct sanction and authority.

The escape of Mary Queen of Scots into England in the preceding year (1568), followed by the negotiation for her marriage with the Duke of Norfolk, and the wide-spread intrigues of the Catholic party, which soon broke out into open rebellion throughout the whole of the northern counties and the border, placed Elizabeth in a position of great insecurity and danger. Her assassination was imminent. The increased extension of the Catholic power throughout Flanders, and the defeat of the Huguenots, and the suppression of their party in France, gave immense strength to the hopes for the recognition of the claim of Mary Stuart to the English throne. The terror occasioned by Elizabeth's illness, and the prospect that Mary Stuart might succeed her, and reëstablish the power of the Papacy, caused universal dismay amongst the Protestants, and the relief and thankfulness on Elizabeth's recovery was equally universal. The "Book of Christian Prayers" is a manual for private devotion, having immediate reference to such recovery; and many of them being in the first person for the Queen, suggested that it was composed exclusively for her. But the title, and the various prayers for all classes, show that it was prepared and issued for general use.

The English refugees had mostly returned, and very many of the foreign Protestants had sought shelter in England during the year 1569.

The persecution in the Netherlands had been aggravated by more than usual severity and cruelty. In the Low Countries and in France it was the same, the King of France having broken through all his edicts in favour of the Protestants, proscribed the exercise of the services of the Reformed religion, and banished the ministers. And the Pope published a bull excommunicating the Queen of England; and entered into a league with the Catholic Princes on the continent, for the extermination of the Reformed religion out of the world.

Under such circumstances only could many of the contents of the book have been printed. The long list of "promises, admonitions, and counsels to good kinges," and the "sentences of threatening to evill kinges," at the end of the English Prayers, afford a very significant parallel between the two Queens, and show the state of oppression and alarm which pervaded all classes of the community.

The foreign prayers are all either in the first person for the Queen's use, or have especial reference to her and her government. The first of the Greek prayers is a prayer to be offered up by all classes of people for the Queen; the second to be offered up by the Queen for all classes of people, and for herself. The addition of these prayers rendered the manual available for the various foreigners who had taken refuge in England. And in one of Dean Nowell's notes (which will subsequently be mentioned) to the prayers in the time of any common plague or sickness, he writes, "To this may be added my prayer for the Queen's subjects in France."

The Lambeth volume has always hitherto been deemed unique, and is consequently one of those treasures so much coveted by collectors,—the value of it being much enhanced by the curious and interesting woodcuts with which it is illustrated.

In the library of Mr Tooke, of Russell Square, I recently discovered another copy of the "Christian Prayers." It is bound in old calf, and on the front cover is written, "Gul. Tooke Eccles.: Anglican.: apud Rhoxol: Pastor. Cronstadt, 1772;" the Rev. Wm Tooke being then English chaplain at Cronstadt. It has somewhat suffered, and is unfortunately imperfect. But it is a singularly large copy, and enriched with some marginal notes of great and peculiar interest.

With the kind assistance of Mr Bond, Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum, by a comparison of these notes with certain documents and letters in the Lansdowne collection, I have ascertained that they are in the handwriting of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St Paul's.

Dean Nowell was much employed in composing the prayers which were issued by the Government; and the drafts of some of such prayers are extant in the Lansdowne collection, with alterations in the hand-

writing of Cecil, Parker, and others, evidencing the great care and caution which was exercised by the ministry before such prayers were published. The draft of the "thanksgyving of myn after recoverie of the Queene," mentioned in the marginal note, l. 11, rev: may be seen in the Lansdowne MSS. 116, fo. 69; and it is known, from Strype, that in 1563 he composed a "longe prayer and psalme in the plague tyme," referred to in the marginal note, l. 11. To the prayer in time of sickness, from which a long extract has previously been given, the Dean adds, "Ells if thou hast determined at this present to cut off the slender and shorte threede of my bodily lyffe, I doo submitt myself wholly unto thie hoolie wyll, beseaching the, most humbly, intierly, and hartily, to receyve me out of this wretched world unto thie great mercie, unto the which I doe betake myself wholly both bodie and soule, now and for ever, O most gracious Saviour." The most interesting note, being, unfortunately, at the head of the page, has been cut into by the binder, but it ends a "thanksgiving of myne after recoverie of the Queene;" and in the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum there is the draft of such a prayer in Nowell's handwriting. It is evident from these notes that a revision of the book was intended, and many of the alterations contemplated in such notes are written with the view to revision.

The enthusiasm and excitement consequent on the escape from the threatened calamity of the Queen's death having subsided, and the Queen herself having recovered from her own personal fear and alarm, the need for the prayers and thanksgivings which had been composed for that especial occasion, passed away.

From the scarcity of it, very few copies of the book can have been issued, and the publication was most probably stopped. So soon as the panic was over, it is intelligible that there were many portions of the prayers in the first person, which it would be extremely desirable to alter. In the sentences of threatening to evil kinges, the following one from Jeremiah, with sundry others, must have been deemed antagonistic to the divine right and supremacy of the crown. "Tell the King and the Queen, humble yourselves, sitte you downe low, for your dignitie shall be throwne downe, and the crowne of your glory shall fall from your head."

The expense of the woodcuts with which the volume was decorated, had been considerable. The series of the Dance of Death was especially designed for it. All the personages are English, both in character and costume, and it was the first introduction in an English garb, and as an illustration of an English book, of the morality of the Dance of Death, then so popular both in Germany and in France. John Daye,

the printer, possessing, as he did, extensive knowledge and skill in the art of wood-cutting, must have been anxious to render available the valuable blocks in his possession.

Not only had the greater proportion of the prayers become inapplicable, but it was evidently desirable to modify the strong remarks about the Queen and her great contrition, and to employ the embellishments for a manual of prayers, suitable to the changes which had taken place. Nothing appears to have been done by Dean Nowell towards the carrying out the intended revision. The Dean and Chapter of St Paul's had fallen into disrepute, through some supposed leaning towards the Non-conformists. The Dean, during one of his sermons, was openly reprimanded by the Queen for his disrespectful remarks concerning the hierarchy. And Mr Deering, one of the readers, in a sermon preached before her, amongst other personal allusions described her as "indomita juvenca," which gave great offence, and he was dismissed from his preferments.

It was not until 1578 that the revision was made. In that year appeared the "*Booke of Christian Prayers*," published by John Daye. The work was entirely altered in character, and the whole of it is in English. There are no prayers in the first person for the Queen, and it is in fact a manual of prayers for popular use, considerably increased in number; the Litany of the Prayer Book of 1559, the same as in the Book of 1569, being added at the end. But there can be no doubt that it was published under the direct sanction of the Government, and the portrait of the Queen and certain other additions to the illustrations, give evidence of the interest she took in the publication.

It commences with a preface, "To the christian Reader, zeale and knowledge in true and hartly prayer through Christ Jesus," by R. D. (Richard Daye), the son of John Daye, who was elected from Eton College in 1571, and took his Master's Degree, and was a Fellow of New College.

In the Book of 1569 there is no allusion to the Church of Rome, beyond what may be inferred from the prayer for the afflicted and persecuted under the tyranny of Antichrist. But in the Book of 1578 a very marked difference is observable, and the language in many of the prayers is most vehement against the Catholics, the Pope being designated as "that shameless and sinful man of Rome."

Not only had the Pope's bull been published,—very soon afterwards followed by the massacre of St Bartholomew,—but the persecution of the Protestants by the Spanish and French monarchs had been continued with unabated vigour; and most nobly had they sustained and suffered the dreadful cruelties to which they had been subjected.

In Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," first published by Daye in 1562, there is at the commencement an interesting initial letter C, where the Queen is represented enthroned in full state, three persons standing at her side, two of whom bear strong resemblance to the portraits of Foxe and Daye. The Pope with his tiara on his head is prostrate under her feet, holding the broken keys in his hand.

The whole tenor of the book fully negatives the charge so strenuously and perseveringly made by the Puritans that the Queen was favourable to the renewal of the Catholic influence. Her own acts and correspondence, and her close and intimate reliance on the judgment of Sir Wm Cecil and Sir Nicholas Bacon, conclusively prove her earnest opposition to the power of the Papacy. Mr Froude in his history publishes many of the letters discovered by him in the Simancas Records. And in those of the Spanish Ambassador de Feria to Philip II., written in the first year of her reign, he writes that "Heresy has been ingrained into her from her cradle." And he details a conversation, in which she stated she would not let her subjects' money be carried out of the realm to the Pope any more, and that the bishops appointed by her predecessor "eran grandes poltrones." From the hour of her coming to the throne she had been thoroughly determined, not only for her own prerogative, but for sustaining the power and independence of the English Church, as well against the deep and complicated intrigues of the Pope and the Catholic Powers, both of Spain and France, as against the various forms of schism and dissent which were constantly arising amongst all sects and classes of the Reformers.

One of the most interesting of the new prayers is entitled a Prayer for the Church and all the states thereof, by John Foxe. Although his persistent opposition to the Articles had prevented his preferment, he was held in great respect for his learning and sound Protestant principles. Cecil had made him a prebendary of Canterbury. And the persecution and violence of the Pope and the Catholic States had further established the value and importance of his earnest and trenchant support of the cause of the Reformers. The prayer is a long enumeration, in his quaint but vigorous language, not only of the sufferings of the Church from "barbarous Mahumet with his filthy Alcoran," and the Bishop of Rome, but from its own internal discord, and gives thanks that "the Queen, so calme, so patient, and merciful, more like a natural mother than a Princess," had been given to govern over them, and that as she had then devolved the years of her sister and brother, so that she might grow in reigning the reign of her father, and concludes with the following passage, so characteristic of the writer: "And forasmuch as the Bishoppe of Rome is wont on every Good Friday to accurse us as

damned Hereticks, we curse not him but pray for him, that he may with all his partakers either be turned to a better truth, or els we pray thee (Gracious God) that we never agree with him in doctrine, and that he may so curse us still, and never bles us more, as he blessed us in Queene Marie's time. God of thy mercy keep away that blessing from us." In two or three of the subsequent prayers the Queen is again referred to as the nurse of the Church.

The "Christian Prayers" are illustrated only with the two series of the life of Our Saviour and the Dance of Death. The same blocks were used for the illustration of the "Booke of Christian Prayers," but to the Dance of Death many insignificant additions were made. And the book was further illustrated with a series of full-length figures of the Virtues trampling on their opponent Vices; the five senses; the Sacraments, at the foot of the page; the acts of "Charitie;" the works of Mercy; and the signs of Judgment. And the full-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth was added at the back of the title, in the place of the print of the Royal Arms.

Of the many additions to the Dance of Death, there is one of the Printer, with the motto,—

"Leave setting thy page,
Spent is thine age."

Another of the Pressmen, with the motto,—

"Pressmen, go play,
Printing must stay."

The most interesting additions are those of the Archbishop, the Bishop (of which there are fac-similes in the margin), the Doctor, and the Reader, all clothed in long vestments, and the square cap, respecting which there had been such long and bitter controversy. The Herald, Serjeant at Armes, the Trumpeter, and the Pursuivant are also added; and to the Female Dance, amongst others, a Female Foole.

At the end is John Daye's interesting Printer's Device; a Skeleton extended on a sarcophagus, with a tree in full leaf growing from the Skeleton's loins,



there being a scroll round the tree inscribed, "Vivet tamen post Funera Virtus." On the left, in the distance, are some hills with houses upon them sloping down to the sea, with a sun above; and at the head of the Skeleton, on the right, stand two men, a scroll rising from the mouth of the eldest of them, inscribed "Etsi Mors, Indies accelerat." A lithographic fac-simile is given opposite.

Under it is the imprint, "At London, Printed by Ihon Daye, and are to be solde at his long shop at the West ende of Paules. Cum privilegio Regiæ majestatis."

The general ascription of the woodcuts to Albert Durer and Hans Holbein, by Lowndes, is simply one of the very many erroneous assertions, from which the names of those great artists have been made to suffer. Herbert, in his *Typographical Antiquities*, with a very wild guess at the monogram *AD*, states them to be after Albert Durer and his wife Agnes Frey. The design of the Sprig of Jesse surrounding the title, the figure of the Virgin and Child in which is very Venetian in character, bears close affinity to Holbein's work, although the date precludes the possibility of its having been done by him.

The very many and important works printed by John Daye range throughout a period of nearly 40 years. He was the first who printed in Greek and Saxon characters in England. In 1549 he printed the folio Bible, dedicated to Edward VI. The first illustrated book of importance by him, and which Dibdin describes as one of the most magnificent productions of his press, is a small folio, entitled "The Cosmographical Glasse, compiled by William Cunningham, Doctor in Physicke;" published in 1559, with a fine portrait of Cunningham, and various woodcuts by four or five different artists. Amongst them is one, occupying the side of a page, of Atlas supporting a sphere, with the monogram *ID*. The lithograph opposite is a fac-simile of it.

There are other smaller cuts with the same monogram, and several with the monogram *CE*. Miss Farington of Worden has a curious collection of early almanacs, ranging from the year 1551 to 1568, and amongst them is one published by Daye in 1558, illustrated with some clever spirited cuts by this artist, and marked with his monogram.

In 1562 Daye printed for John Foxe his "Acts and Monuments." Between author and printer a close intimacy was kept up for many years. The "Acts and Monuments," besides its great historical and theological value, has an additional interest, from the large spirited woodcuts contained in it, many of them being portraits of the martyrs.

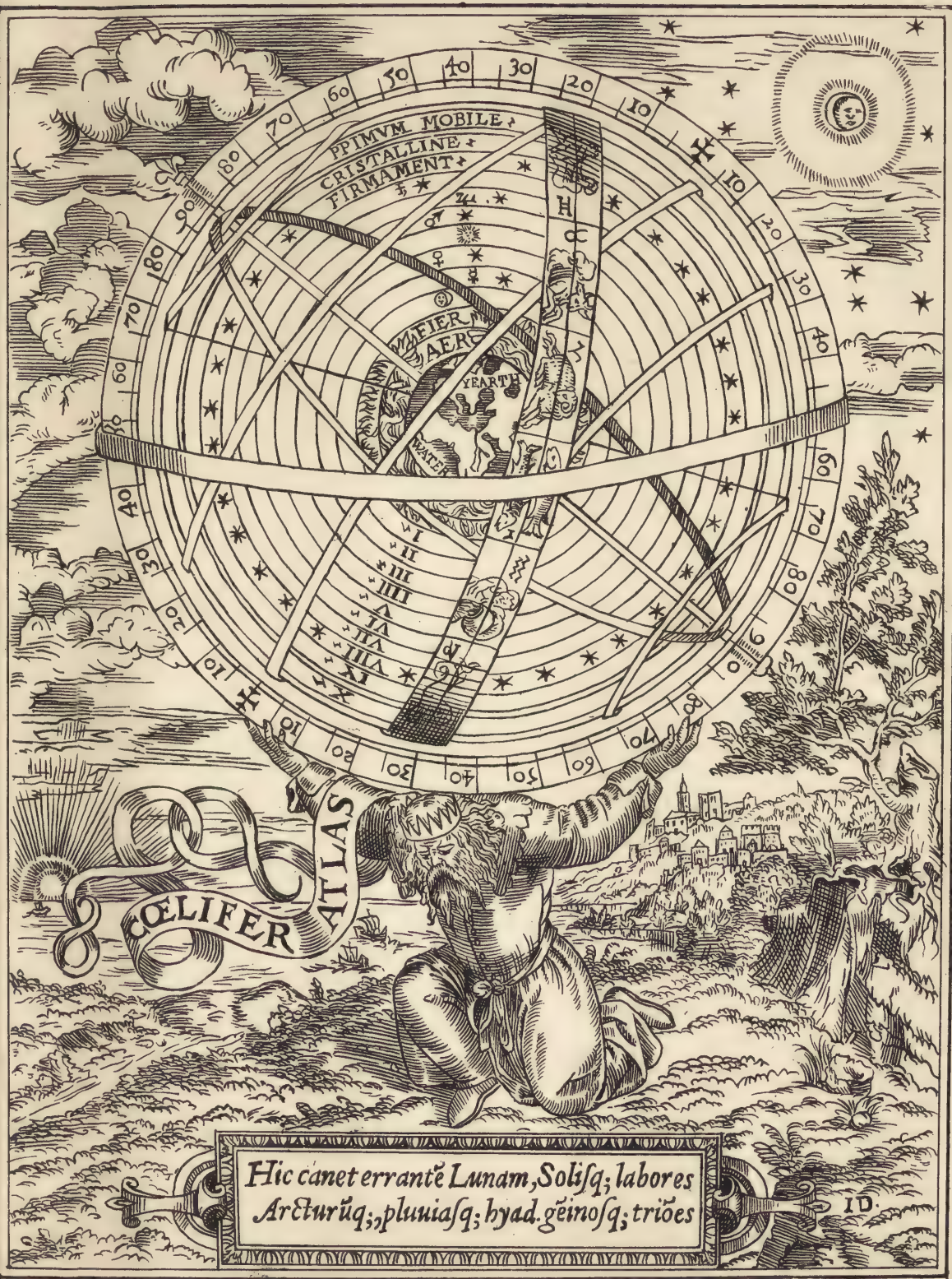
The books printed in England at this period give evidence of the foreign artists who were employed in their decoration. During the residence of the English abroad, an intercourse had been established with



Day & Son, (limited) London

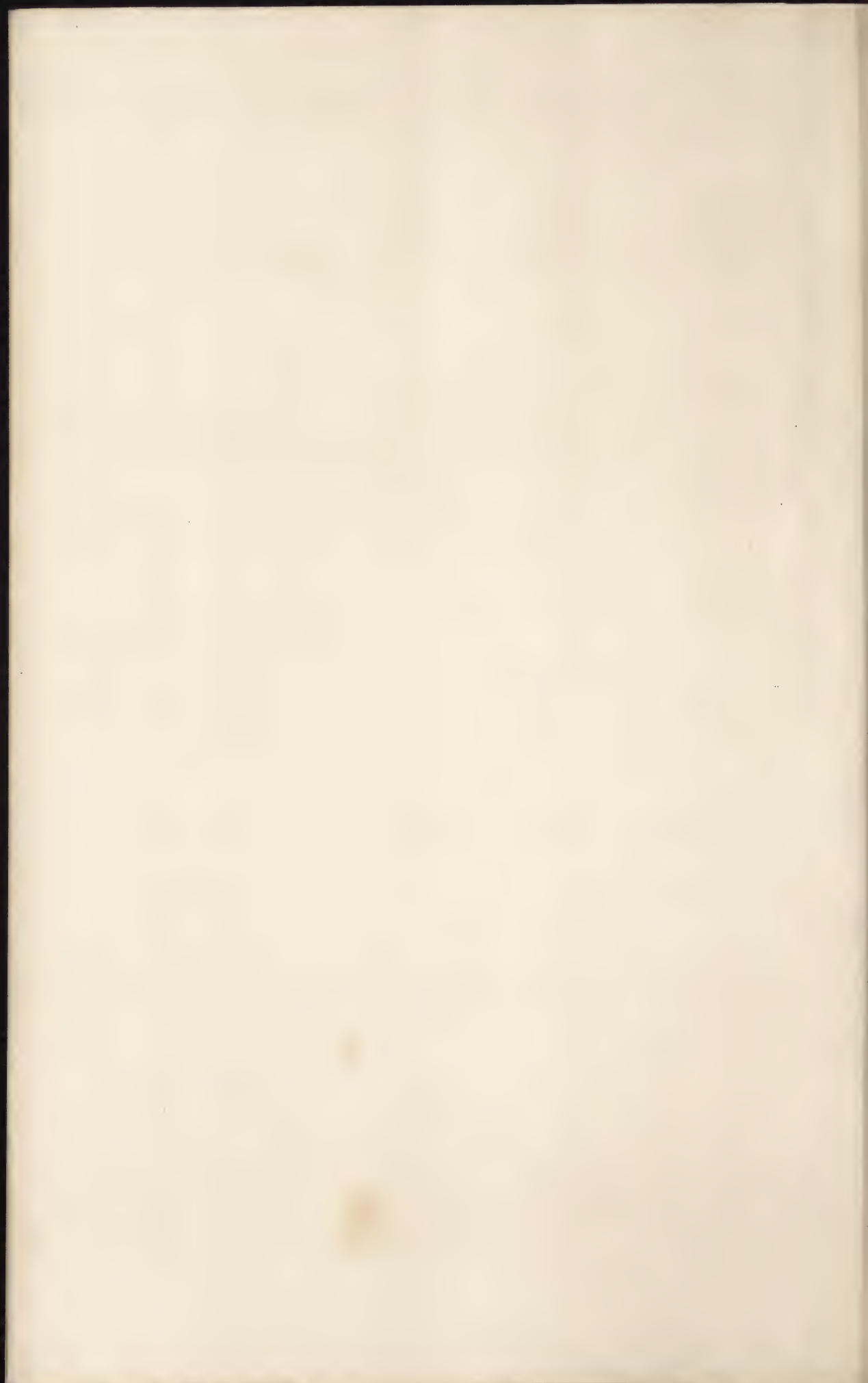
JOHN DAYE'S PRINTERS DEVICE.





W. & A. G. (Limited) London

WOODCUT FROM CUNNINGHAM'S "COSMOGRAPHICAL CLASSIC"





the eminent printers in Germany and the Netherlands, and the taste and influence thus acquired accompanied the returning immigration into England.

The series of incidents in the life of Our Saviour in the Booke of Christian Prayers is printed down each side of the page, with descriptions underneath, taken from the Gospel narrative. With few exceptions they are the work of the artist C. A fac-simile from them will be seen in the margin.



The Dance of Death is the work of an artist who uses the monogram G. Both of them were employed by Plantinus, the celebrated printer at Antwerp, and, amongst other works, the first illustrated the Book of Emblems by Hadrianus Junius, and the second a similar Book of Emblems by Joannes Sambucus, both published by Plantinus. They had evidently come over to England, immediately on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and taken refuge in London, and hence their employment upon the Booke of Christian Prayers. In Part I. of his Dictionary, number 1322^d, Brulliot designates the first of these artists by the name of Jean Croissant, but states that he can discover no particulars respecting him. And the second has been designated Graf of Basle.



The treatment of the life of Our Saviour is thoroughly Flemish in character. But the Dance of Death, although the work of a Flemish artist, is English in style and costume, and bespeaks considerable knowledge of English manners and habits.

The illustrations of five of the subjects in the life of Our Saviour are by a French artist, and printed from the blocks or metal plates which had been used by Thielman Kerver, the Paris printer, for the decoration of the Books of Hours published by him. Very many of the English



Service Books had been printed at Paris by Kerver, Regnault, and other French printers, and the form of illustration of the Booke of Christian Prayers was adopted from that used for the French books. The five subjects represented with these French plates are The Story of the Canaanitish Woman, The Visit to The Sepulchre, The Appearance to Mary Magdalene, The Incredulity of St Thomas (of which a fac-simile is given in the margin), and Our Lord's Ascension. On reference to a small Book of Hours printed by Thiel-



man Kerver at Paris, the 3rd February, 1500, these five incidents will be found represented, each with three illustrations in exactly the same order, and so identical in every respect, that it is doubtful whether they are not impressions from the same plates, the descriptions, from the same portion of Scripture, being in French instead of in English.



The representation of the Last Judgment, occupying the side of the last leaf, is identical in every respect, even to the detail of the architectural border, with the illustration of the same subject in the Books of Hours printed at Paris by Kerver and Simon Vostre, and has, at the top, and at the bottom, the same quotation from the Gospel of St Matthew. The annexed is a fac-simile of it.



The additions to the volume of 1578 show marked improvement in the art of wood-cutting. The following interesting illustrations of the Sacraments of Marriage and of Baptism are essentially English both in design and execution, as will be seen by the following fac-similes.



And so are the acts of Mercy—



The figures of the Virtues, with their subjected vices, are far more artistic in drawing and treatment than any of the other added illustrations, and tell of the influence of the school at Fontainebleau, as will be seen by the following fac-similes in the margin. There is no mark or monogram upon them; but they much resemble in style the later works ascribed to Tory de Bourge, especially that of the "*Horæ in laudem beatissimæ Virginis*," printed by Colineus at Paris in 1543; and are, I think, the work of a French artist. The portrait of the Queen, in its ornamentation and the treatment of its accessories and the pose of the figure, bears similar evidence of French work or influence. In many respects, however, it is similar to that of the Dance of Déath, especially as shown in the figures of the Herald and the Pursuivant.



The numerous and important volumes which issued from Daye's Press are a valuable record of his persevering industry and enterprise. We know that he took very great interest in the clearness and correctness of the type employed, and Archbishop Parker tells us the Saxon letters were cut by him.

Prefixed to the "*Ypodigma Neustriæ vel Normanniæ*," published by Daye in 1574, is a very interesting preface by Archbishop Parker, with the curious chronicle of King Alfred, in which there is the following passage: "*Jam vero cum Dayus Typographus primus (et omnium certè quod sciam solus) has formas æri inciderit: facile quæ saxonice literis prescripta sunt, iisdem typis divulgabantur.*" The spirit and earnestness of purpose with which Daye conducted, and personally identified himself with, the publication of his various works, lend strong confirmation to the opinion that he himself executed many of the woodcuts with which his books are illustrated.

Herbert, in his edition of Ames' *Typographical Antiquities*, first surmised from the mark ID on the portrait of John Daye, and also on certain of the devices in his books, that they were engraved by him, and Chatto adopted the same opinion. Dibdin, in his edition of the *Typographical Antiquities*, with his usual depreciation of Herbert, says that the engraver's mark ID had been "absurdly supposed by Herbert to be intended for John Daye himself."

There is ample evidence of Daye's personal work and superintendence of the type and printing of his various publications, and the great improvement he introduced in typography. He cast a new set of Italian letters for one of Archbishop Parker's publications, and it is on record that "he made a multitude of mathematical schemes, maps, and other devices, both in wood and metal; his own head and armes with other peoples and whatever tended to the usefulness and beauty of his work." He learned the art of printing from Thomas Gibson, whose device he "altered" and used frequently afterwards. And the peculiarity of his own devices, with the punning rebus on his own name, tell incontestably of the interest he must have taken in the design and execution of them, and the mark ID affords strong confirmatory evidence that he himself engraved them.

There are very few of our early printers, as Dibdin justly remarks, to whom both literature and typography are more deeply indebted than to John Daye. His labours extended over a period of nearly 40 years; the first book printed by him being in 1546 and the last with a date 1584. His great intimacy with Archbishop Parker and John Foxe evidence the esteem in which he was held. He died in the parish of Aldersgate on the 23rd of July, 1584, and was buried at Bradley Parva in Suffolk,

from a respectable family in which neighbourhood he was descended. In the church there is a mural tablet to his memory, on which is inlaid a brass with the effigies of him and his wife kneeling by the side of a table, with numerous children behind them. Underneath are some commemorative verses, concluding with the following lines :

Daye spent in print his wealth,
But God with gayne returned his wealth agayne,
And gave to him as he gave to the poore.
Two wyves he had, partakers of his payne,
Each wyfe twelve babes, and each of them one more.
Als was the last increaser of his store,
Who mourning long for being left alone,
Set up this tombe, herself turn'd to a Stone.

It is to be hoped that the rector of Bradley Parva was innocent of the knowledge of what was going on in Aldersgate. The buxom widow, and mother of twelve babes and one more, had married John Daye's apprentice Stone. And it is rather hard upon our worthy printer's memory, after having proved himself so good a husband, that his widow should have been allowed to set up "in memoriam" over his ashes this punning epithalamium on her second nuptials.*

RICHARD FISHER.

* Amongst the many valuable works which issued from the press of the late Mr Pickering, was an edition of our Liturgy, illustrated throughout with admirable copies from the woodcuts in the Booke	of Christian Prayers. We are indebted to Messieurs Whittingham for such of the fac-similes from that work which are found in this paper.
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STUDIO - TALK.—No. II.

ART-CRITICISM.

FLEMING *successful painter.*

FORD *unsuccessful painter.*

Ford. It is very good of you to wait so long; but I couldn't afford to lose a sitting.

Flem. Of course not. But what new mania is this, Ford? I have been looking over your books, and can find none but works on the most hopeless subjects: "The Philosophy of the Beautiful," "Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien," "Cours d'Esthétique," "Kunst und Alterthum," and other such-like "Kritische Wälder." It is a collection made in your travels, I suppose, and marks a most erratic course, and a truly cosmopolitan taste. Here are the dreamy and the dry, the terse and the rhetorical, the finical and the classical, side by side: scribes of all ages, sorts, and conditions:—Plato and Cousin, Kant and Jouffroy, Göthe and Coleridge, Ruskin and Taine, and a host of learned pamphleteers and journalists to boot. All very good in their way, no doubt, but why bring them together to show their incongruity? They are so ill-matched, that it is almost inconsiderate to pack them so close: one can almost hear the discord of their wits, like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh: if they could be set pealing now, what a crash there would be, what a turmoil! what booming of brass and silver and obstreperous tin!

Ford. The best of them would not disagree so much as you suppose. They are the Church Bells of sound and proven metal, which though of various pitch and volume and sounding from several parts of the city at once, preserve a certain concord in their chime. These others now are of the household type, hung on wire, such as peal incessantly through the passages of a joint-stock hotel: which are apparently very much alike, but

whose difference is far more sensible because there is no music in any:—whatever is the note of the first, the second is a contradiction, with the third there is a dispute, with the fourth a wrangle, and with the fifth a clamour. While there is always one peevish little bell, whose tinkle you await with peculiar misery, jarring you to the teeth with its untimely note, that like a gossip's whisper makes the least noise, but the greatest discord.

Flem. But seriously, I am sorry to see that you have so much leisure.

Ford. Yet hardly that I should employ it on study so akin to work.

Flem. And that will soon be a substitute for it, I fear.

Ford. Never. It is the best of criticism that it is something more than science; the worst of it, that it is something less than art.

Flem. Then why pursue it?

Ford. Surely we may as well work in the light as in the dark.

Flem. Not in cross lights from four corners of the room.

Ford. Your studio, you see, was designed for painting. I was obliged to adapt mine, and I am not yet satisfied with the light I get.

Flem. You intimate a certain doubt and indecision, which from your recent works I hoped you had outlived. You are a long time preparing the art of the future.

Ford. We are all of us in a state of transition, I think—of fusion and confusion—at least I am.

Flem. And therefore we all ought to be.—This is what you would prove, if you could. Now, for myself, the only transition I care for, or covet, is from good or bad to better.

Ford. It is a singular age.

Flem. Yes. But the singularity of it consists in this, that we are living in it, and that it is the only age we have ever lived in; that between the pleasurable and painful sense of a various, complex, and abundant life within us and about us, and the poor and feeble generalization that we call another age, there is a wide difference indeed. So far it is singular, I admit.

Ford. You will at least allow that we are eminently critical.

Flem. The worse for art. I found Maurice the other day biting his pen over his new poem—also of the future. He read me some lines that were pretty enough in their way—preludes to some meaning that never came—colours finely mixed, but still on the palette—studies and preparations. “But where is the poem?” I asked. “You are right,” said he. “As long as I write badly I get on very well; but when I am succeeding, I stop. I can explain it to you by this doggrel, perhaps, which I threw off in a fit of spite this morning:—

Gad ! the critics have made us so conscious and vain
 Of a fine turn or trick of expression,
 That we halt in the midst of a streaming quatrain
 To exult o'er the dainty possession.

So some Hero-Reformer, whom providence tells
 To do battle with enemies legion,
 Stays his hand in the fury of combat, and swells
 With a personal sense of religion."

Ford. There is a crude flavour about that, more to my taste than his flowing insipidities. It is sincere at least.

Flem. And it is true. It is so everywhere. The furnace dies out before the metal is fused, and the image stops half-way.

Ford. For want of fuel. Maurice is an amateur. He has nothing to say and only wishes to say something: so he waits and watches for some stray image or cadence, hastily caught, and as hastily left; for how can he retain it, since it was never properly his own? The sooner he is paralyzed by criticism, whether with the flutter of vanity or fear, the better, for of criticism such work is generally bred. Whereas, the artist, having something to say that is constantly in sight and hearing, that grows in his sleep, and that he cannot forget if he would, incurs no danger of this kind from the comments of others, although the amount and even the quality of his work may be affected by them for good or ill.

Flem. And mostly for ill. What has been the result of the criticism of the day? We have seen art under its influence paling into good intentions, or flickering into affected fire; we have seen the ghosts of former ages defile before us on the Academy walls, with feeble-spiritual, dull-historical, or dyspeptic-intellectual features. It seems to me, Ford, that a doctrine either acts upon an artist as a drug, composing him to a helpless imbecility not devoid of conceit, and inducing a happy oblivion, not only of the busy world without him, but of his own previous purposes and aims; or it enters him like a demon, and drives him violently down steep places, on to the precipices, and into the depths of folly.

Ford. So great, then, is the power of criticism!

Flem. Rather, so injurious is its influence.

Ford. Surely nothing can counteract the ill effect of a false doctrine, but the inculcation of a true.

Flem. All that relates to work must be learnt in work and by work.

Ford. But tell me, Fleming; do you not often find yourself saying, on the completion of a painting—"I wish I had known this before; it would have saved me much trouble?" Now if a master had been at

your elbow, he would perhaps have shown you a short way to what you attained by a long process, and after endless experiments.

Flem. We have not yet found a name for that influence which a master can exercise over a learner in art. A little practical help; a touch here and there; a keen glance that sharpens your own; a caution; a bit of fine work done before you; a scorn for carelessness and a scowl for affectation; the patience of art and the pleasure of industry;—this is what he imparts, and this is more than any theories can give me.

Ford. You use the word *theory* to designate a knowledge you dislike; but why should you not profit by the critic as you would by the master? Why should he not give you what you are already in quest of, meet you half way with some direction that does not clash with your own individuality of style and purpose?

Flem. To speak plainly, I think it is impossible. What you want is so infinitely special, that it is never provided for by a rule; and then it is so subtle that it can never be touched by a system. Art is an animal with instincts of its own; it turns nimbly and quickly, and burrows or climbs after its object with a prompt and native sagacity which you may confound but you cannot control. It is all sense and perception where the eye of reason is dull, because it is shut up to one object, is blind to all others, and cares only for this. Doubt clears up in practice and in practice alone. I have a feeling of what I need, and a faith that I shall find it. I grope for it with all my senses at once; it is a new thing that I want, and not the old. If it were the beaten path, of course you could direct me; there are rows of lights and landmarks in abundance there; but if what I need is not yet plain to me, how can you explain it? In composition you often halt for a word; you know the kind, the texture, the character; you have the pattern of it in your own mind; it must be *that* and no other; you alone have the key—the exact shade and gradation of thought or feeling it is to match—you know, and you alone, the function of the word and the place it is to fill: not all the art or industry, nor the learning, nor the skill or culture of others can bring it you, because it is your own mind and not theirs that is to be expressed.

Ford. That is true: but—

Flem. But the contrary of it is true also, I suppose. I know your way. Say so at once. If Philosophy did not prevent you from coming to any certain conclusion, or being of one mind on a matter, it would not be genuine; it is always "truth" that you are in search of; but truth that combats no error, that strikes no blow, that lives in the seclusion of logic, retired from the world, without vigour, pith, or sinew, that is

but half a truth, that is both true and false. Now I, on the contrary, am simple enough to believe that when a thing is true the contrary of it must be false.

Ford. It is just possible that your particular truth does not occupy so much room as you suppose. You may find it so if you shape and define it, and this you can only do by means of other truths.

Flem. As for instance—?

Ford. This is one. Granting that you should not be controlled in your immediate work by formal rule or precept, or any of the raw material of criticism, still you may profit by it in another form.

Flem. In what way?

Ford. In this. Principle in the second generation is impulse; for once entering the mind of an age, accepted and adopted there, it becomes rapidly organized, and is soon part of the unconscious motive you obey, of the tendency you follow, of the life you inherit.

Flem. I am not at all unwilling to profit by it in this form, which at once disposes of the criticism of the past; and, as for that of the present, I will take your suggestion and wait till it is part of the "unconscious motive I obey."

Ford. It is well just to recognize this. But there is something more direct. You cannot bind yourself not to think. The mind accompanies and outruns the hand. Practice passes into knowledge. Knowledge modifies practice. The two combined form what is called *experience*, which is a body of wisdom compact enough for action, and expansive enough for thought.

Flem. The first is sufficient for me. "Thought," as Göthe says, "expands, but lames."

Ford. He adds, "Action animates, but narrows;"—but he was not speaking of art, which is a compound of both. To the soldier it is thought, to the scholar action. You cannot separate them. The mind must be present whatever you do, if only as a glass reflecting,—and its reflection is always larger than the image. If you check this involuntary activity, you are as artificial as you fancy the critics would make you. No. Things far apart combine, thought breeds thought, they broaden into rule, or concentrate into law.

Flem. A pretty concentration that! Dispersion I should rather call it. There is something, however, in what you say. There is undoubtedly a gleam from work,—a light above it, as above fire, sufficient to illuminate your own workshop, but not your neighbour's; if you take it there, you are taking limit though you call it law.

Ford. I am content with your admission. I will not say that the artist must of necessity be a thinker,—only that from the nature of his

occupation he is always forming rules or methods of work, and standards or measures of judgment.

Flem. So far as he needs them for himself.

Ford. Well, we will not inquire how far this will lead him. Perhaps reflection is not, properly speaking, in his way. But the habit of observation and the power of insight are. And these are constantly providing him with what you call theories.

Flem. How so?

Ford. To see a thing once decisively is to see beyond it. It is a power of seeing kindred objects. Look at this St Cecilia of Donatello. Do you notice the disagreeable effect produced by the marking of the teeth? it is a bit of nature, yet you wish it away.

Flem. Because it interferes with the harmony of line.

Ford. Exactly. This is an instance where seeing is better than reflecting. Because, if you treat the question abstractly, and oppose nature and harmony of line, you are soon lost in the dust of conflict between the real and ideal schools. But by simply looking at the work, you perceive that a certain modulation of line was the means by which the sculptor expressed the nature of St Cecilia, and that what ever weakens this expression is so far a violation of the "nature" sought.

Flem. With a work of art before you, you are not so likely to be imposed upon by words.

Ford. Well, you see other instances of this, and your judgment draws to a firmer conclusion. For instance, in the painted vases of the best period of classic art the chair of the seated figure is indicated merely by a bar placed horizontally. Do we miss the chair?

Flem. No. But we must judge classic art by its own laws. Modern art is a different thing.

Ford. I am afraid it is a very different thing. To take, however, a modern instance. Look at this.

Flem. What a magnificent drawing! Where did you get it? Is it Angelo's?

Ford. Yes.

Flem. The "terribil via" truly. Yet with more grace and lightness than I should have looked for from him. How decisive it is; yet how fluent; the master in every line! Look at the set of this shoulder-blade, and the back of this stooping figure. By George, that is grand! What wonderful power of expression there is in the human body. We need the old fellows to teach us this.

Ford. You see they are archers aiming at the target of a man. Some in the act of loosing the string, others having loosed it are pausing and

watching the effect of their shaft with outstretched arms, and attitudes expressive of keen and eager determination.

Flem. But there are no bows.

Ford. Precisely.

Flem. I see; the lines of the bows would have obscured and interrupted those of the forms.

Ford. Which are more expressive, I should think.

Flem. No doubt.

Ford. Observe here, in the corner, is a bow, which an archer is bending with fierce and strenuous effort. This is enough.

Flem. That is very daring.

Ford. It is the same thing as the bar for the chair; does it annoy you where you perceive the omission?

Flem. On the contrary, it gives, I think, an additional edge to the enjoyment.

Ford. The imagination is pleased at being trusted so far. We never have this kind of flattery but from the greatest masters. Now when you perceive the beauty of a treatment like this in an actual work of art, does it not open to a principle at once?

Flem. Artistically it does, but not intellectually. I can use it. I should not be able to reason about it or prove it.

Ford. You can prove your pleasure, I suppose, and show whence it arises.

Flem. I should not pursue the matter; it is better for me in a particular than a general form.

Ford. But you cannot help rising from particulars to generals when you are looking directly at something that opens to them.

Flem. That is your habit of mind, not mine.

Ford. Is it not? Do you remember at the Exhibition standing before Mason's "Swan and Shadow," and saying that it impressed you as though it were wanting in physical strength? and, comparing it with another landscape in the same room, as clear and vigorous as hard reality could make it, that the two pictures resembled the singing of Mario and Wachtel? That in the one, though the medium might be dim and veiled, you caught sight of an interior beauty, which was wholly wanting in the other. "I do not mean of conception," you added, "but of expression. I see it, but cannot explain it; it is something between the idea and its last fulfilment, an inner form or frame, in which I discern both the unity and consistency of a whole and a nice proportion of parts, which enables the purpose of the artist, though weakly realized, to be distinctly perceived and keenly relished; it is the body or organism of art, by which the character of the subject is delineated, and through

which at the same time its life transpires." You went on. "Is the *execution* feeble then? Nay! but the essential execution is there; all that, to recall Mario, is distinctively singing and not speaking—of which he that vociferates merely either with colour or voice has nothing."

Flem. Well, what of this?

Ford. You added, still looking at the picture, "If there is no immediate necessity of saying a thing, I suppose it is better sung. Nay, if anything that has no special use or application pleads for expression, it is because it sings itself. Now a matter of this superior character, worthy of being recorded for its own sake and shown in its own form, excites a certain exaltation of mind, and dictates therefore a corresponding treatment. It is curious," you added, turning to the other picture, "that when you are to express anything complete in itself, and to express it perfectly, you depart wholly from the imitation of nature, and raise for it a fabric skilfully fitted to exhibit its more refined forms; fitted also to receive and transmit your own enjoyment. As to express emotion, for instance, where the need of speaking is past, you employ a measured time, in order that on its regular intervals, as on an instrument, each change and movement and gradation, the tender depth and play of joy or grief, the whole physiognomy of feeling, in short, may be displayed. Now in one sense this is a more complete imitation of feeling than if you merely spoke or described it; but in Wachtel and this vociferous painter, this interior element is wholly wanting—there is no intermediate structure or art. Is there anything underlying nature that *we* seek to present in this way? Is poetry, in our art too, more *natural* than prose? Has painting, also, this interior world with its own laws, this rhythmical exaltation above life? If it has not, then it is rather a handicraft than an art; and if it has, then to compare it directly, part by part, with nature, is to misunderstand it altogether, to bid it speak rather than sing."

Flem. I might have said this or something that suggested it, which is more likely—in any case I should not think of taking it into the studio; it is curious, if true, that is all.

Ford. You might take it to the studio with advantage perhaps.

Flem. You say this in the face of the principle you feigned to accept. You are unmasking now.

Ford. So you were announcing a principle, were you?

Flem. Call it what you will.

Ford. I will call it a principle, then. Nay, I will proclaim it as the fundamental canon of any Philosophy of Art.

Flem. You are now amusing yourself at my expense.

Ford. Far from it. Do you not see that criticism of the kind we have

glanced at, would tend to the freedom of the artist and his perfect independence, except in those moments when his instinct is at fault and needs direction!

Flem. I do not quite understand.

Ford. There is a part, and the best part, of every painting which is of vital growth in the mind of the artist,—a product rather of his nature or genius, than of his intellect, when he is under the influence of that *exaltation* of which we have spoken, and obeys its dictates. The expression of this personal element is art in the best sense of the word. But there is also a part, at least of every complex work, when this inward guidance fails; a putting together and dove-tailing, arrangement and after-thought, composition, in a word, which is often termed distinctively art, much to the confusion of thought (as if the “Raven” of Poe were more artistic than one of Shakspeare’s songs). It is here, then, that a mastery, not only of practice but of principles, is of the first importance. In the great masters the two parts are often so blended, knowledge is so true a servant of genius and artifice of art, that the work seems an inspiration throughout. This result, however, is not too common even with them. And many modern pictures, owing as much to the prevalence of false theories as to the want of creative power, are spoiled as we say “in the finish.” They were better as studies; but every step towards completion, every line of composition, obliterates the original strength or grace. In Bierstadt’s picture of “The Rocky Mountains,” for instance, the principal subject is treated with great breadth and freedom of style. The colouring, though not brilliant, has a quiet illumination of its own, full of sober pleasure and peace. Some harmonies of light are given with great truth and sweetness, and there are proofs of an intimate and delicate study of Nature for her own sake. He has felt, and he expresses, the vitality which sunbeam and cloud-shadow lend to the grandeur of mountain-form, and the infinite gentleness and play of life that converts the wilderness of stone to a temple of contemplation and repose. He gives us not only the purpose but the fascination of his mind; and with nature, something also that nature suggests and inspires. In the foreground, however, groups of scraggy horses and ungainly men serve to unidealize the scene, and to show us what an Indian encampment is like. The motive that dictated the rest of the work is no motive here. They belong to the scene neither by their sympathy with its beauty, nor by repeating it in another form. They are the contributions of the traveller rather than of the artist. They are here for “information.” So, while they rouse our curiosity, they abate our enjoyment; for the two points of view are so far apart, that it is impossible to look through them both at the same time. The disenchantment

is complete, and by the simplest means; he is disenchanted himself, and works against his own spell—warning us against the proneness of the imagination to rest in the indolent enjoyment of beauty for its own sake. “There are the Indians, and there their wigwams, their cattle and their scraggy steeds—they are not beautiful, I grant. But what of that? we must keep to the facts!” So Masson has with great study and ingenuity placed in the foreground of each sonnet of Shakspeare the pretty personality out of which it may have sprung; so as to limit and particularize to its private use what is addressed to us and to the whole world from its large and public interest; precisely what the poet is anxious to avoid; knowing that his meaning is not to be measured by the circumstance, nor interpreted by the occasion—anxious rather to *detach* it, as we should be, for so it detaches us. Gladly, indeed, are we unmoored and float off from shore and inland stream, past hamlet and homestead, buoy and beacon, past outwork, past headland, to new climes and skies, to new ventures and new ambitions, to new powers unfolded to us, unlocked within us. “Indolent enjoyment” did I say? No, this is the most productive pleasure of which we are capable; an indrawing of that energetic breath which has wrought all the miracles on earth, and which the voices of all ages have consented to call divine.

Flem. This may be all very true of poetry, but is it not rather visionary as applied to the enjoyment of works of art? would it not lead you to prefer what is merely suggestive in style, to what is well-matured and thoroughly exprest?

Ford. That is a common fallacy. “Merely suggestive?” A finished work is infinitely more suggestive than a sketch. Have any productions in the whole range of art more of this power than the Venus of the Capitol, the Ludovisi Mars, the “Medusa” of Leonardo, or his “Bella Gioconda;” the “Sistine Madonna” of Raphael, or the “Entombment” or “Tribute Money,” of Titian? and it is *because* they are finished. The difference is this: that while from anything of a crude or imperfect character you fly off on a track of your own in the mere reinless activity of thought, where there is no guide and no goal,—a perfect work fixes you to a sphere from which you cannot rove, but which you cannot compass. This is part of the fascination, that it is before you and yet eludes you; that it is definite, but inexhaustible. For whether it be an attribute of the Deity, or a passion of the deeper humanity of man, the more truly you embody it, the more plainly you show its infinitude; the more strength of grasp you put forth to arrest it, the more vivid is the sense of a meaning unexpressed. This, I say, is the character of the finest works of art, whether it be a Hamlet or an Attic vase, or a temple of Theseus, or a song of Göthe, or a portrait

of Giorgione, or a drawing of Turner. For this is beauty, and this its special power—that it does not send you away on flights and fancies of your own, but holds you enthralled, and drawing you nearer and nearer to itself draws you to fathomless depths; imagination goes and returns, and makes wider and wider circles, and still the expression is complete, and still the mystery remains. This inexplicable charm has always haunted the world of nature and the mind of man, but is beginning now to leave the galleries and academies of art.

Flem. If you have nothing more to say of this kind, let me remind you that you were illustrating by Bierstadt's picture the advantage that would accrue to the artist from an acquaintance with some definite principles of art.

Ford. Well, it is clear that the picture is divided against itself, and this because the painter is misled by a theory. As long as he represented what he enjoyed, he idealized unawares; when inspiration ceased he was "realist" again.

Flem. He wanted not only the local but the positive colour. The forms indeed are very poor, and do not harmonize with the sentiment of the whole. The foreground is badly joined to the landscape; does not melt in it, or match with it. I know what you mean, and I agree with you, as a matter of taste.

Ford. And not as a matter of principle?

Flem. Let us judge each picture by itself. Principles are double-edged, and are dangerous in unskilful hands such as mine. I admit, however, that want of judgment has damaged the work.

Ford. That is all I need.

Flem. Have you concluded your list of objections?

Ford. We must not overlook the influence of public opinion, for good or bad.

Flem. Public opinion. Is there such a thing outside the studio and the press?

Ford. Do you pretend to doubt it?

Flem. Some one told me the other day that Kant ascribed the enjoyment of smoking not to any positive pleasure, but to an alternation of agreeable and disagreeable sensations. Of this character is the enjoyment of pictures with the multitude. Observe a family party at the Exhibition:—a group of girls, for instance. They go about with a puzzled and rather anxious air, there are so many pictures that they do not in the least understand. At last there is one in their own tongue. They stand before it, they gather round it with gratitude as well as joy. Their minds are relieved. They are pleased with the picture, and proud of themselves; they have found it—the beautiful—and it is so

like nature,—“so, so like.” Their features brim with satisfaction; of one aspect in their discontent, they become individual in their joy; Julia resumes her infantine vivacity of manner; on Lizzie’s lips there is the simper of returning animation, and a sigh of relief from Kate. And so on, through the Exhibition, enjoying it as Kant his tobacco. After some rather pungent flavour of original art, they inhale a delicate whiff of common-place. Shall they not honour the first picture that restored their ruffled self-love in the moment of need? Is it not theirs? their discovery, their property? must not *we*, must not *everybody* see it? And the artist, if not to be envied for this innocent adulation, is certainly none the worse for it. Who knows what may befall him in consequence? There may be an uncle a manufacturer, or a cousin who contracts. They tease and persecute till the studio is visited—perhaps the picture is sold—what can be better for both?

Ford. Women, as a rule, are far better critics than men. They come to enjoy, the others to judge. We are more sure of feeling in the one case than of intellect in the other, and to please is an excellence in its way, read it how you will. Why Julia and Kate? Why not Tom, Dick, and Harry?

Flem. Because they are less entertaining, and they provoke one more. I prefer simper and sigh to grunt and grin. To see a pair of roving wits, whose studies of art have been confined to the print-shop they pass in their lounge, or the woodcuts of their Sunday paper, glove-dangling over a picture of mine, rubbing their chins for the word of fate, feigning the expert’s frown of scrutiny, exchanging the glassy stare of condemnation or the patronizing nod of approval—as if we painted for them—as if the “Exhibition” were a kind of horse-market or cattle-show, where we were showing our points, and being paraded for their approval:—and they may purchase us too, if they please! It is too much. It is the *aliquid amari* of success. No! no! I prefer the dear little wiseacres whose eyelashes curl with pleasure at a painting they like, and droop more in sorrow than in anger at what they don’t understand.

Ford. These loungers do not represent public opinion, as you very well know. It takes in our time a more palpable form.

Flem. You mean—

Ford. The picture dealers.

Flem. Ah! The new Estate! The coming Institution! The Power behind the public, greater than the public! Well, they are good enough fellows in the main, I assure you.

Ford. I congratulate you on your good opinion of them. It is a piece of good fortune, as when a school-boy likes his tutor.

Flem. True. Yes, I for one prefer the esteem of practical men to the grinning popularity the crowd can dispense.

Ford. They are practical enough. I suppose they have no clue to merit but success.

Flem. Hardly. It is a highly respectable trade,—still a trade.

Ford. It is here where esteem takes its trade-mark of value?

Flem. Exactly.

Ford. It is here where the dew of criticism forms into drops?

Flem. Drops of gold.

Ford. I have no quarrel with them: they are representative, only. It is by their means that public opinion can be narrowly examined. With them it ends its airy course, falls to the earth, rolls over and settles. You can now walk up to it, measure and weigh it, compare it with a real or intrinsic value of a lower or higher scale, then work the sum and obtain the difference in figures; thus we can all be "practical" together.

Flem. Really, Ford, this is unreasonable. Are you to have the luxury of running counter to the fashion, and defying the plebs for nothing? Are you to be attached to the future, and yet draw your pay from the present? It is quite enough for any age to recognize what belongs to it, without having on its conscience what belongs to the next. But in truth, to raise a lofty standard is only to remove it out of sight of the very people you wish to lead. It is to renounce your influence. The critics preserve theirs by being rather the echo than the voice.

Ford. I cannot agree with you.

Flem. I wonder whether my pictures are good or bad.

Ford. Let us agree that they are good.

Flem. By all means. Then let me tell you in confidence, that I have a strong suspicion that they are popular, that they *sell*,—not because of their goodness, but in spite of it. And that if they were only as bad as those of some of my more dashing rivals, I should double my income.

Ford. I do not like this mere contempt of lay opinion, although I know it is common enough among artists. Surely we must recognize an immense advance in the tone and character of art-criticism, especially in our leading journals. There is more knowledge, more fairness, more careful study, and more anxiety to judge every picture from the artist's point of view, resulting in much admirable criticism of a special kind. But if you ask, "*Do they speak out what they know?*" Is there a sharp division between the good and the bad, between what is a work of art and what is not? Do the standards which every judgment presupposes

appear with any force or clearness, are they thought out sufficiently to be applied with rigour and certainty? Is the preference of the common for the common rebuked with wholesome severity? Do they fulfil their office as public instructors?" If you ask this, I am afraid the answer will not be satisfactory.

Flem. You ask too much. The common must and will prefer the common.

Ford. Whether or no, you admit that if public opinion is represented by market value it is in a very unsatisfactory state.

Flem. That is patent enough.

Ford. You must also grant that every encouragement of the bad is a positive discouragement of the good: this is the really important matter; its influence not on the prospects of this or that artist, but upon art. Consider, that an atmosphere of isolation, whether it breeds conceit or discontent, or a noble indomitable pride, is a bad atmosphere to work in, that it tells on the work in a want of nature, sweetness, and simplicity; and that even the artist's mere physical discouragement or loss of animal spirits affects in no slight degree his freedom and brightness of execution, and is, so far, a public and not a private loss.

Flem. This is the last, I hope, of the "other truths" with which you proposed to "shape and define" mine.

Ford. For the present, yes.

Flem. Then let me recall to you your first admission, for, to speak frankly, you have not persuaded me in the least to sympathize with your new studies. You admit that a genuine work of art is an outgrowth from the mind and personality of the artist.

Ford. Willingly.

Flem. Then to me the practical conclusion is immediate, that you can vex and hamper him with precept and theory, but can help him little: for as you can give him, for instance, neither productive power nor plastic skill, the possible benefit is small; the possible injury, if you misdirect them, great. Further, as criticism is wise only after the event, your measures are not ready for the new work, which may involve a new principle, or give birth to a new system: they belong to matters that are past, and if followed can at best lead to the repetition of the old, never to the production of the new.

Ford. What you affirm, I admit, not what you deny.

Flem. You refine too much.

Ford. Possibly: but this is plain. I find opinions in vogue which I believe to be not only radically unsound, but directly injurious to the interests of art: I wish to meet and counteract them by a sounder

criticism. You answer me by affirming in the most absolute manner what I hold to be its fundamental principle. Are you surprised, then, when I say that we are substantially agreed?

Flem. So, like M. Jourdain, I have been talking criticism without knowing it.

Ford. Assuredly you have; and you will find, that all I adduced apparently in the way of objection has not only been consistent with your argument, but has tended to confirm it.

Flem. You will hardly convince me of this.

Ford. Let us see. I reminded you at the outset, that there were certain ideas with regard to what constituted the excellence of a work of art that we had *inherited*; the joint fruit of reason and experience, slowly gathered and insensibly absorbed; truths that became directions, and motive powers in the mind.

Flem. "Principles become impulses:" I remember.

Ford. Verdicts of the race, in which all are to a certain extent, and the best are most, agreed. Such as establish the relative position of Shakspeare and Racine, of Angelo and Canova, of the Greeks and the Caracci. These are some of the results of criticism; and here we have glimpses of laws that bound and pervade the realm of art, and dictate the decisions of taste; they point to certainties; and we are thus assured on the threshold, that a search for principles would not be in vain. Now, these being all in the direction of the artist's freedom and independence, the more firmly they are established the more they will help good work.

Flem. So far I can go with you.

Ford. Again, I showed you that the artist finds himself face to face with certain problems, that he is obliged to solve so far, at least, as is necessary for his own guidance; and that in studying the works of others, judging, as Göthe says, whilst he enjoys, and enjoying whilst he judges, he is often led in the true way to the most important distinctions, as we saw in the instances of Angelo's drawing, and of Mason's landscape. We found that in the act of work genius was sensible of law, and that in the moment of judgment the grounds of judgment, however faintly and distantly, appear. We saw that if these could be clearly discerned, and plainly stated, an immense service would be rendered to the artist, both by aiding him to give unity to his work, as in Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," and by providing public opinion, whose influence he feels so deeply, with some trustworthy guides. So that while you have been protesting against one form of criticism, you have been proving the necessity of another, and I assure you that I attach considerable value to your contribution, though meant for other uses.

Some principles we are agreed upon; if these could be produced to their logical results, related to each other, and to truths already known, and could find a common centre,—the result would be a critical system entirely free from any of the objections you have so persistently urged.

Flem. Except this, that I object to the transformation of rules for practical guidance into a system of æsthetics. Use them as far as you know them, and as far as you need them: the rest is beating the air.

Ford. Beating the air! Is there then no enemy in the field? Has art alone escaped the rude and busy questioning of the day? So far from it, that we find this critical spirit, that is steadily at work in all directions, subjecting everything to its own tests, and prizing everything by its own values, perverting the aims of art and substituting its own. What is the result? the formation of standards and rules for the judgment of art, of a *criticism*, in fact, precisely of the character you have been inveighing against.

Flem. Every one to his own method. Science to science, art to art. Of course they are different. I do not think it is of much practical importance.

Ford. I think it is of the highest practical importance. There is a false way both of resisting the pseudo-criticism of the age, and of yielding to it. Into the former error those are likely to fall with whom, as with you, the sentiment of privilege as artist is strong. This leads to a contempt of the lay element and a serene indifference to public opinion, such as you express; then to a professional, almost priestly intolerance, and all the egotism of a *culte*, or school; soon, by slow degrees, to a separation from the main currents of human interest; and thence infallibly, whatever be your protestations, to a conventional and academical art. You smile. And you are right, for you prosper; but I would remind you, that there is a point where the paths of prosperity and progress divide; and that is where the ends are lost in the means. After that there is no growth, and all that seems an increase of power, is only an increase of weight.

Flem. Don't be personal.

Ford. I will,—to your art; and let me tell you, Fleming, that its figure inclines to what friends call dignity, and enemies corpulence. You are too plump for health, and the inflation of your cheek against the public is a bad sign. You will soon be as much above the world as a bishop: and although your mannerism has not yet attained to lawn sleeves, its skirts are too ample for exercise and health. Your flow of spirits and your active habits will keep you fresh for a time, but look at yourself ten years hence; take Bollond for your mirror; he distorts you a little, like a concave glass, but the likeness remains. To be sure

there is a natural air of pretension about him that you lack. Do you remember Guy's epigram upon him?

The opium-eater sits and stares
On those that pass him by
With a superior smile, and wears
Contempt within his eye.
So you disdain us all, and, friend,
I know the drug you eat—
'Twill keep you happy to the end,
Delicious self-conceit.

Bollond has improved since then. How superior he has grown to all the paltry comments of the crowd, and how badly he is beginning to paint. How superbly indifferent, and how cold! How full-blown, and how empty! How serious, and how insipid! Take care lest you are perfected after this model.

Flem. This is kind of you, Ford—and you do it kindly—nor do I wonder that you were annoyed at my smiling, for in this room the casts of Venus herself seem to scowl. Is it the light you use? if so, I wish you well through your experiments in that direction; or is it a peculiar settlement of the dust?

Ford. It is because you are such a stranger. Come oftener, and the Penates will be better pleased.

Flem. There is another class, however. I hope you have a suitable punishment in store for them,—to see themselves in a *convex* mirror perhaps.

Ford. There are some on the walls of every exhibition; and to those whose features they reflect in any degree of family likeness, the warning must be rude; enough to daunt any but those stout believers, who are born to zeal, and are incapable of a wholesome fright. For if the artist *yields* to the pressure, and is ambitious to propitiate what he calls the genius of the time, unless there is a strong holding-ground of principle, the downward step is even more precipitate. He becomes the purveyor of general information; he bears the panniers of fact, and plods and staggers under the burden; he is "realist;" that is to say, he realizes everything but precisely what *is* real in the fascination of nature and the power of art. Is it not ridiculous that people should see nature all the days of their lives, should have it constantly before their eyes, and be unable to move a step without being hemmed and surrounded by it, and yet should turn to a few choice spirits and say, "Give us these objects as they are before us, and because they are before us?" It is more surprising still, that some of us should be able to live by a profession of which the be-all and the end-all is to supply people

with a few second-hand specimens of what they have before them in their original perfectness, and in immense variety. What a preposterous fancy! Is there any other market in which the copy of the thing is so superior to the thing itself? On this theory of art there is, in fact, nothing for the artist to show but his own talent.

Flem. What can you do, when people ask you for this kind of truth? You must either shrug your shoulders at them as I do,—for which you charge me with priestly arrogance,—or give them what they ask.

Ford. This dilemma I wish to avoid; for beneath this keen analysis and cold denial there is a just demand that is made upon us, and upon all, viz., a demand for reality; and the best result of this critical spirit is to make what it denies to be real prove itself to be so. Now, agreeing with you that art must rest on its own basis, and has its own mission and its own ends, which are far nobler and loftier than the ends or uses the “positive” or practical man would bind it to,—to show, for instance, to the satisfaction of Hugo or Proudhon that this independence is not indifference; that “art for art” does not mean the making of curious work, or clever work, or classical work, the delight of the cognoscenti, which a Nero might order or a Borgia enjoy, whose amateurs or lovers may be the coldest of egotists, or the sliest of hypocrites;—this is another matter. So also if we declare that the truths of art are truths of the imagination, in which the senses and the understanding must be persuaded to concur, but which they are not permitted to judge or cavil at by after thought or laborious comparison with truth of fact—we have to show that they are not wilful fancies, or pretty or pleasant misstatements, or soft illusions, or sensational lies, but simply fact in its highest or human significance.

Flem. I don't quite understand this last phrase.

Ford. I can explain it, I think.

Flem. Not for the world. You hint that it is a difficult matter to explain these things, and it is for this reason that I wish to spare you so endless and profitless a labour. While looking over these volumes just now, I was struck with nothing so much as with the vagueness and uncertainty of their arguments, except perhaps the barrenness of their conclusions. I found the words used through a whole scale of meanings, and contradictions within speaking distance of each other. For instance, Hamerton has an Essay in the “Fortnightly” on the very matter you have just touched upon. It is entitled, “Proudhon as a writer on Art,” and he is very indignant with Proudhon for saying that “art for art” is a debauch of the heart and dissolution of the mind, and defends the formula with the best arguments he can find. Turning a few pages

back in the same paper we find the following curious passage (*reads*): "It is easily shown also that art adds to human knowledge, by giving it visibility and precision, but to do this the art itself must be conscientiously accurate, which until very lately it has seldom been. Indeed the mission of art to humanity has only just begun, and it is less easy as yet to point to definite services rendered, than it probably will be a few centuries hence. Even now, however, we owe to many deceased artists much interesting, and often really valuable, information."*

Ford. Like a wise commander, he capitulates beforehand in case his arguments do not come up for relief.

Flem. It is not a capitulation, it is unconditional surrender. He has given up his arms.

Ford. I was more struck, however, by a sentence in the same essay, where he says, "its weakness (of the 'æsthetic power') lies in the fact that it only governs those who are willing to be governed." I should have thought this was its strength. It is the weakness of spiritual power,—nay, if one may so call it, it is the weakness of omnipotence itself. There is but one kind of strength, and that the highest that can move the free; and their adherence alone is an honour to power.

Flem. He evidently does not think so, for he goes on (*reads*): "Political power, on the other hand, governs also the unwilling. The difference between the two may be accurately estimated by the difference in national importance between the Royal Academy and the House of Commons."

Ford. Or between Paternoster Row and Newgate.

Flem. However, remembering perhaps that if we were all unwilling, the House of Commons could not govern us long, he re-considers his sentence. "I am not sure," he says, "that the æsthetic faculty, especially when in its highest form of artistic invention, can be considered a secondary or unmasculine faculty."

Ford. Come—that is liberal.

Flem. He goes further, he assures us "that Shakspeare and Angelo were certainly manly." Even that is something—to reach to the pugilistic standard.

Ford. Now, what I wish you to observe here is the apologetic tone,—the low estimate of art in comparison with a more positive kind of power, and the mistrust of its native and intrinsic dignity. Just as in the other extract we saw a misgiving as to its higher office and use creeping even into a "defensio fidei." To meet this in the utterance of an

* *Fortnightly Review*, No. 20, p. 148.

ardent and energetic mind, like that of Hamerton, is very suggestive as to the state of feeling the peculiar philosophy of the age has induced.

Flem. And you think the tone would be restored if deeper and sounder ideas were current.

Ford. I do.

Flem. But what, if at every step you are confronted with insoluble problems? I can find no answer for the simplest question in any of these books. For instance, I asked Selwyn the other day at dinner his opinion of Felix Holt. "I like it very much," said he, "but I have no opinion at all on the matter." "But liking is a kind of opinion." "Not at all," he rejoined. "I like this wine, but I don't know whether it is good or bad, I have never studied wines—or novels."

Ford. There was a touch of affectation in that.

Flem. No! it was quite natural to Selwyn.

Ford. Oh! by George, there is nothing so natural as affectation. Well?

Flem. Well, Selwyn's remark occurred to me as I saw the kind of literature you had been studying, and I turned over the pages of many volumes to get an answer to it, because I knew that judgment must depend finally on taste: I knew that you might pile Bacon on Plato, and Schelling on Scaliger, and raise a whole pyramid of learning in your brain, and yet for the purposes of art it would all be lumber, if you had not taste: I knew that a man might be right in his judgment, and wrong in his reason, and that it was very difficult to give the reasons of even the simplest preferences, such as of one flower to another, and that when the differences were subtle they were hardly to be grasped in words; and yet I could not answer him. So I turned to the books, and finding the ancients too tough, I betook myself to the moderns, and chose, as it was more likely to use language I could understand, the latest publication—here it is, Palgrave's *Essays on Art*. What does he say? that taste is no more needed in the fine arts than it is in mathematics.

Ford. Surely you must mistake him.

Flem. Here is the passage (*reads*): "Judgment of art simply resembles other branches of human knowledge; a certain natural faculty or bias must always be pre-supposed; with this, as in the case of mathematics or of language, taste is obtained by study and observation, and, as in those sciences, leads to a practical power of decision." He says also "that art has fixed principles of which any one may attain the knowledge who is not wanting in natural taste."

Ford. Taste is necessary to the knowledge of principles. I see. That accounts for the remark about mathematics.

Flem. Well, I have looked through the book, and have not been able to come at these fixed principles, although there is evidence enough of a "practical power of decision," and when I met with any general remark it served rather to bewilder than enlighten me. As in this explanation of Holman Hunt's peculiar genius. "When this faculty"—

Ford. What faculty?

Flem. The intellect.

Ford. Eh?

Flem. Look for yourself.

Ford. There it is, true enough.

Flem. (*reads*) "When this faculty is not only powerful in itself, but flexible and versatile, we may fairly expect results of no common order."

Ford. Fairly enough.

Flem. "At the same time these conditions of the mind"—

Ford. What conditions? have you missed anything?

Flem. Not a word—it is "the intellect" again.

Ford. Ay! true.

Flem. "These conditions of the mind will be apt to lead the artist a little in advance of his executive power, especially if the intensity with which he conceives and sees his picture renders him unwilling to stay his hand before he has put the maximum of thought and expressiveness into the work, and finished every inch of it to the utmost. Perhaps certain of Mr Hunt's works in his earlier days, like some of Turner's, have not been free from these influences; although so rarely do we find an English artist who fulfils the conditions under which they act, that we cannot be sure whether what looks like intellect in excess of execution may not be rather a new phase of art which perplexes the spectator by its novelty."*

Ford. I don't wonder that you are rather dazzled by these lights.

Flem. All this extemporized philosophy is to explain away a very simple matter—that apparent effort and over-deliberation in a work of art are displeasing. It is twisted and involved at last into a "new phase of art." So that with Hamerton's "mission of art to humanity only just begun," meaning a supply of "accurate information," and Palgrave's "new phase of art," meaning evident and painful labour, we have some hopes for the future. These are instances, you see, of the results you are likely to obtain. Well, do you think the "philosophers" will help you? do you really read these treatises on the "Nature of the Beautiful?" As for the ancients, their treatment of these subjects survives their doctrine, as their art survives their religion; the interest is

* Palgrave's *Essays on Art*, p. 153.

irrecoverable as the grace. The moderns are the ancients here, and the last book on this subject is the oldest. It is antiquity with its abstractions and without its myths; you encounter the shadows alone. You find the old phraseology and the old argument, just as you find the hilt of a weapon or the channel of a stream. They are, in fact, not true work of German or Gaul, but *excavations*. They remind me of the old monuments, so numerous in the East, that entice the traveller with a sacred name. Once within their walls you begin to descend, and then to grope; you are underground; amidst imperial dust and dulness; spoils of old kings, and scattered records of former strife; uncouth and ghastly remnants; when you thought to enter a palace you stumble in a tomb. As for me, when I read such books the air seems to grow torpid about me. I feel the subterranean chill, and am glad to get back again to sunlight and open sky. It is all a decoy. Beauty can never be explained till art explains it, and art inspired by love. If you would define it, you must hold it in your right hand, and say "Here it is." But while you are spreading your net of words it is gone. All we want is to find it; nor do we care whether it sprang from earth or fell from heaven, was born of fire or foam. Did Paris care? did Anchises? To strangers she must remain a myth, to sages an idea, but to those she visits her smile is of more moment than her history, and her presence than all the past. Anaxagoras may have discussed such matters with Pericles, but you may be sure that Phidias never did. I note particularly that people are beginning, in their inquiries as to the aim of art, to discard beauty for truth, which is a more manageable virtue. They are prudent, I think, to leave out the magic which they cannot explain.

Ford. Perhaps the artists have set them the example.

Flem. We do not, however, escape the difficulty; there is this feature about æsthetics, that we come in the easiest and most agreeable way to the hardest and oldest problems. It is like an *Amalfi* garden, whose paths lead directly from bower and rose-plot to precipice and chasm. For even in the very term "Nature," you mean what is palpable and obvious to sense; you mean also what is impalpable and has to be obtained by those who are specially gifted with second sight to perceive and grasp it. Now in all the works that I have skimmed, the two senses slip into each other, the different meanings play and shoot across the page, mingle, confuse, and vanish. Who can oblige people to accept as nature the intuitions of genius? Yet science is the truth that you can oblige people to accept; there can be, therefore, no scientific explanation of the term, which shall include the meaning attached to it by artists.

Ford. Criticism is, as I told you, something more than science.

Flem. Then; again, there is the common statement that nature is so divine, that with all our study we can but render a tithe of her beauty, and should not dare to obtrude our own fancies or pre-dispositions: on the other hand, it is almost a truism that unless a man gives *himself* to his work he is nothing. The relation of these two, how they consist, or whether they are consistent or not, is left to the reader.

Ford. You state the problem of criticism. It is very easy to give both meanings: to be comprehensive in the sense of having two philosophies in the same book; and to be alternately on one and the other side, which is only to be doubly one-sided. It is easy also to be absolute on either side. The first is commonly the English, the second, the French method. There are good examples of crude comprehensiveness (I mean the comprehension of unreconciled ideas) on the one hand, and of logical one-sidedness on the other, in the works respectively of Mr Ruskin and of MM. Lévêque and Taine. Ruskin, for instance, has a whole chapter devoted to "The Pathetic Fallacy,"—the fallacy, that is, of attributing to nature our own impulses and feelings; which the artist does in every moment of his work. For to this the lyrist owes his intensity; the dramatist, his breadth—since he gives to every one his own manner of regarding and interpreting nature, and the scene is always related to the man; and the epic poet or painter his elevation, since the lofty temper of the Muse pervades the picture. Ruskin himself seems hardly sensible that in his own delightful word-paintings, he is illustrating the opposite truth; that the life he is giving each scene is his own; that he cannot keep himself out of his pictures; that if he could they would be worthless; that their power is in their unity of character; and that this character is the image of a predominant thought. He pours the fervour and impetuosity of his own mind along the storm-cloud and the steep, and catching from them in the return the character of his own genius, he reads it off as though a child could see it, and calls it *nature*; as though it were but the leaf to copy and the rock to draw, as though what we see even in the commonest forms, is as much as what we divine. Of the world given to the world, of the powerful addition of humanity to a scene enjoyed by man, of the whole transformation of nature to art, we have little or nothing. His books have this defect, that they exhibit a number of distinct and independent truths, clearly and strongly stated and illustrated with power and beauty, but linked together in an arbitrary quasi-systematic way; not included in any common sphere, nor comprehended by a catholic spirit, having no centre or profound connexion, with no highways traversing them or commerce or communication between them, living in their fortresses

like feudal lords, compensating by the splendours of their own household and retinue for their loss of intercourse with the world.

Flem. There was a time when I took up Ruskin earnestly to help me in my work; but I found the influence of his books on the whole rather depressing,—they define too much, and protest too much, are too active in their predilection and too stubborn in their prejudice. Of my own work, of what I was personally in search of, of what I knew for myself to be real in nature, felt and dimly perceived, and struggled to embody, he seemed to take no note, rather to excommunicate it as beyond the pale of his own artistic sympathies. In the study they were delightful, in the studio out of place.

Ford. Other artists have felt the same. But let us not pretend to criticize these books; if sometimes they do not fulfil their purpose, they oftener travel far beyond it. Let us take them as literature, and then we must accept them with gratitude and with affection; for the spirit they breathe is healthful and humane, and the images they leave on the mind both purify and adorn it.

Flem. The only book that I read just now with any kind of interest was this of M. Taine.*

Ford. I am glad of it, it interested me too, and is well worth studying, for here we meet the enemy face to face, though, to tell the truth, I was rather glad to find the reasoning so shallow.

Flem. You can tell at least what he means. There is a method and precision in the argument, a cleanness and neatness of style, and that vivacity of manner and lightness of touch which makes French so readable.

Ford. If you want to treat a subject clearly, the best way is to reduce it to your own dimensions. This is M. Taine's method. He disembarasses himself of the life of the matter, on the ground, I suppose, that psychology is not in the Positivist "Cours," and then having a dead subject under his hand, he proceeds to show his skill with the knife, and disjoints and dismembers it with the skill and *aplomb* of a practised performer.

Flem. I confess the argument seemed to be rather crab-like in its progress. He begins with the theory of "exact imitation," then he qualifies it and denudes it, he pares it and pares it and peels it to the core, till at last "imitation" is found to be not a kernel but a stone.

Ford. Exactly: after showing us that a work of art is first a complete copy, and then that it is not, it becomes a *copy of parts*; again he sees something that pleases him better, it is "*essential character*;" he expatiates on the new beauty, steps back in admiration, and puts his foot on his

* Philosophie de l'Art. Par H. Taine. Paris, 1865.

own model, which, after a while, he carefully pieces, and a few pages further on it is whole again; for he tells us that every school degenerates simply by the neglect of exact imitation. At last he gives us his earthenware pitcher and all its mendings, cracks, and crosses, with as pure a complacency as though it were a crystal vase or golden cup.

Flem. The historical part is the best.

Ford. It affords a good example of the natural antagonism between the instincts and methods of science and art, and in this respect is worth our study. Science seeks a necessity, art celebrates freedom; science makes the earliest include potentially the latest stage of organic life; to art the last is the most essential because there the end is seen. One therefore works incessantly against the free individuality of man, the other for it, for thence its product springs. With M. Taine all is the effect of circumstance, condition, period. Examine the almanac for the season, and the barometer for the state of the atmosphere, and the latent picture is there. M. Taine prophesies backward, and as he only believes in genius when he sees it, and only sees it because it blocks his way, he can never prophesy wrong. The artist is hardly allowed even a temperament, but only a temperature,—he is a “consummation,” but as even in nature the end of the old is always the beginning of the new, half of him at least is lost by this handling. But Art, I say, *individualizes*—that is her instinct. She turns history into drama, that she may show the preponderance of character in the issues of life; and so great is her zeal for the conservation of liberty, and so powerful the spring of it in her bosom, that she has enough wherewithal to endow the passive forms of nature with conscious life. At this point Science may rightly intervene, and so far check the imagination as to restore the choral dance of the elements to a disciplined march. So far, that is, as to claim a logical sequence where there is no inward centre or self-acting power; she may provide a prison of law for winds and waves, and measure the action of frost and fire; but her method must stop at man, for he is not only a foot that advances but a hand that grasps; and what he takes is more than what he inherits, for he reaches to what is higher than himself.

Flem. You are then no believer in development?

Ford. It is only half a truth. With every new function and faculty maturing from beneath, there is something that meets it, is added to it and wrought up with it from above. The fruit a man can reach cannot be studied in the hand of a child; the organ may be, but not the prize. For as the leaf is at last fine-veined and sensitive enough to catch and display the delicate instrumentation of light, and is then transformed; so it is with the mind of man. We know that in his com-

pany after a while the wolf loses his ferocity and becomes almost humane; nor do any pretend that this is pure "development," or that this last step could be accomplished without him; is there then no intercourse for man also that thus attracts while nature impels? If for the affection and fidelity of a dog you do not look downward to the wolf but upward to the man; let us not reverse the method where his own best humanity is in question. Now, his growth being thus two-fold, if you take any product of it, and look for it in a previous stage, what is most vital will have already escaped. For with every step of your analysis something evaporates, an element is lost, a power is disengaged; those that are of air fly into the air for the poet to seize, those that are inanimate remain on the earth for the chemist to analyse. And, as if you look back a little way the flower is wood, and its fairness and fragrance (the only matter that art regards) dispersed, so to go in a work of art from the man to the circumstance is to go not to it but away from it,—it is to seek thought in the spine, and language on the tongues of the dead. Every painter undoubtedly belongs to a group of "painters," and then to a nation, and then to the human race,—for there is no reason to stop,—we are all steeped in humanity, and have its walls about us, and its culture inhabits us; and all old arts are schools of the new; in a word, we are of one family and one race; having said that you have said all; connect us thus, by all means; but do not mistake genealogy for history, nor history for art.

Flem. As far as I can understand it, M. Taine's argument is this. Artists, whether poets or painters, adhere to a certain background or *wall* of circumstance and condition, whence they emerge, as figures in a relief, in individual form. You note their features and demeanour, you study their distinguishing traits; you observe in some a happy grace, in others a decisive purpose, in a few a lofty earnestness, and you are moved to sympathy and wonder. When you wish to know more, when you ask what is the secret of their power, and how the peculiarity or genius of each character is best to be studied—"Look at the *wall*," says M. Taine.

Ford. It is interesting to observe the positive *taste*, and we have a capital instance of it in his "Voyage en Italie." It is as you may suppose for "solids" and "substantials." The senses overlook what the intellect ignores. M. Taine examines the master-pieces of Raphael and Titian, as a slave-owner looks at a slave;—to see the joints are well-knit, the flesh well-fed, and the organs sound—to praise here a huge shoulder, and there a brawny chest. "Vous intéressez vous au gonflement des muscles, qui soulèvent une épaule et par contrecoup arc-boutent le tronc sur la cuisse opposée?" If not, you have no interest

in Italian art, for he adds :—"c'est dans cette enceinte fermée et limitée que les grands artistes de ce temps-là ont pensé, et Raphael se trouve au centre."* He likes to see the signs of good condition; the hero or martyr must be "bien portant;" he must have "tout ce qui constitue en l'homme le coureur et l'athlète." "Plain living and high thinking," such as Orcagna's, for instance, are not to his mind. He calls his angels and demons, "figures de papier découpé." †

Flem. Can a man so keen-sighted be so coarse?

Ford. Why not? The eye that can detect a wrinkle is often blind to a grace. He looks steadfastly at *the wall*. He finds in the lawlessness of street-fights and midnight brawls, in the ruffianism of the Borgia himself, the true inspiration of art. Read this, "César Borgia, ayant pris je ne sais plus quelle ville du royaume de Naples . . ." down to "Toute la peinture Italienne roule sur cette idée; elle a retrouvé le corps nu." ‡

Flem. Why were they not all sculptors, then?

Ford. True: still the writing is admirable; in a style which is sometimes graceful and sometimes grotesque, never tedious; a style which the ignorance of a *savant* renders amusing, and the animation of an egotist gay, which has all the naïveté of unconscious vulgarity, and all the gusto of a heathen among Christian images. One might complain of a certain effrontery, if it were not apparent that it is rather a literary voluptuousness than a sensual relish that makes "la belle vie corporelle," so prominent in his pages. He uses the glowing flesh-tints for the style. There is verve in "la charpente humaine . . . avec le froissement et le craquement de ses jointure mouventes." There is blandness and suavity in the "beau corps, nu ou drapé, qui lève une jambe ou un bras," through the pages, and lends to them its "volupté," its "magnificence," its "nudités lumineuses." It is only when taken in earnest, and supposed to relate to the matter in hand, that such criticism revolts.

FRANKLIN LEIFCHILD.

(To be continued.)

* Voyage en Italie, tome i. p. 227.

† Ib., tome ii. p. 95.

‡ Ib., tome i. p. 226.

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER
OF
"A PAINTER'S CAMP."*

By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, ESQ.

A HUNDRED times, when driving over the bridge of St Andoche, at Autun, I had looked with longing on the beautiful river which above the bridge spreads into a long, smooth pool, that reflects the Roman wall, but below ripples over pebbly shallows. In the fine summer weather how tempting was the idea of exploring the unknown stream! But then it always became shallower and shallower in that pleasant weather, and a boat voyage seemed least possible precisely at the time when it would have been most agreeable. There were times, it is true, when a boat would have sped swiftly to the far Loire, when the river rolled yellow, and opaque, and deep, under grey wintry skies; but the rain that increased the volume of water chilled the earth and the air, and gave little hope of fruitful study or delightful travel. From all that I could learn, too, by talking with the people, the river was not at all an easy one to navigate; there were many fords, covered in summer with only an inch or two of water, and for many miles the stream passed through a rocky soil, so that its course was strewn with

* The new edition of "A Painter's Camp" appeared too early last year to include the following pages, which are a part of the story. [In this second edition, Mr Hamerton has revised and re-arranged the whole of the narrative portion of his work, and has added sketches of his more recent artist-life in France. The whole of the technical and critical chapters have been

omitted. At another time they may be re-published by themselves. We need not recommend Mr Hamerton's book, since all readers have recognized and appreciated his graphic power and humour; nor could we recommend it more forcibly than by inserting here this "additional chapter."—ED. F. A. Q. R.]

boulders, some of them of great size, producing all the phenomena of rapids, eddies, dangerously quick turns, and miniature cascades. The French are not enthusiastic about boating, and though they have of late years taken to rowing and sailing more or less on waters that seem quite favourable to those amusements, they have not yet risen to the higher conception of the desirableness of difficulty. A good horseman does not care to be always trotting on a turnpike road; he prefers a gallop after a fox through fields and over hedges; in like manner a genuine lover of boating is rather pleased than otherwise at the prospect of an intricate rapid, where all his powers of care and observation, and all his art of steering, are sure to be fully exercised. But the French, I repeat, are not up to this point yet, so they do not attempt to navigate such a river as the Arroux, and hence their opinions about the practicability of such expeditions merit very little attention. I made a preliminary descent of about fourteen miles in a small coracle made of wicker-work, covered with painted canvas, but this did not lead me to the rocks and rapids, which began a mile or two lower down, so these were still unknown to me. Everybody said that I should never be able to get through them without being wrecked, but I had long since found out that if you believe what people say, you are doomed either to total inaction, or to do only accustomed things which have no freshness of interest. So, one day in July, 1866, I determined to start on a voyage of exploration. An English landscape painter was staying with me on his way to Switzerland, so that I had the great advantage of a companion (his modesty prevents me from giving his name); but as a name of some sort is necessary in all narratives of human enterprise, I will call him Burley. We took with us an Edgington porch tent, and the necessary materials for camp life; but as these materials weighed altogether a good deal, and as my boat was only a pair-oar gig, we did not take any one with us to do the rough work, an omission which, however necessary, we afterwards found reason to regret. My boat had been at Autun to be repaired, and especially to have a leak stopped, but the weather had been hot, and as soon as ever the boat floated the water rushed in as abundantly as ever. Seeing this, we hauled her on the green shore, and I left Burley in charge of the baggage, whilst I went into the town to buy some pitch and a brush and a small pan. I soon made a fire of charcoal, and stuck a few bits of pitched canvas on the worst leaks, when we took everything on board, and started. On looking back to a day of this kind, it always seems unaccountable how so many hours could have been absorbed in doing so little, but several small matters of detail, besides the leaks, had occurred to retard us, and we did not finally get away

till eight in the evening. At this point we may excusably interrupt our narrative to make a practical observation. Before undertaking any expedition which is to last for several days or weeks, it is a wise precaution to make an experimental start, taking with you all you would require for the real journey, but staying out just one night so as to find out whether anything has been neglected or omitted. In this case we had made an important omission—our beds. We had taken the trouble, before leaving home, to make two new hammocks, such as I used nine years ago in Lancashire, and though I had put them where I thought they could not possibly be missed, the servant who put the things into the cart had somehow managed to overlook them. We were already under way, when it occurred to me that I had not observed these articles of luxury on loading the boat, and as the last ironical cheers came from the little boys on the shore, I arrived at the conclusion that we should have to sleep on the ground. Burley was a little disconcerted at the announcement of this mishap, but he did not, owing to inexperience of camp-life, fully realize the wide difference between hammocks and hard earth.

The boat was heavily laden, and I thought, with some apprehension, that so much luggage would materially increase the difficulties of steering. Our first shallows were happily passed with a slight grating of the keel, and we floated westwards with a glorious red sky before us, and far hills of ultramarine. The shores became darker and darker, but the smooth water of the calm reaches continually reflected that persistent crimson, and that deep, enduring blue. Under the influences of the silent, insensible motion, and the rich colouring of the sky and landscape, which ever reflected themselves in an endless succession of long, calm pools, divided only by little silvery shallows and low, reedy islets, we began to meditate on the difference between such travelling as this and the pleasures of a railway carriage or a diligence. There is a certain condition of mind, brought on by such voyaging, and by nothing else that I know of in the world, not easily described so as to be intelligible to those who have never experienced it, but having a singular charm for all who know it well. Life presents itself under new aspects; its hard problems cease to fret and frighten us; the past mingles its events in a remote romance, and our saddest thoughts are sweet. The dull prose of existence has all turned to poetry, and a gentle intoxication, which no wine or drug can rival, enables us to remember misfortunes without being miserable, and enjoy a tranquillity so perfect that no past vexation can disturb it. As the beautiful shores glide by in the twilight, an endless series of suggestions come somehow into the enchanted brain, a thousand pictures that never will be painted,

and wiser and better thoughts than we shall ever know how to write.

All this quiet dreaming, the most exquisite charm of travel, the slaves of hurry lose. The best thing in travel is its gentle stimulation of the faculties which perceive and think ; but once push this stimulation to excitement, and the healthy pleasure dies. To see and enjoy nature quite perfectly, the mind must not be in the least upon the stretch ; new objects must not be presented to it too fast ; there must be no fatigue of the artistic senses. Above all, there must be no discordant companionship. A prosy fellow-traveller who has no artistic perceptions will prevent your own from acting, and make you for the time as dull and prosy as himself. And the idea of *getting anywhere* must be abolished. Burley and I were not travelling to get anywhere, but simply to travel, no matter how slowly. When we felt tired we would set up our tent and sleep, but as to the place of our encampment we had not the remotest idea of where it would be. We were still floating quietly, long after the last flush of red had died away from the western sky, long after the moon had risen. It was not a brilliant moonlight, yet bright enough to see tolerably well, and it gave us good help in one or two difficult places where we had to hit narrow channels. At last we came to a long reach of stony shallows, and there was nothing for it but to wade by the side of the boat and hold her as we best could, often in a strong current ; and as the depth was by no means regular, we sometimes got deeper into the water than was altogether desirable. When a long boat happens to get broadside on against a swift stream a wading man can hardly resist her, and Burley was several times very nearly thrown down. We agreed, too, that daylight was better than moonlight for voyages of this nature, and resolved to pitch the tent without going very much farther. Our most difficult place was a fence of rude wicker-work that entirely crossed the stream, but I remembered a corner where I had got over it in the coracle, and now made the attempt successfully in the same place. We encamped about midnight in a pasture with a beach of smooth sand. I had a good floor-cloth to the tent, and we slept on this, each in a railway rug.

It is a peculiarity of Burley's nature that he delights in drinking cold water, and, like all true water-drinkers, likes to have his beverage as clean and pure as possible. It was rather amusing to observe how soon this dainty taste of his gave way to hard necessity, so that the river water which he would not have touched at home became now his hourly drink. It was less objectionable, however, for bathing purposes, and the first thing we did in the early morning was to have a good long

swim in the pleasant pool close to the tent. After breakfast Burley set to work at a water-colour study, but I set off to find the high road, trusting to the chance of a conveyance which would take me to Autun, where I might hire another to fetch the hammocks. In this part of France a driver who has a seat to spare seldom omits offering it to some pedestrian, and as soon as I heard a quickly-trotting horse behind me, and having looked back had seen that the driver was alone, I felt sure of my place. I reached home early in the day, and returned to the camp in time to resume the voyage in the evening. We floated down the river for a mile or two, and then found a clear trout stream that joined it, and which so delighted Burley that we had to go into it and fill all our empty bottles with its purer water. The quantities he drank here were prodigious, and indeed it was not easy to get him away from the place.

After a good deal more wading over stony shallows, but no absolute stoppage of the boat itself, we came to a long deep reach, on the shores of which we decided to encamp. The tent was only just erected when a great thunder-storm came on. We were comfortable enough inside, but the lightning was so vivid and frequent that I began to have some apprehension for our safety. The three poles of the tent were surmounted by short rods of iron, and it seemed not impossible that the lightning might strike one of these and involve us in danger during its passage to the earth. Another view seemed more accurate afterwards; but this first impression determined both of us to go into the rain and wait out the thunder-storm in the open field. This at least gave us the opportunity of thoroughly enjoying the most magnificent storm we had either of us ever seen in our lives. It followed the course of the river, ascending it from the Loire to Autun, and afterwards, when we thought all was over, returned by the way it came, and gave us a repetition of its splendours. We had both been accustomed to consider thunder-storms rather as a sublime pleasure than a reason for fear, but this time we thoroughly felt that our lives were in danger. Just when the storm in its upward course was exactly over our heads, a blinding flash of forked lightning struck the earth a few yards to the front of us. As this seemed unpleasantly near we turned to change our position, when another bolt fell in the very place we had intended to occupy, and on our abandoning that a third warned us that another place was no safer. So we remained where we were, on the open field, lying down, and of course at some distance from any trees, and then we got into a little hollow, and, though wet to the skin, made ourselves tolerably warm. A calculation, on certain data, gave the number of flashes of lightning we saw that night at more than forty thousand. A very large propor-

tion of these were forked, and the thunder was loud and unceasing. Two men were killed a little farther down the river, and though we did not know this at the time, we felt very sure that such a storm could not have passed without leaving victims on its path. I had no notion before of the infinite variety of forms lightning can take, and my companion and myself found a new interest in observing them. The most remarkable were like tangled knots of fiery thread thrown suddenly on the dark clouds, and vividly illuminated in every loop and curve for what seemed a long time, as if the thread had to be burnt out. The landscape was continually alternating from a light as clear as noon-day to the blackness of a winter night; and the endless roar of the reverberating thunder tired the ears, as much as the alternations of light and darkness dazzled and wearied the eyes.

I have an old theory that so long as you are perfectly warm you may be as wet as possible without danger, but that as soon as ever you feel the slightest chill it is very dangerous indeed to be wet. In accordance with this belief I had remained out for several hours, but at last began to feel the warning chill, and at once determined to take the chance of being killed by lightning in the tent, rather than the certainty of incurring an illness by remaining any longer outside of it. So we returned to the tent and rubbed ourselves well with dry towels and completely clothed ourselves in dry things, after which we made some hot tea, and were very comfortable. The storm continued, however, and a rim of electric fire seemed to flash perpetually round the edges of the tent; but to console Burley and myself I advanced the theory that since the tent was now thoroughly wetted outside it had become a conductor, and since the poles inside remained dry wood, they were non-conductors; consequently if the lightning struck the bits of iron rod at the tops of them, it would be likely to follow the wet slope of the outer tent to the iron pegs in the ground, and there bury itself without injuring us. I even persuaded myself that it was safer to be inside the tent than outside, a theory which I leave to electricians, merely observing that when you have been four hours out in a thunder-storm and want to go to sleep, the theory which seems best to you is that which allows you a dry shelter and a comfortable hammock.

At last came a lull, and the moon shone, and we went out to see the beauty of the night. Something mysterious seemed to move in our direction, a white glimmering; shortly it resolved itself into a body of men marching like soldiers, three abreast, towards the tent. As they came nearer we perceived that they were strong muscular fellows, with bare arms and legs, and indeed little other costume than bathing drawers and a close-fitting, sleeveless shirt. Each man carried a pole

sloped on his shoulder, and at the top of each pole hung a large fishing-net. As they passed close to us in silent, steady march, I asked them if they had any fish, and expressed a wish to buy some, hoping to establish friendly relations with a set of fellows who were strong enough, if so disposed, to take everything of any value we had about us. Their answer was briefly negative, and they did not pause for an instant in their regular, monotonous march. Even the tent did not excite curiosity enough to make them ask one question; they just glanced at it as they would at a stone or a tree, and passed away till their dull tread became inaudible, and their white figures a distant gleam in the moonlight. Perhaps they did not care to let us see their nets, whose meshes may have been smaller than the law permits.

When we awoke in the morning we were in a new and violent thunder-storm, with hailstones as big as hazel-nuts pattering on the (fortunately) stout canvas of the tent, and a constant rim of bright electric fire round the edge of it. The intense heat of the day before had broken in thunder, and now we had the prospect of nothing but bad weather. So we made ourselves as comfortable as we could, and applied ourselves to the duties of house-keeping. We had left home in some haste, and, being anxious to avoid all useless weight, had brought as few boxes as possible, so that many things had been put into corners and crannies of the boat in a rude, disorderly manner. We had not even a table, but used the boat's stretchers for that purpose, putting them on a camp-stool. For seats I had trusted to our portmanteaus, but after this expedition I thought with regret of the comforts of my camp in the Highlands, where I had a chair with a back to it, and a strong little table with legs. No one can rest well on a seat without a back, and when a table is so low that you have to bend over it, it is a cause of constant fatigue. The work of camp-life is laborious, the mere removals are tiring, and a wise traveller will take care to have with him such furniture as will at least ensure him rest in his idle hours. The purposes of order would also be effectually promoted by having a set of boxes minutely subdivided inside, so as to have a definite place for every little thing, and the name of every object ought to be legibly painted at the bottom of its own nest.

Burley and I projected many improvements in tents, but I fear no tent can ever be so comfortable as a good hut. Even in my large painting tent, which is like a canvas hut, the walls flap so continually in windy weather that a wearisome effect is produced on the nervous system, something like that caused by the vibration of a steamboat. Since I have made experiments with a waterproof French paper called

the *Carton Ruolz*,* a stout paper, painted on both sides, with some peroxyde mixed with a silicate, and which resists water as well as a sheet of zinc, I believe the best thing for encamping would be a hut made of this paper nailed to light, stretching frames. An ordinary tent does well enough to sleep in, but it is dreary on a wet day, and as a window cannot well be fixed in its sloping roof, a painter kept inside by the rain is likely to lose time which might be profitably employed in study.

With all this rain and hail the river rose. A turbid flood rolled past the tent, the stones we had steered between yesterday were invisible to-day. So we had gained at least one good result from the change of weather, we could pass the shallows without wading, and without the still graver, and yesterday very possible, inconvenience of having to empty the whole boat, and carry tent and everything for hundreds of yards over rough ground. In the afternoon it became fair, but we decided not to go any farther that day, so we got some artistic work done, and I set off in search of materials for a dinner. I made friends with a decent woman in a village, and got her to interest herself in the matter of our supplies. She bought a duck for me, and cut its head off, and gathered me peas in her garden, and sold me some potatoes, and a bottle of excellent wine, true Burgundy, though from some vineyard of no celebrity. I carried these materials in triumph to Burley, and tried to pluck the duck, but as that took too much trouble, and indeed seemed almost impossible, I resorted to the simpler method of skinning him. Burley gave me a great deal of advice about cooking, but I fancy he knew as little about it as I did. I have the honour of being on friendly terms with a cultivated French lady who once wrote, in English, a capital little cookery book, entitled "*Cookery for English Households*," and she has kindly promised to give me a copy of this, with a mark against every dish which may be easily cooked in camp. Whether I shall ever become a true culinary artist seems doubtful,—little charcoal fires are lighted easily enough, but another fire is wanting in artistic cookery, the sacred flame of a true vocation. Everybody has his speciality,—one man is born to cook nice dishes, and another to eat them; the latter, I imagine, is what I am best qualified for.

However, the dinner was very tolerable, and it fortified us for next day's work. Though rainy in the morning, the weather cleared enough in the afternoon to let us start with a fair prospect of a pleasant voyage. The flooded river carried us clear of a broad shallow that I had dreaded all along, and with careful steering we arrived at the village of Lezy, a

* Sold by Guicestre et Cie., Rue d'Enghien, 8, Paris.

very picturesque place where I had bought the duck. A second appeal to the good woman produced equally happy results, and by her active intervention in the village we procured abundant supplies. I have just said that the place was picturesque; there are rocky bits near the river with cottages on them so exceedingly like the Highlands of Scotland, that if the character of the hills behind them were more Scottish, it would be easy to believe oneself there. Nothing better in the way of material for etchings could be imagined. Massive, water-worn rocks, cottages, with roofs of irregular thatch, pierced with dormer windows, and close under the shelter of groups of magnificent ash or chestnut, picturesque farm implements lying about, and great oxen, yoked, awaiting the master; all these materials constantly re-composing in new arrangements as we glided by on the rapid flood, made us wish to land there, and stay there many days.

But we had a difficult place before us, to be passed before nightfall. A mile beyond Lezy stands a great ruined castle called Chaseux, and a little beyond the ruin the river narrows and rushes over and between a quantity of immense boulders, some of them as big as a large room. The reader will remember that the boat was heavily laden, and that I had some doubts as to whether it would be possible to retain command over her in a strong current amongst breakers. The fishermen on the river had just told us that we could not hope to pass this place, so we landed and went to reconnoitre. The flooded river poured all its volume of water into a narrow space, where it was met and subdivided by great rocks; it was evident, too, that there were plenty of stones only just concealed, and these were the worst of all. However, it seemed possible to get through, and we resolved to try. I put the boat stern foremost, and tried to diminish the rapidity of her motion by rowing against the stream. I had two pairs of sculls on board, and one pair of sweeps. I took the sculls first, but broke three of them in attempting to keep the boat off a sunken rock; then I took to the sweeps, and used them as sculls, and very awkward, cumbersome sculls they make. I had intended to aim at a certain channel, but owing to these accidents could not get into it; then I had to try for the other and succeeded, Burley being of great use as man on the look-out. Once fairly through, without other mishaps than the loss of three sculls, we congratulated ourselves on the acquisition of one fact, that it would be possible, with very strong sculls, and by rowing hard against the stream, to go down very difficult places safely, stern first. Next morning we reduced the length of the sweeps, and made them into manageable though still very cumbersome sculls. At all events, there was no fear of breaking *them*.

Chaseux is rather an extensive ruin, with several low towers. It was inhabited still during the last century, and Madame de Sevigné lived there with Bussy Rabutin. Not in itself a picture, Chaseux may still be valuable to a painter as a suggestion of pictures. The rocky river near it, the abandoned towers, some good groups of trees, and the rich, hilly landscape behind, leave many pleasant impressions; but my friend Burley, who works on the principles of topography, found it unavailable for his purpose. That is why I think it rather a misfortune for an artist to devote himself to strict topography; there is so much in nature that is eminently suggestive, yet quite uninteresting if literally copied.

We stayed two nights near Chaseux, but the principal hill of these regions, the Beuvray, remained always covered with clouds, and it rained almost without ceasing. A gleam of fair weather tempted us to continue our journey, and we shortly came to a difficult pass between some rocks, which we got through successfully, thanks to the strong oars. Then the rain came in good earnest, and we got wet through, but held on through other rocky passages to the village of Etang, a very picturesque place, where we stopped to buy provisions, and returned to the boat in high glee, wet to the skin, but carrying raw meat and bread, whilst a market-gardener brought us a basket of vegetables.

After Etang the rocky passages became more numerous, but we always got through them safely, and though the boat was an open one, she shipped very little water in the boiling yellow waves. No doubt a flood makes a river seem more angry and torrent-like, but it wonderfully diminishes the danger of the rocky shallows, except perhaps in one respect, that it hides in opaque muddy water the heads of many stones which would be more easily avoided if they were better seen. On the whole, we were glad of the flood, and floated merrily enough on its rapid surface, in spite of the endless pelting of the rain. We had ceased to fear the difficulties of rapids, but a more serious obstacle met us in a great mill-weir. After surveying it very carefully, Burley suggested that we might possibly be able to shoot it at a particular little spot between two bushes, where the water seemed deeper than anywhere else, and where there was just breadth enough for the boat to pass. Had she been less heavily laden I should have had no fear, but knowing the weight in her, and the strong momentum of such a weight at a high speed, I knew that if she struck, her thin planks would break like tissue paper. However, we determined to risk it. Putting her, as usual, stern first, I got her into a place from which the current must take her between the two bushes. There was a moment's pause till it seized her, then a darting, sudden swiftness, a whipping of green leaves in our

faces, a leap, a splash, and we were over the mill-weir and safe in the bubbling water beyond it.

Just then, to make us both miserable, for it was too wet to think of drawing anything, we passed some of the most wonderful cottages, with long irregular slopes of moss-covered rock down to the water's edge. They were even better than what we had seen near Lézy, and not inferior to the best groups of rock and cottage in Argyllshire itself.

And soon after we passed through miles of such rich woodland that Burley was obliged to admit, a little against his will, that the Arroux was as beautiful as the Wharfe. Long, tranquil reaches, shaded by rich full-foliaged trees like the noble woods of Bolton, made us happy with their loveliness even in the tiresome rain. At length we came to an open space of wild land with gorse on it, and pitched our tent there. It was a pleasant little valley bounded by steep hills.

The worst of our present position was that we had scarcely any dry clothes. It had become very cold, too, so our bedding, which consisted of a horse-cloth and a railway rug, was not enough to keep us warm. In the first division of matters I had given the horse-cloth to my guest as the better covering, and contented myself with the rug, but I now eagerly desired a needle and thread to sew my rug into a sack, which I well knew would afford me three times as much heat as it ever could loose. Happily Burley had a complete sewing apparatus, so we both sat down in the tent and stitched away till our sacks were made. We presented that evening quite a domestic picture as we sewed patiently by candle-light.

The sacks, no doubt, were an immense improvement. A sack is a necessity in camp life, because abundant bed-clothes are too heavy and bulky for carriage. Hammocks, too, are capital things, but ours had the defect of being made of canvas which was too weak, so that they gradually yielded and yielded, and we came to touch the ground long before morning. We fastened them to pegs in the earth, but a hammock with a man upon it drags so strongly that we were obliged to replace the pegs by stakes, and the stakes (which had supported the ends of the hammocks) by ingenious combinations of the broken skulls. At last I took the oars and tied them longitudinally one on each side of me to keep the hammock better stretched, and after that, though I subsided considerably between the oars, I no longer came to the ground. Burley, however, never reached this degree of comfort, though he spent hours in ingenious contrivances. His great triumph was to have succeeded, as he flattered himself, in constructing a four-post bed, but his four-poster never would stand up longer than a quarter of an hour, and

he passed his nights in grumbling lamentations on the hardships of his lot.

Another great feat of Burley's was an indescribable dish composed of mutton-chops, calf's liver, peas, potatoes, French beans, lettuce, maccaroni, and an egg! He boldly put all these materials on the fire at the same time in a pan with some water, and then blew away with the bellows till he pronounced his dish sufficiently cooked. We were so hungry that we ate a great deal of it, but the day after I induced my companion to omit several of the ingredients, and the dish gained in flavour as it did in simplicity. The most original use that Burley made of our maccaroni was to select a piece for a tobacco pipe, which he smoked after dinner with great solemnity. He was not a smoker, but, having heard me laud the solace of a pipe, determined to try if it would augment his happiness.

When we awoke in this place the edge of the tent was surrounded, not with electric fire, but with the snouts of pigs. Hideous and huge black pigs they were, guarded by a girl that stood there all day in the rain patiently keeping them out of the corn. I made the acquaintance of this young woman, and she took all our wet clothes to a cottage a mile off (a very heavy bundle) and dried them there, and came back with them next morning, and would not accept one penny.

We were visited by people from the nearest village, and I heard them saying that we dwelt in the tent because of our extreme poverty. They took us for paupers; "*c'est de la misère*," they said. It is very curious how differently common people are affected by the same sum laid out in different ways. If the cost of the boat and tent had been laid out in a pony carriage we should have been considered rich. The tent was by the best maker in England, and the boat by the best builder in France,—the effect on the popular mind was abject wretchedness. No expenditure helps position so much as money spent on carriages; none weakens it so much as money spent on tents.

Little space is left to me to describe the ever-increasing beauty of the scenery as we descended the river. The farther it flowed the wider the Arroux grew. At Autun the Arroux is a lowland river, winding between banks of yielding gravel; thirty miles lower it is a mountain stream, rushing over polished rocks. The usual history of a river is here reversed,—the wild time of the Arroux is not in its youth, which is tranquil, but in its middle life, which is full of passion and variety. After passing through many a boiling surge and round many a promontory of long-resisting rock, tossed on sharp waves, taken out of our course by strong eddies, and in general treated much as a brooklet treats a floating bit of stick, we came to a great, wide, smooth place before a

mill-weir, and had to stop there all night. This weir baffled us, and we had to take the boat, for the first time, out of the water. Finally we arrived at Toulon, a very picturesque little town indeed, and our destination.

It was time for us to return to civilization. The incessant hard work, irregular meals, exposure to rain, and (especially) the discomfort of our seats and beds, had tired us both out. The last day Burley could hardly fold the tent, but dropped down on it laughing at his own weariness. A curious sign of exhaustion was that when we began to laugh we could not stop, but went on till we were quite ill with it.

At Toulon we found an excellent dinner at an inn kept by a M. Bruchon, who has an immense reputation in the country as a cook, and wonderfully did we appreciate it. It seemed so strangely luxurious to drink out of glasses, to have porcelain plates, and to have our dinner cooked for us, and even somebody to wait upon us, whilst we had nothing to do but eat! They gave us a double-bedded room, which seemed almost illimitable after the tent, and it was an especially agreeable sensation to be able to walk erect all over the polished floor, instead of only just in the middle round a tent pole.

The purpose of our expedition, which was the illustration of the Arroux, was not accomplished, the wretched weather, and the continual labour thrown upon both of us for want of servants, had prevented us from doing more than a few slight sketches. No travelling is pleasanter than travelling with a tent, but if you are to do anything in the way of artistic labour at the same time, you must have servants, and make such arrangements for your own comfort that you may avoid all extreme fatigue. The mere daily work of the camp is a great labour, and fully enough of itself to occupy two men. Then, of course, if you have servants you require a second tent, and my boat would not have carried it and them. On what is called a navigable river it is easy to carry all the material of a complete camp; on such a river as the Arroux it would be necessary to divide it amongst several light boats or canoes. It is as well to remember that a camp requires as much daily labour as a house, rather more in one respect, when there are frequent, perhaps even daily, removals. A rich man might have a very perfect camp, but I think he would lose much of the privacy and solitude which, for Burley and me, constituted one of the great delights of the expedition. If I had brought my three tents with me and two or three men, with other boats, we might have been more comfortable materially, but much of the charm of our little voyage would have been lost to us.

THE MISSES BERTOLACCI'S PHOTOGRAPHS
AFTER TURNER'S WORKS.*

It is a hopeful sign of the progress which real Art-study and knowledge are making in this country, that reproductions of Turner's Works, whether by engraving or photography, meet with a sale which is not slow and inconstant. His own Etchings command fabulous prices; good impressions of the numberless plates, engraved from his sketches in the earlier part of his career, are eagerly sought for, and not easy to procure; the "Turner Gallery" has not fallen in value, though the plates have been used since in the Art-Journal; Messrs Cundall issued two Series of Photographs from the drawings which form part of the treasures of the nation, in the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum; there is another set of photographs from slighter sketches, published since; and now the Misses Bertolacci, under the guidance of Turner's most earnest and eloquent interpreter, have brought out these photographic reproductions of engravings after the grandest of all the works, which he executed in his best time, and in his noblest style.

Engravings and photographs of the works of historical painters are valuable chiefly for the studies they afford in composition and drawing. But with the works of landscape painters, generally, such reproductions are little more than *memoranda* of modes of treatment, and management of difficulties in representing actual scenery, because they lack colour. With Turner,—and the fact must be carefully noted,—the case is altogether different. No artist's works are engraved so well. Divested of their gorgeous colouring, even his most astounding latest pictures command the admiration of all. And the cause of this perhaps singular

* "England and Wales," by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. A series of Photographic Reproductions; in Six Parts, of Sixteen Subjects each. By C. C. and M. E. Bertolacci.

"Richmondshire," by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The twenty Subjects Photographically reproduced, by C. C. and M. E. Bertolacci.

fact is, that Turner's strength lay in his profound understanding of the value and properties of *light* in landscape. Beneath all those bewildering hues, lies the most subtle and refined *chiaroscuro*. The photographer—and still more, the engraver (and Turner has been fortunate in his engravers)—seizes upon this; and from his elaborately finished works, they have given us what stand in the same relation to them (though following instead of preceding) as those precious Drawings of the Great Masters of former times, which the true connoisseur esteems as of far higher price than the pictures themselves.

This differs from the judgment pronounced by the critic, who has done more than any other, to make Turner understood. But facts are with us. Turner, misunderstood and even scoffed at, in his paintings, is felt, appreciated, gloried in, when presented in the irresistible force of mere light and shadow. In this field, every observer is a critic; and the general judgment is that of the common sense of men. For "*landscape*" is the branch of the art of painting which, though it was the last in order of development in time, is that which appeals to every class and every age; which delights both the vulgar and the refined; and which when carried to the height which Turner reached, is then most of all apprehended by those, whatever they may be, whose perception has been educated by the observation of facts. Common-place in historical painting, and in portraiture, receives the applause of the multitude; whilst master-pieces are comparatively neglected or despised. But with "*landscape*" it is different; the more deeply the painter has felt his subject, and the more truthfully he has represented what he felt, the more certain he is to obtain a wide appreciation. And in Turner's landscapes, so deeply are his subjects felt, and so truthfully are his feelings rendered, that with the many he is most impressive when stripped of "his coat of many colours," the glory of which, perhaps, only a select and sacred few are able steadily and intelligently to look upon.

The engravings of Turner's "England and Wales," costly at first, have become quite inaccessible to the numbers who now cultivate the knowledge of art. It was, therefore, both a happy and a praiseworthy thought of the Misses Bertolacci, to reproduce them thus, photographically. Though considerably reduced in size, not a detail, however minute, is lost; whilst the reduction, by bringing the great features of each composition so far together, that the eye can take in the whole at one glance, subserves incidentally, but most effectively, a means of specially artistic education. And by the help of a magnifier of sufficient diameter, each photograph can be extended to the size of the original engraving.

It is impossible to praise the execution of these photographs too highly. They are taken from selected proofs, and Mr Ruskin has advised and assisted throughout. In most instances the photograph is as sharp and precise as the original print; but in some, the finer work of the background is most artistically (whether by accident, or design, and we believe the latter), "out of focus" in some infinitesimally small degree, which gives to all that part of the subject, exactly the quality and delicacy of a drawing.

Whatever we have said of the "England and Wales," applies equally to the "Richmondshire." We do not enter into detailed remarks upon the plates, because they must be well known already to most of our readers. But to those who do not possess the originals, we can heartily recommend these reproductions of them; and we hope that the Misses Bertolacci may be encouraged to continue the photographs of the best engraved works of our greatest landscape painter, which they have so worthily begun.



THE CHROMOLITHOGRAPH OF LEONARDO'S "LAST SUPPER."



AMONGST the lost treasures of art, which the whole world deploras, one of the greatest is the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. We can speak with the more feeling of this, because there still remain vestiges sufficient to enable us to judge what the perfect work was. And we can judge all the more truly, as more than one copy, executed when the original was first completed, by the master's own scholars, and almost under his eye, is to be seen in this and other countries; and because we possess not a few of the original studies for it. We call it "lost," and yet it has long been one of our best-known sacred compositions,—for the superb engraving by Raphael Morghen, and the innumerable

copies from it, have made every one familiar with it.* Only, every one who has looked upon the ruins in the Refectory of S. Maria delle Grazie, at Milan, has felt, in a way that no words could express, that the power and the charm of that wonderful painting were not to be found in the familiar engravings; and that to enter into the whole meaning of its consummate author, colour, as well as contour and composition, was required in any representation of his work.

It was, therefore, a most praiseworthy attempt by Mr Selous, to reproduce the picture in an elaborately studied and most carefully executed painting, of the same size as the original, and in all the vivid colouring of Leonardo's original work. And still more praiseworthy do we regard this attempt, by means of Chromo-lithography, to reproduce Mr Selous' painting, in such a size, and at such a price, as to enable all who can indulge themselves thus, to possess the best representation of this grand picture which has yet appeared.

Before offering any further remarks on the Chromolithograph, we would mention a tiny pamphlet, which is given with each copy, and contains "Notices of the Life and Works of Leonardo da Vinci; with an Analysis and Anecdotes of his greatest work, the Last Supper." It is said to have been written by the late Alaric A. Watts; and it is a very fair and very compendious little work, answering honestly to its title. What errors or omissions we have noted are to be ascribed to the fact, that very few have devoted themselves to the study of Leonardo's life and works; and, therefore, the most precious corrections of ancient mistakes exist only in MS. or in the memories of special students. The "analysis" of the picture, and the account of the "copies" of the original, distinguish our miniature brochure very honourably from most of the pretentious and empty things, which are generally published on such occasions.

But as we wish to make this notice a vehicle for some new information, we would correct the list of names of the apostles, as they are given by Mr Watts. And we are happily able to do so, on the authority of Leonardo himself. There exists in the collection of drawings at Venice an early study of Leonardo's for his great work.† We

* Amongst other very "familiar" reproductions of the "Last Supper" may be mentioned two small plaster bas-reliefs, which have been sold in great numbers; and a very excellent woodcut, after Raphael Morghen's print, and of the same size, which can be procured at a small cost from the proprietors of the Art-Journal. These

are clear indications of the popular estimation of this subject. But two others may be mentioned; it was produced as a pattern for Berlin-wool work,—we have seen it, as a bas-relief, in *cast iron*, for the back of a stove!

† The accompanying fac-simile is executed from a photograph by Perini. Va-

cannot call it the first, for that seems to be in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle. It has been ascribed by the curators to the "Scuola di L. da Vinci," though his own handwriting on it, if not his unmistakable manner, might have prevented such a false attribution. Two-thirds of the length of the table are sketched along the upper part of the paper, and the remaining third (that to the left) is inserted below. It is of the greatest possible interest in relation to Leonardo, for it reveals some of the working of his mind, as he was preparing his *chef-d'œuvre*: and he has written the names of nine of the apostles over them. He had at first, as it appears, selected the moment when Our Lord designated his betrayer, by giving to Judas "the sop, when he had dipped it." And the apostles are represented as giving way to every possible expression of indignation and unbelief. But as the sacred narrative shows very clearly that no such notice was taken of the act, Leonardo wisely changed the point of time to the declaration that "one of them" should betray him. It is very noteworthy that in this sketch Judas is, in conformity with the conventions of the time, seated on the hither side of the table; a convention which Leonardo did not feel at liberty entirely to neglect in his finished work; for he has, by making St Peter lean over him to speak to St John, forced Judas so forward, that he is thrown quite out of the regular line, and occupies very nearly the place which was assigned him in this first sketch. St Peter appears in it on the left of Christ, and on the right is St John, who has thrown himself on the table in an agony of woe. Only one figure is the same in the sketch as in the picture, the second from the right-hand end of the table, named by Leonardo *Simone*. It need not be said that the grouping of the figures not only differs from that of the picture, but is infinitely inferior to it.

We are compelled to compare the heads of the sketch with those of the picture, and to allow for an after-thought of Leonardo; for after he had placed St Philip on the right hand of his Master, he altered his mind and assigned him a place on the left. But the result we have arrived at is this—that the apostles are arranged in the following order, as they *appear*, commencing at the left hand: Andrew, Philip, Bartholomew, Judas, Peter, John; Thomas, James the Elder, James the Less, Thaddeus, Simon, Matthew. In different works, every possible difference of arrangement may be found; we present this as Leonardo's own.

Returning now to the Chromolithograph, we would observe that it is perhaps the finest hitherto executed in the "historical" style. It is difficult to believe that it is not a skilfully executed *drawing*, when it is

lentinelli's Catalogue of the drawings gives | which show what slight acquaintance he
his reasons for ascribing it to a scholar, | had with Leonardo's works.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.





viewed from but a short distance; the gradations of the tints are managed with such extraordinary care. We have compared it with the painting of Mr Selous, and can confidently say that it is a most admirable copy.* Its faults are those of its original; and we point these out solely, we may say, for the sake of Leonardo, or for art, as represented by him, in this prodigious work. They are not very numerous, and they are shared by all foregoing reproductions of the "Last Supper."

The heads of John, James the Less, and Thaddeus (we name them according to our own list) are weak when compared with the remains of the original, or with the best copies; that of John especially so. And the same remark applies to the head of Peter, the fine, rough quality of which seems very difficult to catch. In the original, the face of Bartholomew is turned more round to the spectator, and the eyes have the same expression of horror as the hands. Here, as in the earlier engravings, the hands and the eyes tell two very different tales of the inward feelings. The openings in the back of the apartment, showing the distant landscape, are too large in this, as in the earlier representations; and this lessens the dignity of the chief figure. And, lastly, according to the studies still existing for the head of Christ, the face did not express quite so much demonstrative grief. There was a divine calm spread over the sorrow; and both sorrow and calm were such as man cannot feel, and therefore can at best most feebly represent.

On the other hand, Simon is truly represented as looking at Matthew, whom he is addressing, and not theatrically, in the direction of his recurved thumb; and Andrew does grasp the table with his left hand, and not merely rest upon it; and Peter has no unsheathed knife in his hand, but holds by its handle a sheathed knife, attached by cords to his girdle. And there are many more such restorations of the original, for which we have to thank Mr Selous; some of which only are noticed in the little pamphlet we have spoken of.

The efforts and the success of the Arundel Society have proved that attempts like this, to render the great works of the great masters in such a way as, at the same time, to gratify the taste of the cultivated art-student, and to please "the general," are appreciated in England. It would be a great reproach to us if this chromolithograph, which surpasses in size, variety, and every artistic excellence, any hitherto produced here, should not receive becoming recognition.

SHORT NOTICES.

*Parker's Antiquities of Wells.**

"This little work" (as the accomplished author modestly designates it) contains a most satisfactory account of the Palace, the Deanery, and other domestic buildings of Wells, which formed the substance of two Lectures, delivered at a meeting of the Somersetshire Archæological Society, in 1861. It is an indispensable supplement, "to every truly antiquarian work on the Cathedral;" it is well illustrated; and it cannot be better recommended than by saying, that it will answer almost all the needs of those who know that, "for the student of mediæval domestic architecture, there is no such field of observation to be found anywhere else."

Bedford's Photographs of the Holy Land, &c.†

Mr Bedford was honoured with the command to accompany the Prince of Wales, in that Eastern Tour, made in the year 1862, in accordance with the plans of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, before his decease. And he published, by permission, the result of his labours in a series of 172 large and fine photographs. This work consists of an abridged series, reduced in size, but not at all diminished in excellence, and is accompanied by descriptive text, &c., by W. M. Thompson, Esq. Even for those who possess the larger work, this cannot fail to be of interest; whilst as a substitute for it, the quality of the photographs, and the selection, make it especially valuable.

Gilks, on Wood-Engraving.‡

The well-earned reputation of Mr Gilks would be sufficient, of itself, to recommend this last published of Messrs Winsor and Newton's Hand-books. But it deserves particular notice from its simple and complete treatment of its subject. And at a time when another process, wrongly considered to be its

* The Architectural Antiquities of the City of Wells. By J. H. Parker, F.S.A., &c. London, James Parker and Co., 1860.

† The Holy Land, Egypt, Constantinople &c. A series of Forty-eight Photographs, taken by Francis Bedford, for H.R.H. the

Prince of Wales, &c., &c. London, Day and Son (Limited), 1866.

‡ The Art of Wood-Engraving. A practical Hand-book. By Thomas Gilks. With numerous illustrations. London, Winsor and Newton, 1866.

rival, attracts the attention of those who are concerned with this method of reproducing artistic designs for universal use, it deserves more peculiar attention; and will be found to deserve it.

*Works illustrated by Woodcuts.**

The first of these books is one that shows the progress which has been made, both in the art of artistic decoration, applied to works of a devotional character; and also the endeavour to gain greater liberty in such decoration. The designs have been furnished by Mr R. R. Holmes, F.S.A., of the MS. Department of the British Museum, whose intimate acquaintance with this subject is well known. A more choice presentation-book, of its kind, has not yet appeared.

"Voices of Joy and Thanksgiving" contains some excellent illustrations of the well-selected poems. And it is one of the best minor gift-books of the season.

"A Dog's Story" is a book for all seasons. The story will charm the young folks to whom it is addressed. And the woodcuts, and still more the chromolithographs, will please not only the young folks, but their elders too.

Professor Friedländer's University Oration.†

In this learned oration, Professor Friedländer shows that the fundamental difference between ancient and modern art may be reduced to a few distinctive principles. Such are the "Sacredness of Sorrow" in modern notions, as contrasted with the "always happy Gods" in antique thought; the Niobides, and the Laocoon being, on examination, only exceptions which prove the rule: and the demand for originality of conception in modern design, whilst in ancient art conventionalism (modified solely by the irrepressible force of the artist) was the rule. This last remark opens an almost boundless field for art-critics; and we must return to it again.

Poetic Imagery from the Christian Year.‡

Few collections of original Sacred Poems have had so large and universal an acceptance as Keble's "Christian Year," and few have so well deserved it.

* The Book of Common Prayer, &c., &c. London, Rivingtons, 1866.

Voices of Joy and Thanksgiving. A Collection of Sacred Poems for the Principal Festivals of the Christian Year. Engraved and Illustrated by C. C. B. London, Day and Son (Limited), 1866.

Awake or Dreaming. A Dog's Story.

Written and Illustrated by the Brothers Wagtail. London, Day and Son (Limited), 1866.

† Ueber die Antike Kunst im Gegensatz zur Modernen.

‡ Illustrations of Poetic Imagery from the "Christian Year;" dedicated to the revered memory of the Rev. John Keble, by Mary Tyler. London, Day and Son (Limited), 1866.

The true gentleness and piety of this testimonial to its worth would recommend it, even if its artistic excellence were less original, and the etchings showed a less practised hand. Many of the illustrations are conceived in the very spirit of the poet.

*Hemans' Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art.**

A son of Felicia Hemans would deserve notice, whatever his own merits were. This son, with all the tender and passionate poetry of his mother, has produced a work of great learning, and great understanding of Ancient Christian Art, which, in spite of the worst printing that can be imagined, will command the highest respect. The relation of early art to the early development of Christianity in Italy, has seldom before been traced with such comprehensive knowledge of both subjects. The importance and interest of the theme ought to enable the author, in a second edition, to correct some of his judgments, and to produce the results in a more "important" form. He should also remember, that illustrations are indispensable for the complete elucidation of his argument.

Works illustrated by Chromolithography.†

Two of the most splendid gift-books of this season. The exquisite gracefulness of the illustrations of the first, and the rich and varied illuminations of the last work, show what a pitch of excellence the study of ornamental design, and the execution of it by the mechanical process of printing, have now reached. Few examples of the same kind of art could present a greater contrast, whilst yet they are so much in harmony. The chaste simplicity of the "Flowers of the Field," with their almost scientific accuracy of detail; and the prodigality of invention displayed in the borders of every page of the "Prisoner of Chillon," singularly exhibit the advance, which has been made in the last few years, upon all the attempts which preceded these. They are works which will compel us to form a new canon for illustration and illumination.

* A History of Ancient Christianity, and Sacred Art in Italy, by Charles J. Hemans. London, Williams and Norgate, 1866.

† Thoughts in Verse, upon Flowers of the Field. Illustrated by Mary Antoinette,

Marchioness of Huntly. London, Day and Son (Limited), 1866.

The Prisoner of Chillon. Poem by Lord Byron. Illuminated by W. and G. Audsley, Architects, 1865.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

II.

SIR,

In my last letter I spoke to you of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. I should like to entertain your readers on this occasion with a "new work." It emanates from a man who was the strongest support of the *Ecole*, from one who, by the vigour of his principles and the exquisite purity of his talent, has attained the highest rank amongst the artists of this century.

This new work of M. Ingres—most masculine, though wrought by the hands of an old man—is a superb drawing, a new *Apotheosis of Homer*; and we must admit that the drawing surpasses his earlier painting, thanks to his intelligent additions and happy modifications.

The ceiling-painting of *Homer* cost the author but one year's labour. M. Ingres, for the first time in his life, hastened that he might not be behind his rivals; charged, with him, to decorate the *Musée, Charles X.* "Nothing," says the Count de Clarac, one of the historians of the Louvre,—“Nothing could be more appropriate to the first of the rooms, dedicated to Greek and Roman antiquities, than the homage rendered to the poet of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.” A truly magnificent homage: it has renewed the glory and immortality of Homer.

Could it be believed! This really sublime vision transferred to canvas,—a vision which shows us, assembled around the demi-god of poetry all the great talents which he had inspired through ages,—this radiant composition, which Apollos and Phidias would willingly have signed, did not at first obtain due honour it deserved! In vain connoisseurs declared that M. Ingres had endowed his country with a master-piece, the public took no notice of it. How many have passed under that ceiling without deigning to look up! And, observe, that on the day when the Count de Forbin, director of the Royal Museum,

presented to King Charles X. the artists who had contributed to the embellishment of the new *Musée*, he made *one* exception, and that exception was M. Ingres. The director's looks ordered the painter of the ceiling of Homer to stand aside.

Yet there is always justice for works of the mind as well as for human actions—justice slow, but inevitable. M. Ingres has proved it.

When Cornelius came to France, the King Louis Philippe took pleasure in showing him his favourite *Musée*. The visit was minute and long. "Well," said the king to the artist, as they left Versailles, "to whom, amongst the men of talent whose pictures you have just seen, would you give the palm?"—"Sire, he is not here."—"Where is he, then?"—"At Rome, Sire; he is the director of the French Academy there. It is the painter of the *Apotheosis of Homer* I would crown."

M. Ingres is not easily satisfied. His life has been spent in a continual endeavour after improvement. The vastness of the subject, the abundance of ideas it suggests, the moral element which penetrates it, everything urged him to a new edition of his ceiling of the Louvre. Age and honours have not prevented him from again taking up this noble task.

"Two masters," said he one evening as he was conversing with a few friends before his drawing,—“two masters have engaged me to return to my work, and I do not regret it, though it has cost me much trouble to have obeyed Horace and Boileau. If public opinion has, in the course of time, been favourable to the ceiling-picture, the picture before me pleases me more, because it expresses my thought more freely and more fully. Do you know what I have done? I have placed myself at the door of the temple; I have shut it to some and opened it to others: that is why some of the figures of the picture are not in the drawing, in which I have put a great number of new ones. My aim has been, as you see, to represent the ancient and modern *Homerids*: I give that name to those happy geniuses who recognize Homer as father or chief. I have added a few ardent worshippers of the divine blind poet to this brilliant phalanx. My selection may perhaps seem strange; they will say I am systematic and exclusive, and will exclaim against me. What do I care! Up to this hour the fear of opinion has not made me go back, for to me it is a point of honour to remain faithful to very old convictions, convictions I will never abandon, even at the last hour.”

All this is well said and noble, and gives us an insight to the master's thought.

One admires these scruples, and especially the fervour which melts

the ice of age. And one respects that firmness of a mind raised by such humility and true modesty.

Let us now see who are the new Homerids introduced into the temple. They are: Archilochus, Tyrtæus, Stesichorus, Alcæus, Ictinus, Menander, Theocritus, Callimachus, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Mæcenas, Horace, Pliny the Elder, Plutarch, Pausanias, Cosmo de' Medici, Leo X., Francis I., Pope, the Abbot Barthélémy, Winckelmann, Mozart, Flaxman, and David. Two females are seen amongst them, two learned women, but very unlike each other in morals: Aspasia and M^{me} Dacier.

We must not blame M. Ingres if he does not show us in this group either Goethe or Chateaubriand, whilst he admitted the author of the *Voyage d'Anacharsis*. Is he not free to canonize some of his old literary friends though there is nothing very Hellenic in them? Can we forbid him, the most orthodox and the most intolerant of all the classics, to turn away from certain modern glories whose genius strike him with wonder and fear? He exercises only his legitimate right when he shuts the door of his Paradise against them. Their equal in talent, he deals with them as an equal.

What at first strikes us most in this drawing is a feeling of grandeur, a *maestria*, which commands attention. Admiration comes next. By this it may be connected with two immortal subjects,—*The School of Athens* and the *Disputa* of Raphael. Its appearance is pleasing; and not even photography can render that clever mixture of indian-ink wash and crayon. The scene is more vast and better determined than in the picture. By its general arrangement it makes us think of a Greek theatre, erected on the summit of a mount, and in the centre of a grove of laurels.

Homer, and the growing crowd of his Greek and Roman admirers, occupy a kind of *proscenium*. The modern Homerids are grouped lower down on the tops of rocks, as on the steps of the orchestra. The temple has a majestic aspect, at once light, noble, and rich; its capitals and pediment tower above the throne of Homer, and even over that enchanting Victory, a personification of the universe, which, according to M. Ingres, crowns the demi-god.

The wall which encloses the sacred precinct, scarcely indicated in the painting, is well displayed in the drawing, and is covered with pictures, ingeniously representing the two great poems of the divine blind poet. M. Ingres has in this copied Flaxman, for whom he cherishes profound gratitude because, when he was still young and unknown, the celebrated English sculptor predicted for him a grand destiny. Four tripods surmount the wall, and four pilasters, two on each side, decorate the ex-

tremities. Between these pilasters the first verses of the Iliad and the Odyssey are engraved.

The artist has not forgotten to put in the centre of the orchestra the altar of Bacchus, the *Thymele*. But here is to be seen a detail I must be careful not to omit. A child crowned with flowers and bearing the lustral water, hides himself behind the young assistant in the temple; do you know who is that child? It is the painter of the *Apotheosis* himself, relieved of the burden of at least seventy-five years.

Do not expect from me, sir, a complete description of this splendid composition. The ceiling of the Louvre is too celebrated and too well known. And, besides our want of some graphic reproduction of this master-piece, I should need, to give a correct notion of it, a far more plastic pen than mine. I should be obliged to ask our Theophile Gautier to lend me that marvellous pen, with which for thirty years he has painted, modelled, sketched, or photographed in all the French journals. I will only mention one amongst the new comers,—a splendid female figure wrapped from head to foot in a cloak. Serious and sweet, this attractive figure seems to say, “Yes, it is I, courtesan, philosopher, the friend of Socrates, and the mistress of Pericles.” In Greece all this was compatible. I must also speak of an Anacreon carrying Cupid on his shoulders, and doubly intoxicated with wine and pleasure; of Cæsar and Augustus bearing the stamp of the majesty of Rome; of Leo X., his brow darkened as if he foresaw the Reformation; of Francis I., grave and chivalrous (the “Father of Letters,” as he was surnamed); of Louis XIV., standing as he must have done when at St Cyr he listened to the verses of Athalie. And how many others I could point out!

It is difficult to select, but let us notice a fine group composed of Giulio Romano, and Jean Goujon; Lorenzo de’ Medici completes it. La Fontaine, no longer absent in mind, is looking at Homer; and observe particularly Gluck—the fanatical Gluck,—with what enthusiasm does the great musician contemplate the poet of Achilles, Ulysses, and Hector. In his hand is a scroll, on which can be read *Iphigenia*, *Alcestes*, *Orpheus*,—those master-pieces which have made him the contemporary of Sophocles and Euripides,—the rival of those great men in an art akin to theirs.

One word more on the new Homerids. A figure is seen leaning against the base of the *proscenium*, near the altar of Bacchus; the profile, energetic and harsh, represents the vigorous painter of Marat and the Horatii, the master of M. Ingres,—David.

M. Ingres has not followed out the teaching of David, he has modified it. Our Athenian (or at times Ionic) painter could not spring from

David, the Roman: for David never ascended to the Greek sources. But he admires his master, and praises his great qualities, so little appreciated in the present day. He bows before that domineering and powerful artistic nature. For M. Ingres, although so independent, has a weakness for authority. He venerates in David the deliverer of the French School from the mire of Boucher.

M. Ingres does not belong to the 19th century. He lives in the past. Homer, Phidias, Raphael, are his divinities. He converses with them in his long sleepless nights; he sees them in thought, and their presence cools his enduring indignation against all the decadences. An assiduous reader of the classics, he does not descend below the age of Louis XIV., to which he is religiously attached. In fact, a small terracotta, or bronze, or the painting of a third-class Greek vase, seem to him more worthy of attention than most of those paintings, the possession of which is disputed by amateurs, and which they cover with gold.

The recent work of M. Ingres "resumes" (so to speak) this moral constitution,—this lofty and violent tendency of mind. Untroubled by colour and spared the trouble of seeking for different tones on a palette, the great French draftsman has arrived, in this new *Apotheosis*, at the last limits of perfection. Nothing can be more noble, but nothing can be more individual, more characteristic, and more distant from commonplace, than all the types placed here under our eyes. It is this which makes him one of the ancients. He sees nature marvellously, and imitates it, but without being mastered or blinded by it. He incloses it in a circle traced beforehand in thought, and reduces it to harmonious rhythm.

What will be the result of this magnificent effort to rise again to the higher regions of art? I fear I must admit that it will have no result. His drawing has been seen in Paris by scarcely a hundred persons admitted to the artist's apartment; and the few photographs of it have added very little to this semi-publication.

M. Ingres is little known. I speak of the man and not of the painter. A long sojourn in Italy, a struggle against poverty, and, what is more, a character that easily takes umbrage, an exclusive mind, a great deal of pride,—all this united has thrown into the shade great moral qualities, scarcely tarnished by such faults as are inherent to human nature. The partial admiration of his pupils and the customary injustice of enemies have contributed not a little to render incomplete the exact and true notion of this noble type of a man and artist.

If we were tempted to write a chapter on manners we could present in piquant contrast, the agreeable, witty, supple Eugène Delacroix, that brilliant talker, frequenting the salons, never losing a party, flatter-

ing the reviewers amongst whom he lived ;—and M. Ingres, morose and sad, and declaiming in a small circle of men of business against the decadence of the age and the errors of its writers.

You can understand now, sir, the secret of Eugène Delacroix, and how talent, distinguished, no doubt, but unequal, incomplete, defective even to barbarism, could for so long a time be put in balance with the exquisitely pure talent of his powerful rival. You can see clearly why the renown of the painter of the *Massacre of Scio* grew at the cost of M. Ingres. Artists and connoisseurs do not make reputations ; but the crowd of idlers and, most of all, the press.

M. Ingres is not a witty man, as the world comprehends the term. He has the intelligence of a man of worth. He seldom jests, and he is rather insensible to *bon mots* and sparkling anecdotes. In return, his soul is always open to all that is simple, natural, and true. He worships Molière, and reads over and over again *Gil Blas*. Literary antiquity inspires him as well as plastic antiquity ; its beauties move him even to tears—sincere and *naïve* tears, for, whatever may be said, M. Ingres is carried away too much by his temperament to be unnatural, or to try to impose on any one ; and is the man of all, the most averse to affectation. If you hear him speak of Homer or of the Tragedians, you will be charmed. What purity of speech, and what natural eloquence ! How well his fine artistic imagination harmonizes with those fine poetical imaginations ! How well he understands immediately, even under the veil of a translation, the deep and pathetic accent ! We perceive here something more than what books or the instruction of a classical scholar could give ; we recognize a man who sees what he speaks of with the eyes of the mind, and who, for that very reason, is doubly moved. For him, everything is living, and move in relief. *La Source*, that sweet and delicate creation, that jewel of modern painting, presents the happiest and most exquisite mixture of classical sentiment in one of those organizations of superior artists open to physical nature, and to beauty.

You must remark, sir, that in his *bons jours* (for his temperament is very uneven) the painter of the *Apotheosis* speaks the language of the age of Louis XIV. Sometimes that fine language is sharpened on his lips, especially when humour prevails. He then darts out words worthy of St Simon. It is M. Ingres who said : “When I see a picture of Rubens, I take off my hat and I pass on.”

But what must be especially observed, the essential and characteristic trait in M. Ingres, is constancy and inflexibility. Everything has changed around him, he alone has remained impenetrable by novelty. For more than sixty years he has followed the same path, his eyes fixed

on an ideal which in his glorious life he has attained more than once. Gifted with prodigious facility which he has in no way abused, continually occupied as he is in correcting and recommencing,—he could have earned *treasures*, if he had wished to sacrifice to fashion and to prostitute his pencil. But he turned away from the golden calf. Poverty allowed him to remain faithful to his principles, and for that reason he preferred poverty to riches. He was sixty years old when fortune smiled on him. Now M. Ingres is rich and a senator.

Before I end this letter, which circumstances prevent me from making longer, I must speak of a recent work of a serious critic of art, M. Charles Clément, whose articles in the *Débats* more and more consolidate an already well-established reputation. I speak of the second edition of the book entitled "*Michel Ange, Leonard de Vinci, et Raphaël*." This trilogy of the demi-gods of modern painting is offered to us by M. Clément in a small book of a very convenient size, in which he has added to facts already known, but scattered in a great number of books, new details incontestably interesting. M. Charles Clément has, with intelligent sobriety, levied contributions from Gaye, Rumohr, Moretti, Passavant, the most modern amongst the chroniclers of Italian art, and Le Monnier's remarkable edition of Vasari, and also Michael Angelo's letters, that treasure in the British Museum.

The judgment of M. Charles Clément is mature. That he is master of his subject and that he knows Italy by heart can be easily seen here. M. Clément has seen, understood, and felt, the beauty of the master-pieces he describes. He knows their history, and knows how to tell it. His style is elegant, limpid, and, above all, full of life. It is even coloured. Also in speaking of the paintings of the vault of the Sistine Chapel, he does not see in them, with M. Michelet, the forgetfulness of Christianity, an abundance of tears, something *revolutionary*, and the "three words of Belshazzar's feast written by the powerful hand of a man of genius, on the polluted walls of the Borgia and the Rovera." He simply remarks that although the exact signification of a work so terrible must escape us, we are allowed to see in it the remembrance of the powerful eloquence of Savonarola and the sign of the regrets which the sight of the dissolution of the glorious Italy of the Renaissance awakened in Michael Angelo. The learned Quatremère de Quincy,* you must remember, sees in this nothing that goes beyond the horizons of the Bible. He recognizes only "the effort of an imagination which in repudiating well-known types and common-place ideas, succeeded in forming after the archetypes of the images produced

* Histoire de Michel Ange et de ses ouvrages. p. 286.

by the ideal of facts and characters of the Bible a world completely new."

We must admit that, in the last thirty years, the manner of interpreting and writing on works has been strangely modified.

Receive, sir, the assurance of my sentiments,

ERNEST VINET.

Paris, Nov. 1866.

[At the moment of going to press with this sheet we have received tidings of the death of M. Ingres. In such severe and changeable weather, at his advanced age, this, though deeply to be lamented, can cause no surprise. We hope soon to lay before our readers a complete study of his honourable and successful career.—ED. F. A. Q. R.]

DAVID DE GRANGE.

MR BURTT's communication of a document in the Public Record Office, setting forth a Petition of David de Grange (Vol. I. N. S., page 446), affords a satisfactory confirmation of what my esteemed friend, the late Mr W. Hookham Carpenter, had long ago told me respecting the initials ^{D.}_{D. G.} which are occasionally to be met with on well-finished miniatures belonging to the middle of the 17th century. I never could bring myself to believe that the old interpretation of those letters, as "Gibson the Dwarf" was the true one. But Mr Carpenter told me that he had met with this document among the Exchequer accounts in the Rolls Office, about three-and-twenty years ago. He, at the time, took a copy of it, and having afterwards mislaid it, repeated the substance to me, which I noted carefully, and now find it thoroughly confirmed by Mr Burt's transcript.

The following are a few of the miniatures that occur in my memory as having these three letters. Inigo Jones, in a falling lace ruff, full iron-grey hair and beard, black silk skull-cap, and grey dress, with black gown over the shoulders. It is signed in fine white letters on bright

blue. "Age, 68. (1641.)
 D.
 D. G.:" This delicate piece of painting belongs to the Duke of Portland. It was described in the Manchester Exhibition Catalogue, in 1857, as the work of Gibson the Dwarf.

There are three miniatures, by De Grange, in the Royal Library at Windsor, of unknown ladies, all in oval frames, turned to the left, and delicately painted. One lady, with a brown furred trimming to a black mantle on her left shoulder, is signed in gold upon opaque brown on the same side, ^{D.} D. G.: a belt of jewels hangs across her dress from the right shoulder. The second lady in blue satin, with a cross hanging by a bow at front of her dress, with blue cloudy sky for a background, is simply signed over her right shoulder ^{D.} D. G.: The third, with a large black sleeve on her left arm, slashed with white, and having a golden jewel upon it, has a golden signature ^{D.} D. G.: on opaque brown over the same shoulder.

Lord Fitzhardinge contributed a very pleasing lady's portrait to the Loan Exhibition of 1862 (No. 2300), with light hair and blue and orange dress studded with pearls, the figure being seen in three-quarters, turned to the right, which was signed on the right side in gold upon dark brown ^{D.} D. G.:

There are also very beautifully-finished miniatures of ladies at the British Museum, Ham House, and at Wroxton Abbey; but I have not yet met with any portrait of King Charles II. bearing these initials, and corresponding with those which, from the document above quoted, we know the artist to have repeated thirteen times.

In the Exhibition of Miniatures at South Kensington, in 1865, there were four examples of portraits signed by David de Grange. They were named and contributed in the following order. No. 165, Sir Thomas Bodley, lent by Mr George Bonnor. No. 1160, Madame de Maintenon, dated 1656, lent by Mr Heywood Hawkins. No. 1479, Lord Fitzhardinge's miniature, already mentioned. No. 2007, Catherine of Braganza, in a broad hat lined with pink, trimmed with blue ribbons, having a shepherd's crook on right side. Signed in grey letters on brown, contributed by Colonel North, M.P.

Strutt, in his "Dictionary of Engravers," gives the name of D. Des Granges as an engraver of little note, resident in London, and the author of an ornamental title for the second edition of a small octavo publication, entitled "Bethel, or a Form for Families," dated 1634.

GEORGE SCHARF.

JOSEPH MICHAEL WRIGHT.

A CURIOUSLY puzzling inscription was observed on the back of a picture contributed to the recent South Kensington Portrait Exhibition by Sir Walter Trevelyan. (No. 975 of the Catalogue.) It was an admirable painting, and represented Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, the Philosopher, at the age of 81, and corresponded with a well-known engraving of him by Faithorne. No name of the artist was suggested in the catalogue, and Sir Walter requested me to examine the writing at the back. It proved to be written in very large black letters upon an extremely coarse canvas, very different from that of the portrait itself, and was manifestly some subsequent addition.

It certainly read very like "Jos. Wick Wrilps Londiensis Pictor Caroli 2^d Regis pinxit" (*sic*). My impression from the first was that it was a *bold* and ignorant copy of some genuine inscription on the back of the original canvas that had required backing for the purpose of strengthening, and thereby compelled the destruction of the painter's own writing.

I remembered the method of Michael Wright's signature as stated by Walpole: namely, "Jo. Michael Wright, Lond. pictor Regius pinxit 1672"; and the circumstance also of his inscribing his name occasionally "M. Ritus," as on pictures of Mrs Cleypole, of General Monck at Ham House, dated 1659, and on another picture at Knebworth. The excellent picture of Lacy, the comedian, in three different characters, now at Hampton Court, is signed "Mich. Wright Pinxit. 1675," and the handwriting quite accords in general character with the coarse and exaggerated inscription on the back of the Hobbes Portrait, notwithstanding the great difference of their actual size.

At the close of the Portrait Exhibition, Sir Walter Trevelyan generously presented the picture to the National Portrait Gallery, and accordingly it was removed to this establishment with as little delay as possible. On its arrival, I found that the picture was in such a state of decay as to require immediate attention, and I therefore obtained leave to have it properly lined, mentioning, at the same time, my suspicions about the writing to the Deputy-Chairman of the Trustees, who

thoroughly coincided with me, and supported my views. Mr Rutley, to whom the operation was intrusted, received a special caution to observe and preserve any writing that might be found remaining when the two canvases came to be separated, and in the course of a day or two the original back of the real canvas was laid bare, and the genuine inscription in Michael Wright's own hand came to light. The whole inscription was written in comparatively small and firm characters; and by way of showing to what an absurd extent ignorant copying may be carried, and what inconvenience and puzzle may result from it, I append fac-similes on a reduced scale of both inscriptions, giving the false one first and the true inscription afterwards.

The copy on the outside of the canvas :

Jo^s Wick Wrilps Londiensis
Pictor Caroli 2^d Regis pinixit

The original writing between the two canvases :

Jo^s. Mich: Writus Londinen^{sis}
Pictor Caroli. 2^{di} Regis, pinxit.

As this portrait of Hobbes is so well painted, and has attracted such general attention at the South Kensington Exhibition, I feel that it is only fair to the painter, now that his name is clearly ascertained, to make this communication.

So long back as September, 1853, the late owner of the picture inquired through the medium of *Notes and Queries* for an explanation of this mysterious inscription. No explanation has, I believe, till now been given. Wright is mentioned by John Evelyn, in his Diary for 5th April, 1659, as "the famous painter." He signed his name "Ritus" that same year, and painted this portrait of Hobbes at the age of 81, in 1669. Moreover, it is said in his *Memoirs*, that a portrait was painted of him in 1669, for Cosmo de' Medici, and Sir Walter Trevelyan would probably be still glad to learn whether a portrait of Hobbes is now in the galleries at Florence, and, if so, by whom it was painted.

The name of Hobbes, as tutor to the accomplished Earl of Devonshire, is mentioned by Count Magalotti in his Journal of the Prince Cosmo of Tuscany. This Prince, afterwards the Grand Duke Cosmo III., resided in London during May and June of the year 1669. It is recorded that Cosmo went on the 1st of June to have his likeness taken by Mr Cooper, on account of "his excellence in drawing to the life,

with softness, expression, and tenderness.”* The Tuscan prince does not seem to have been imbued with any taste for art or literature; but it is very probable that the Earl of Devonshire may have sent him the portrait of his revered tutor as a present to Florence.

Wright's pictures of the Judges in the city Courts of Law were much praised. John Evelyn commended them in his Diary as being excellent likenesses; and the sad condition into which those pictures have been allowed to fall reflects seriously on the want of care on the part of the civic authorities. These whole-lengths, if properly cleaned, would come out effectively with well-marked countenances and brilliant scarlet robes. They are admirably decorative pictures. Perhaps in the new buildings of the Law Courts, a more convenient place may be found for them. The portraits of the Judges contributed by Lord Home to the Kensington Portrait Exhibition, were apparently painted by Michael Wright, and were, many of them, extremely brilliant and well painted.

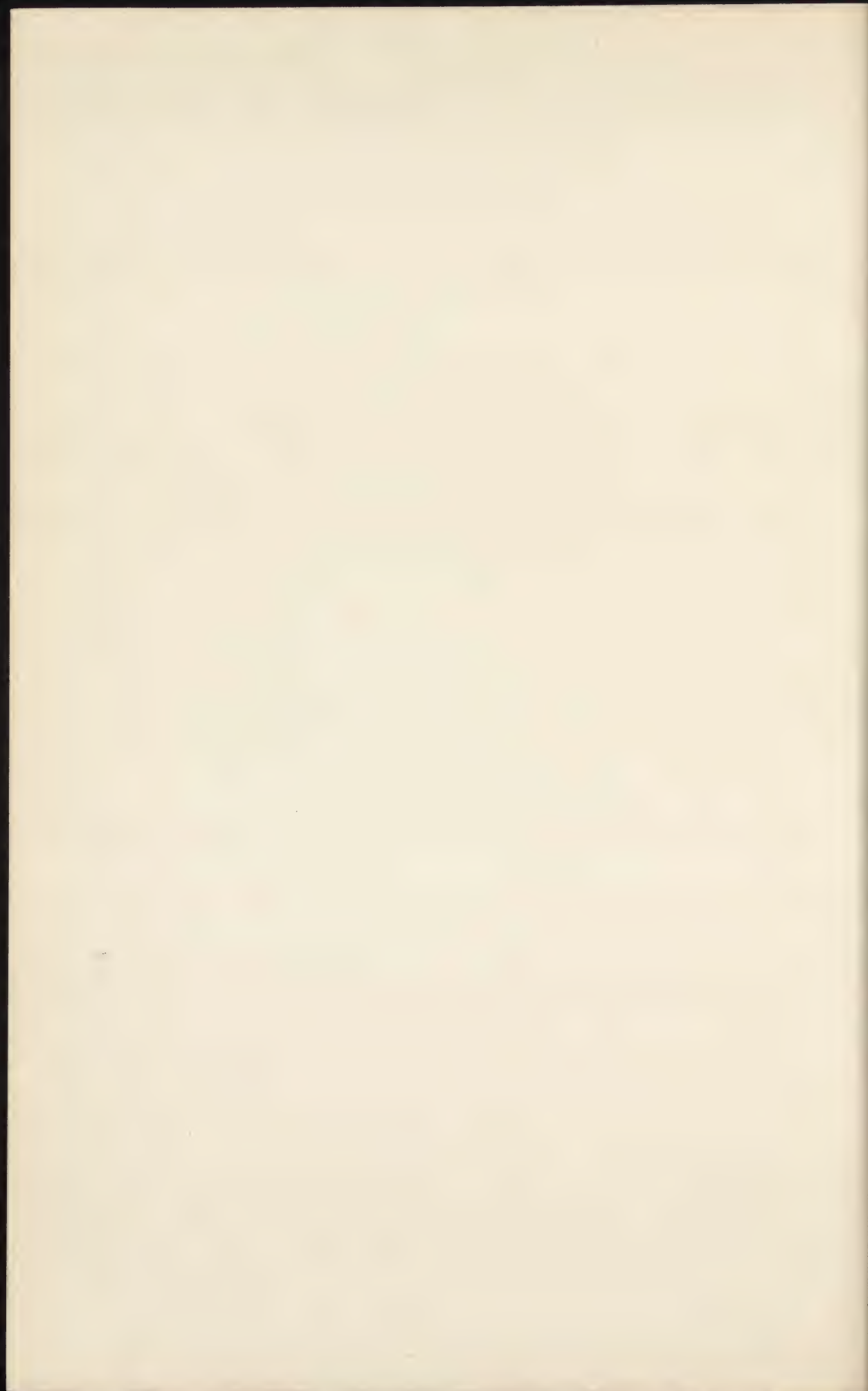
GEORGE SCHARF.

* See *Travels of Cosmo III. through England*. 4to, Lond. 1821, pp. 325, 343.

















































































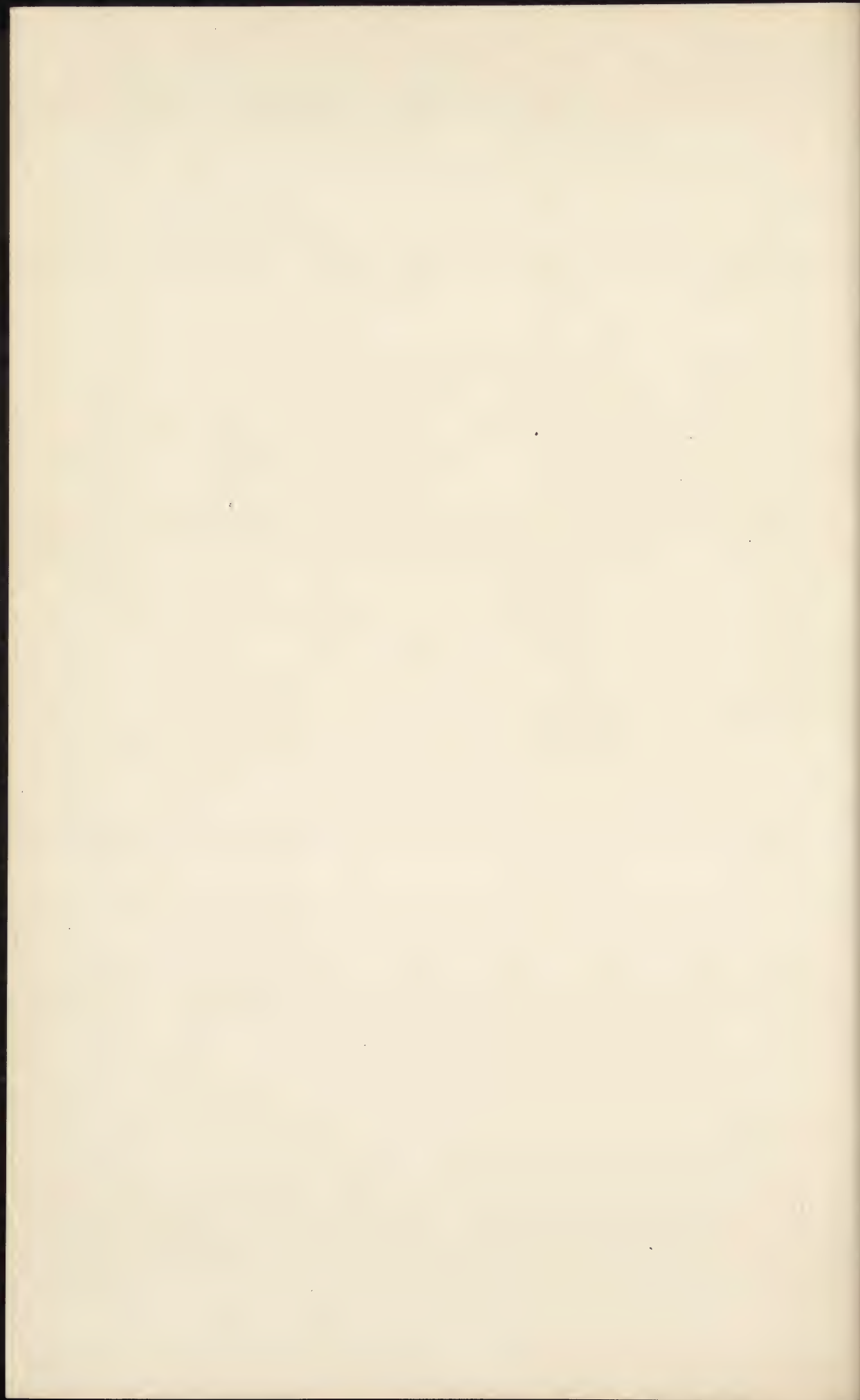


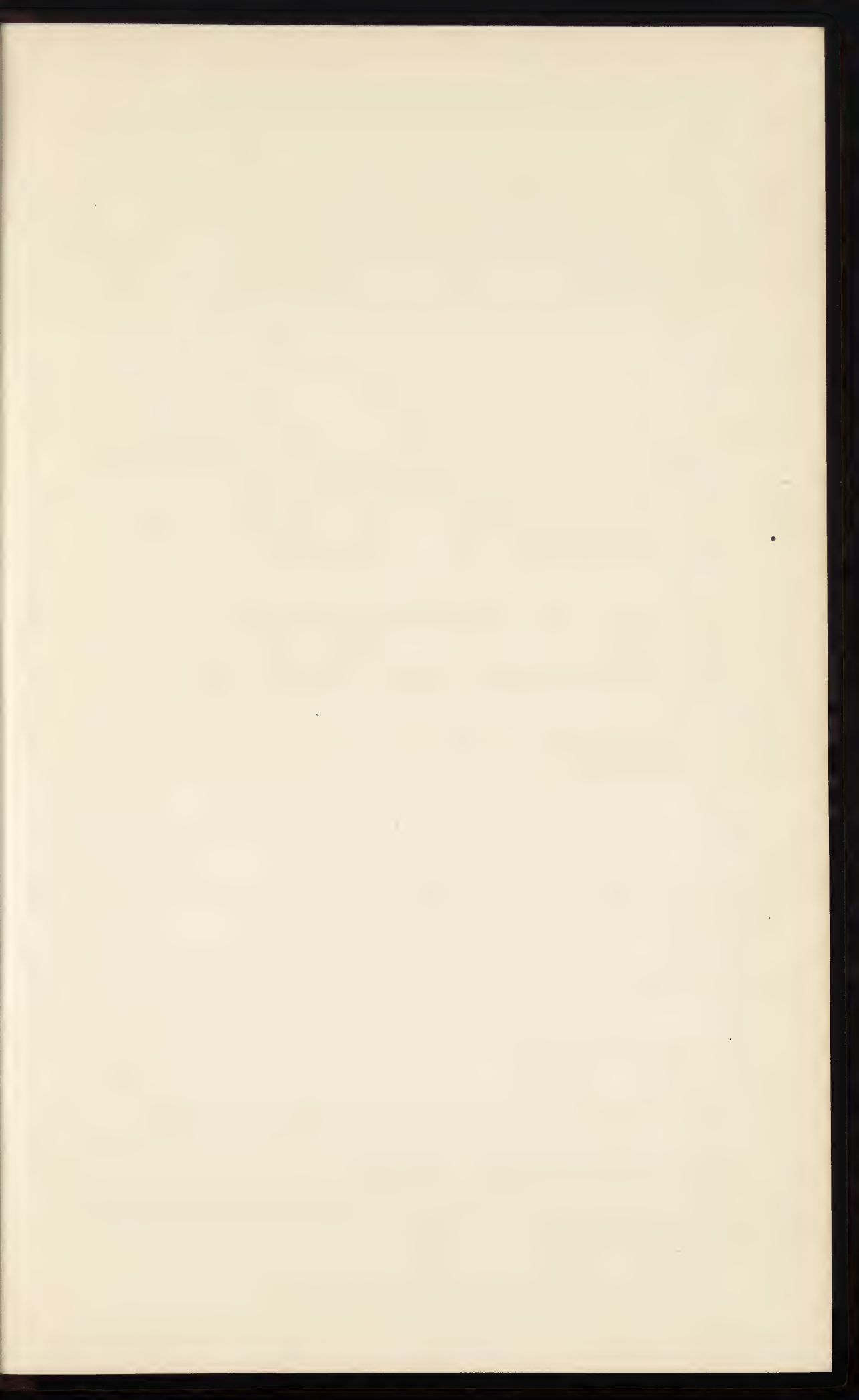






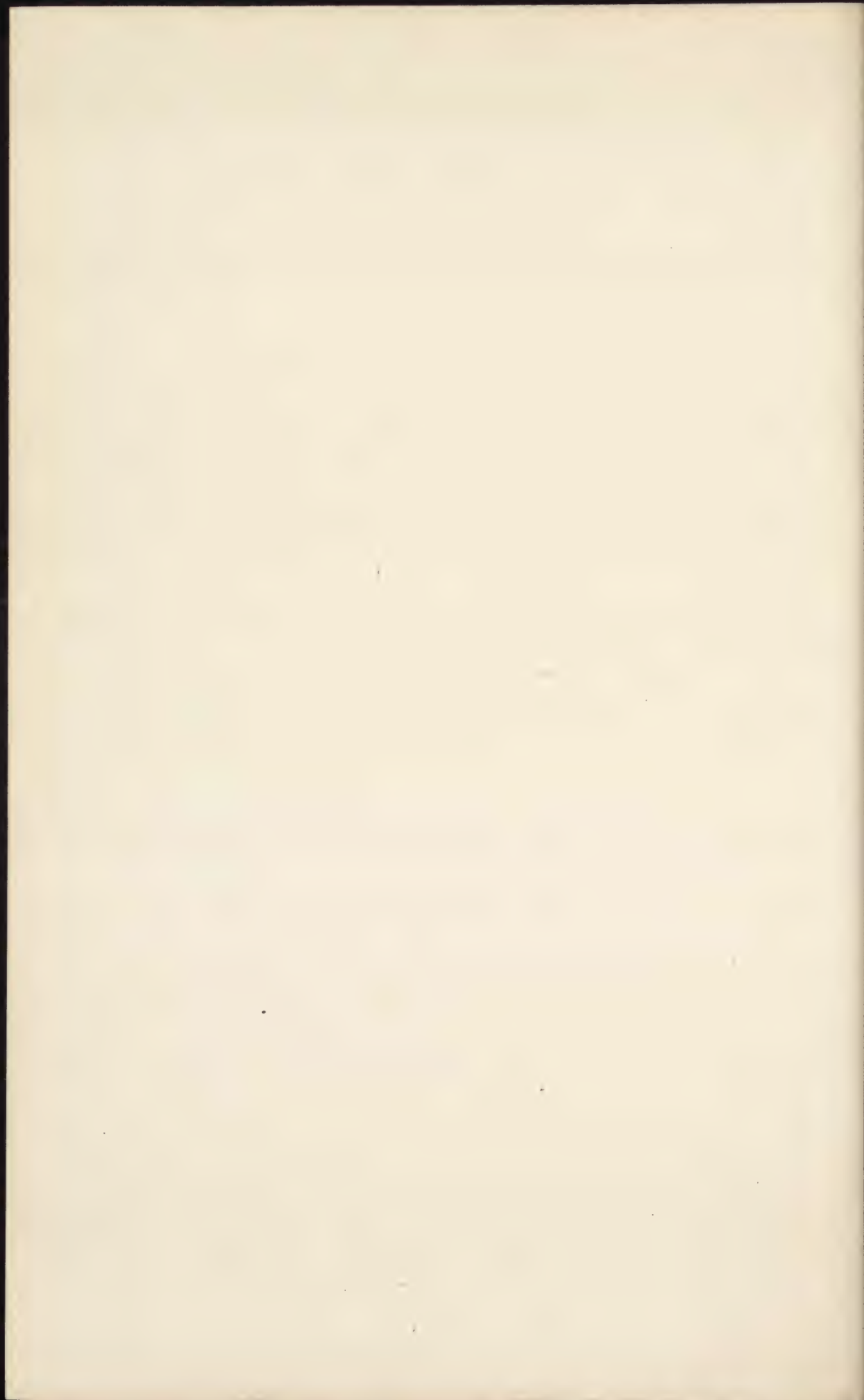








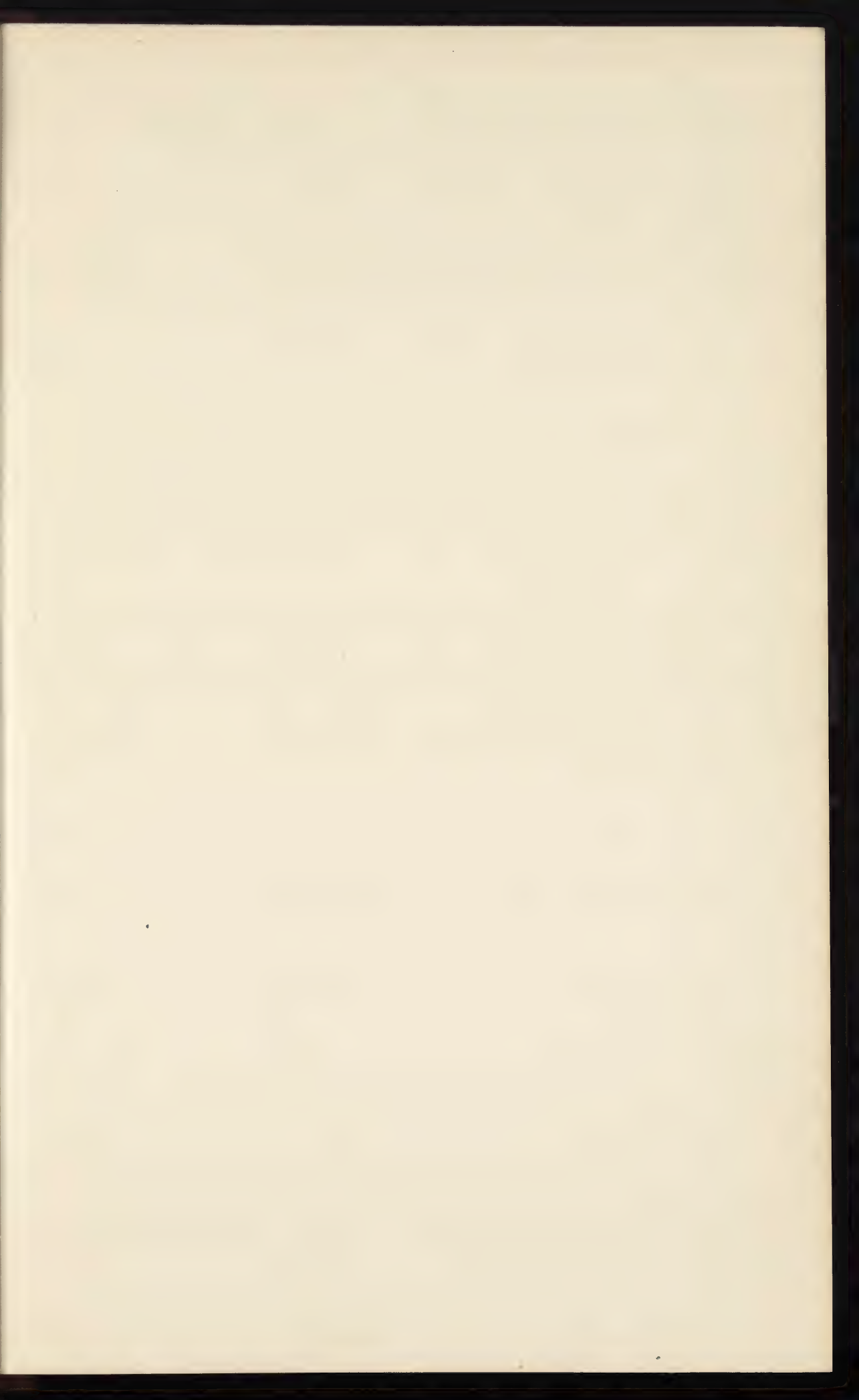








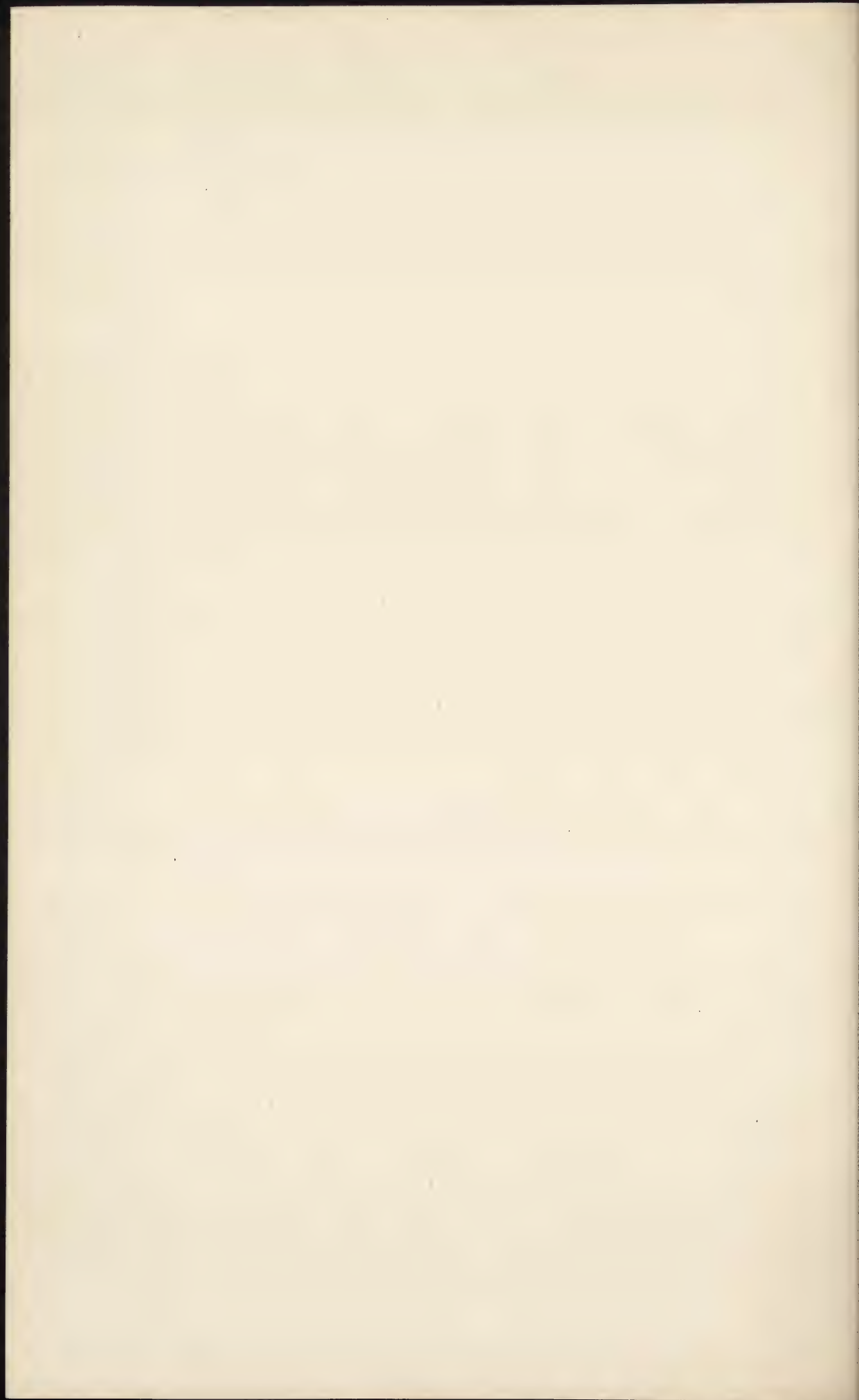




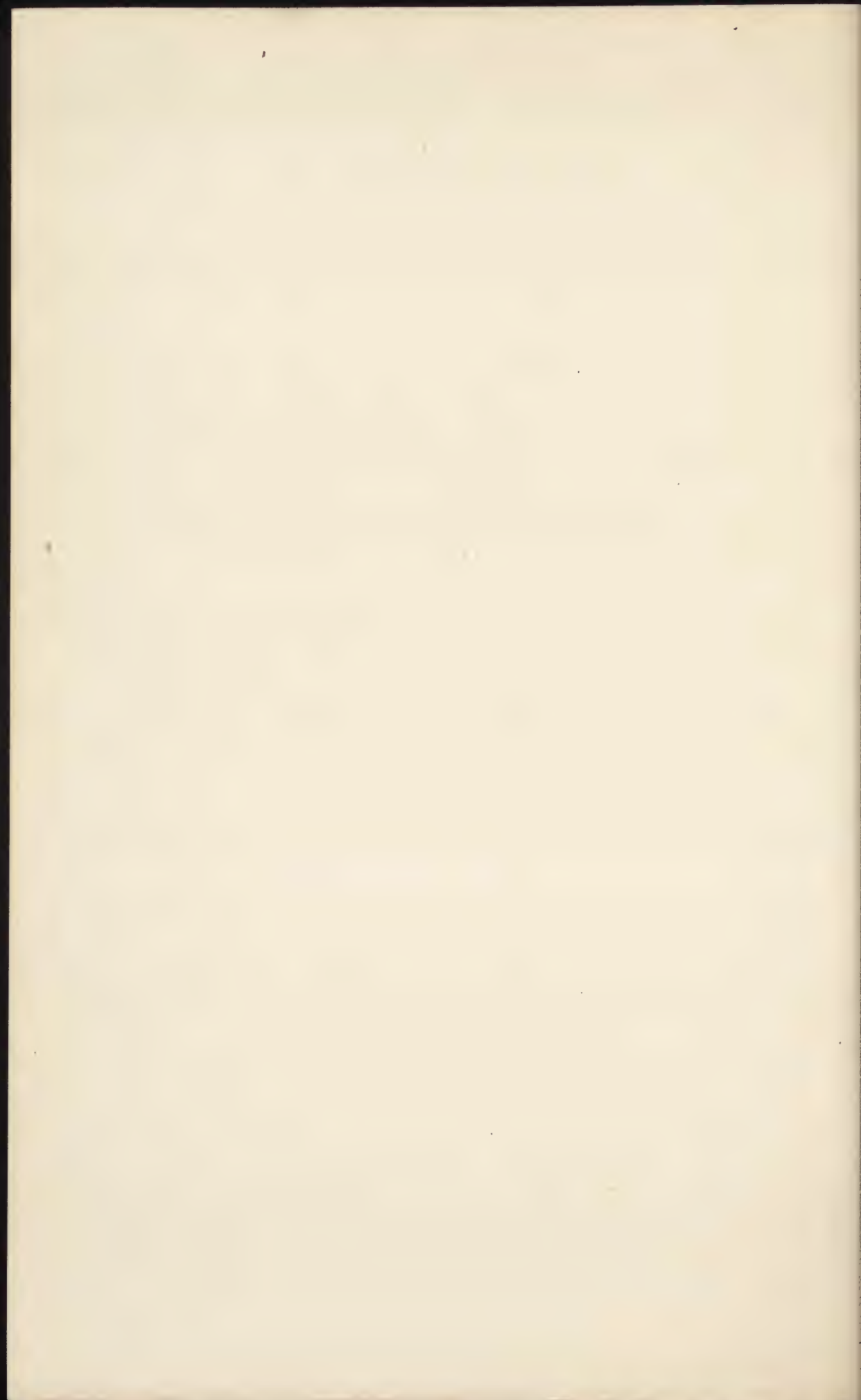




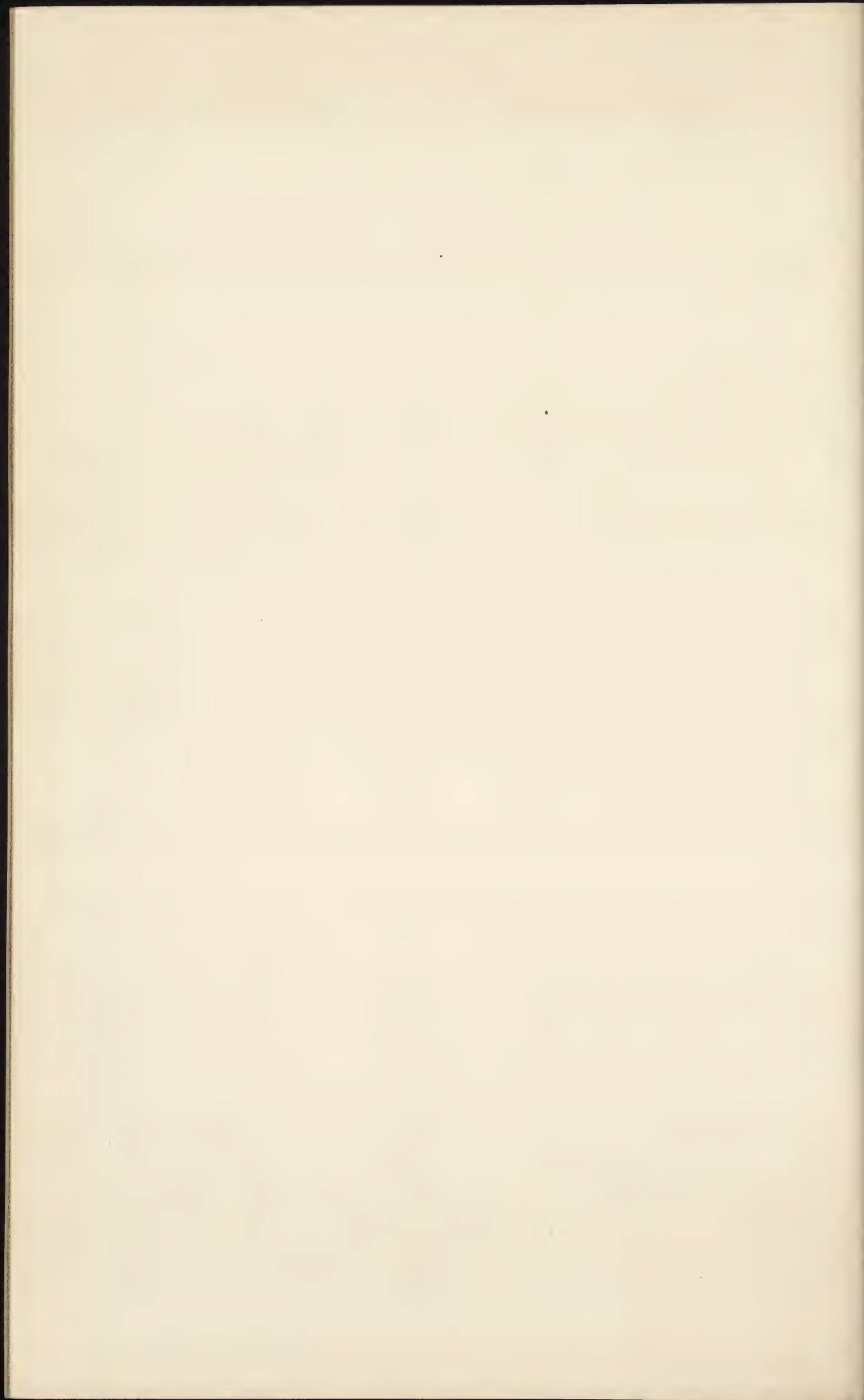




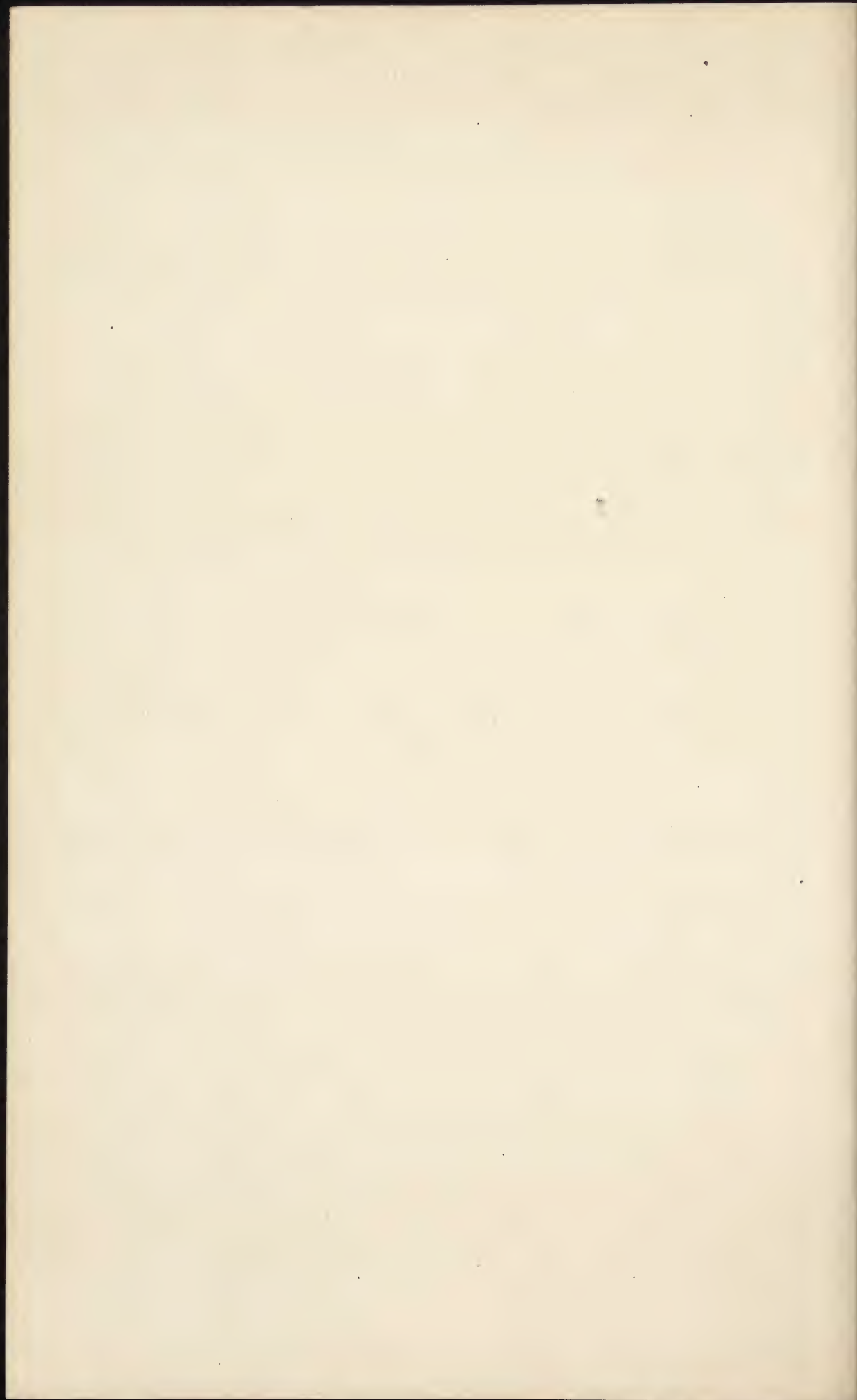




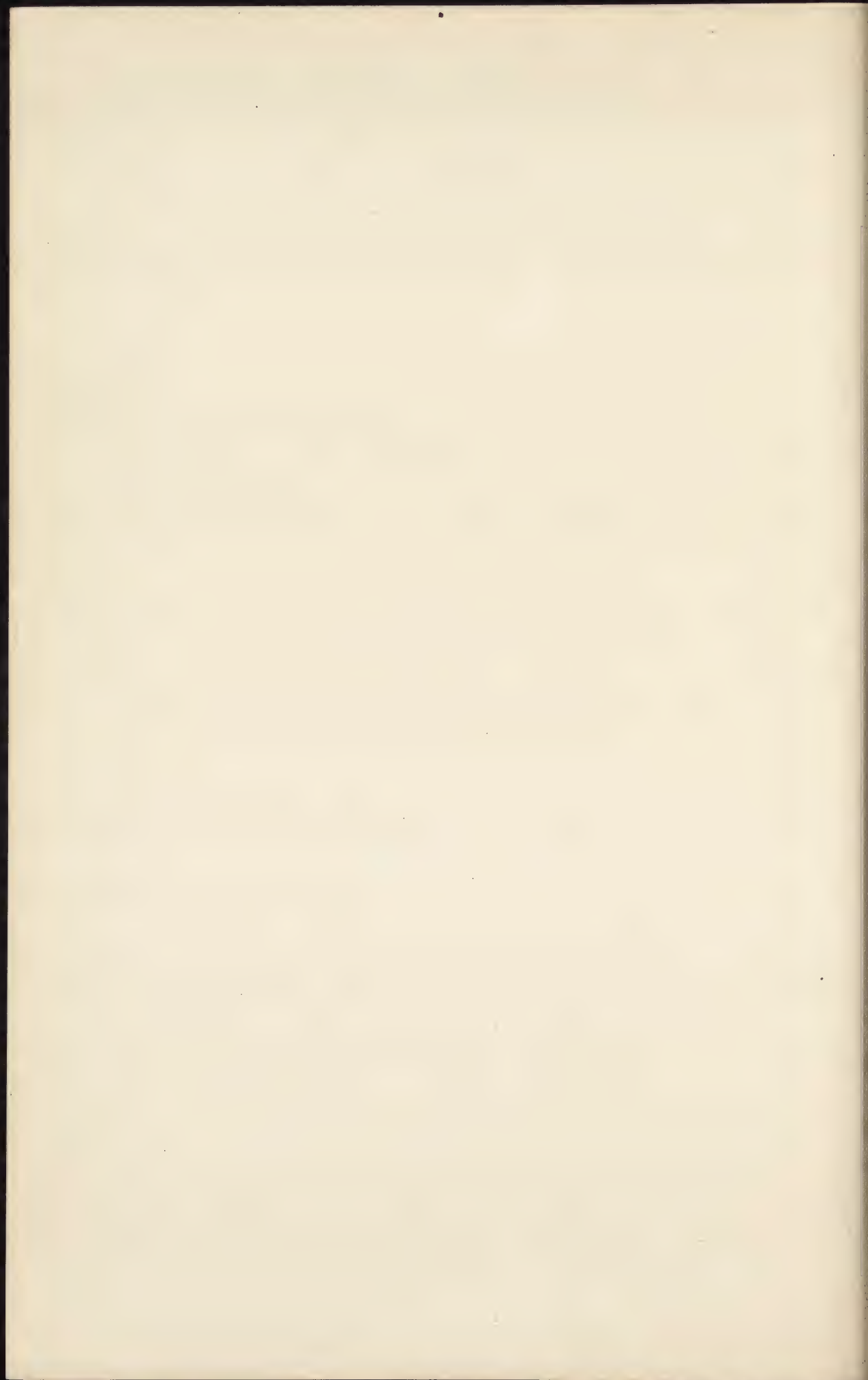








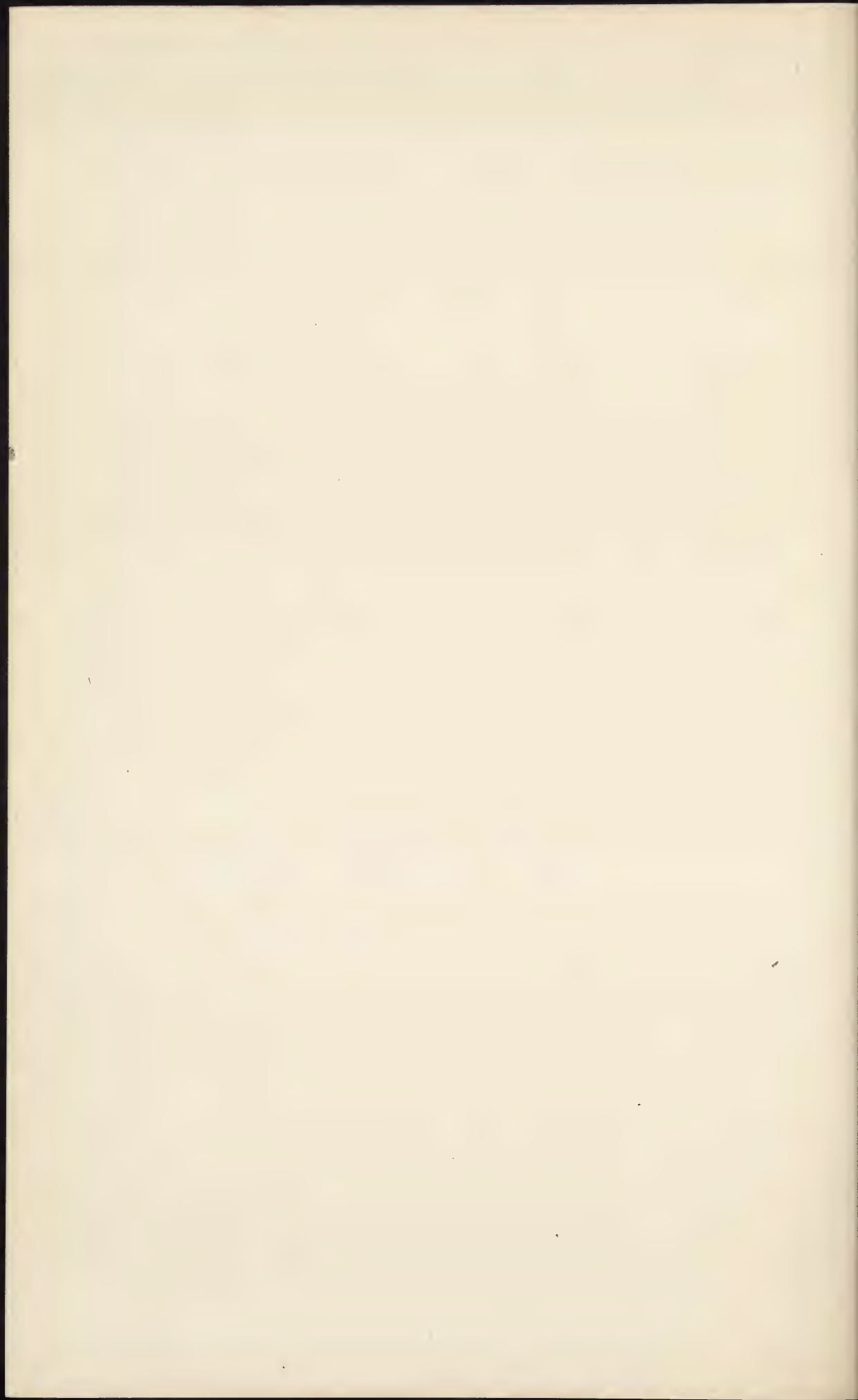




















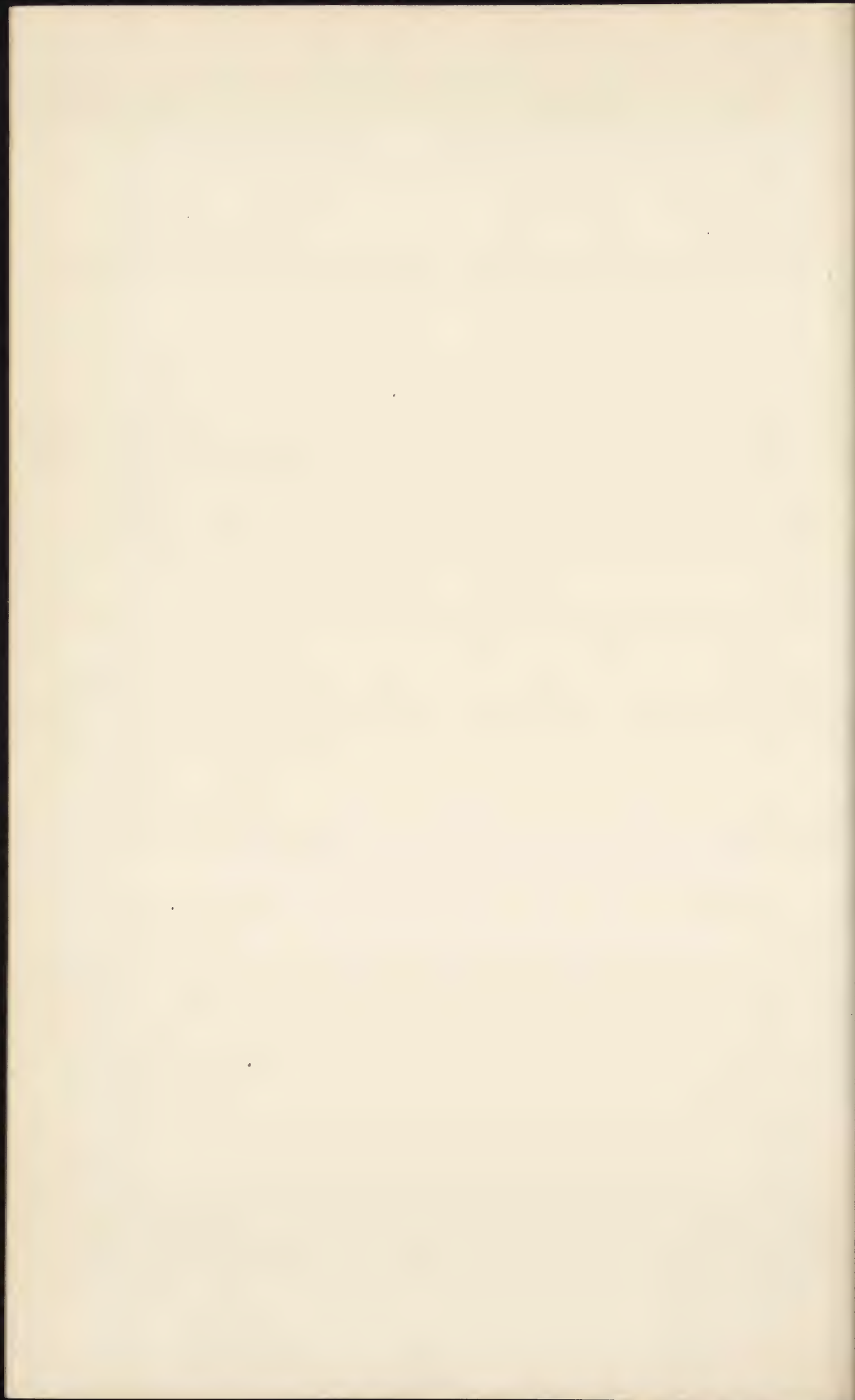
















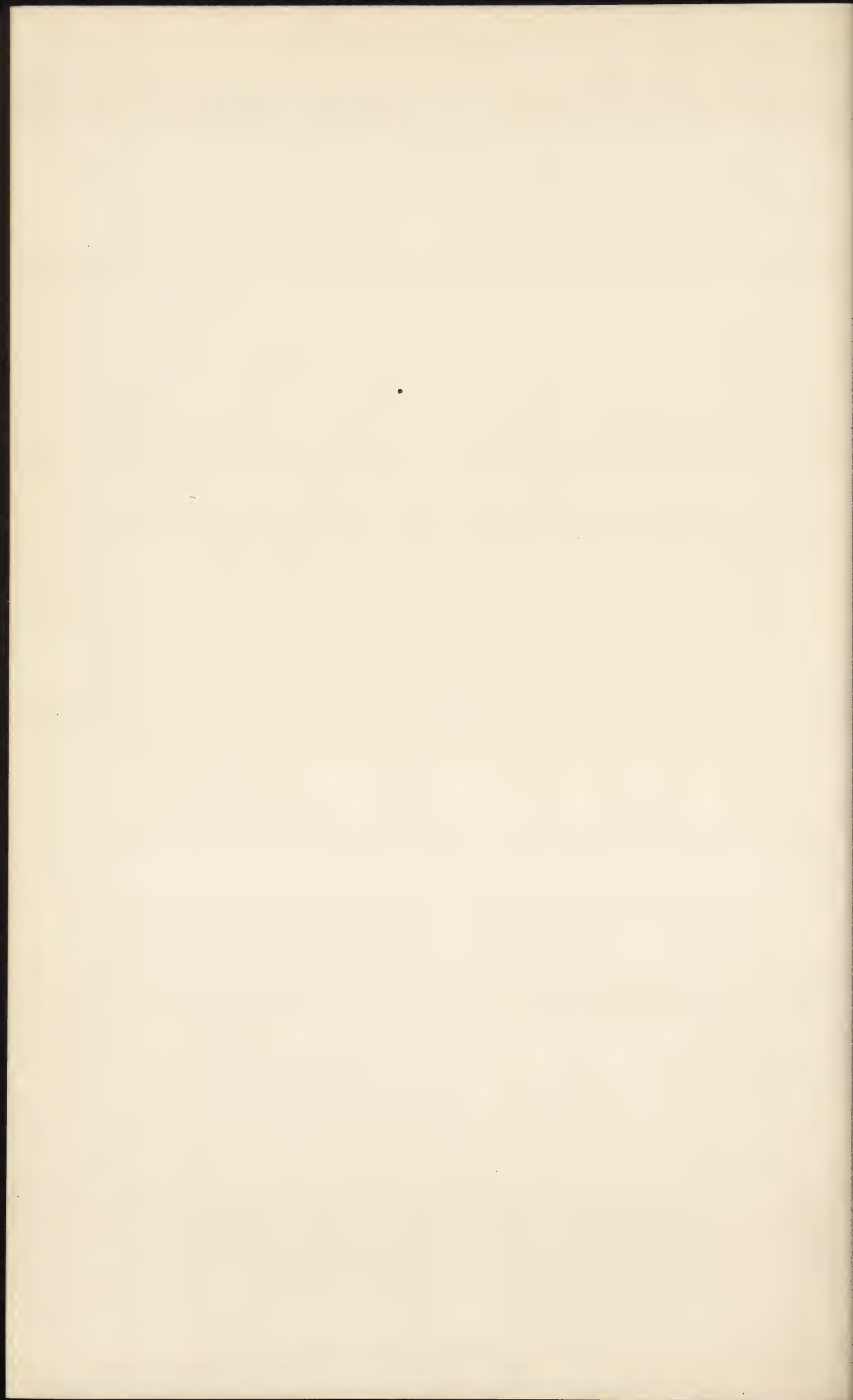


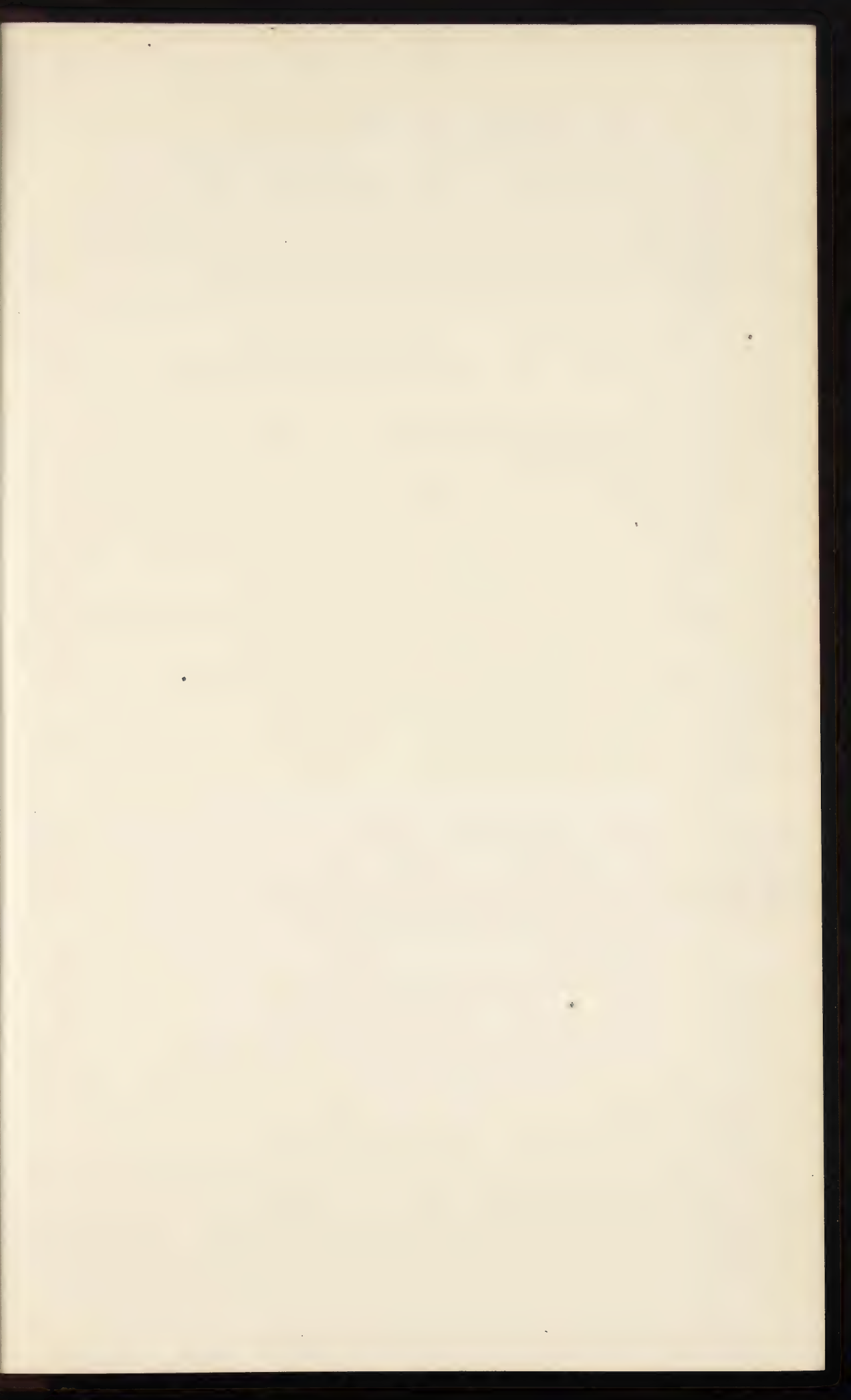


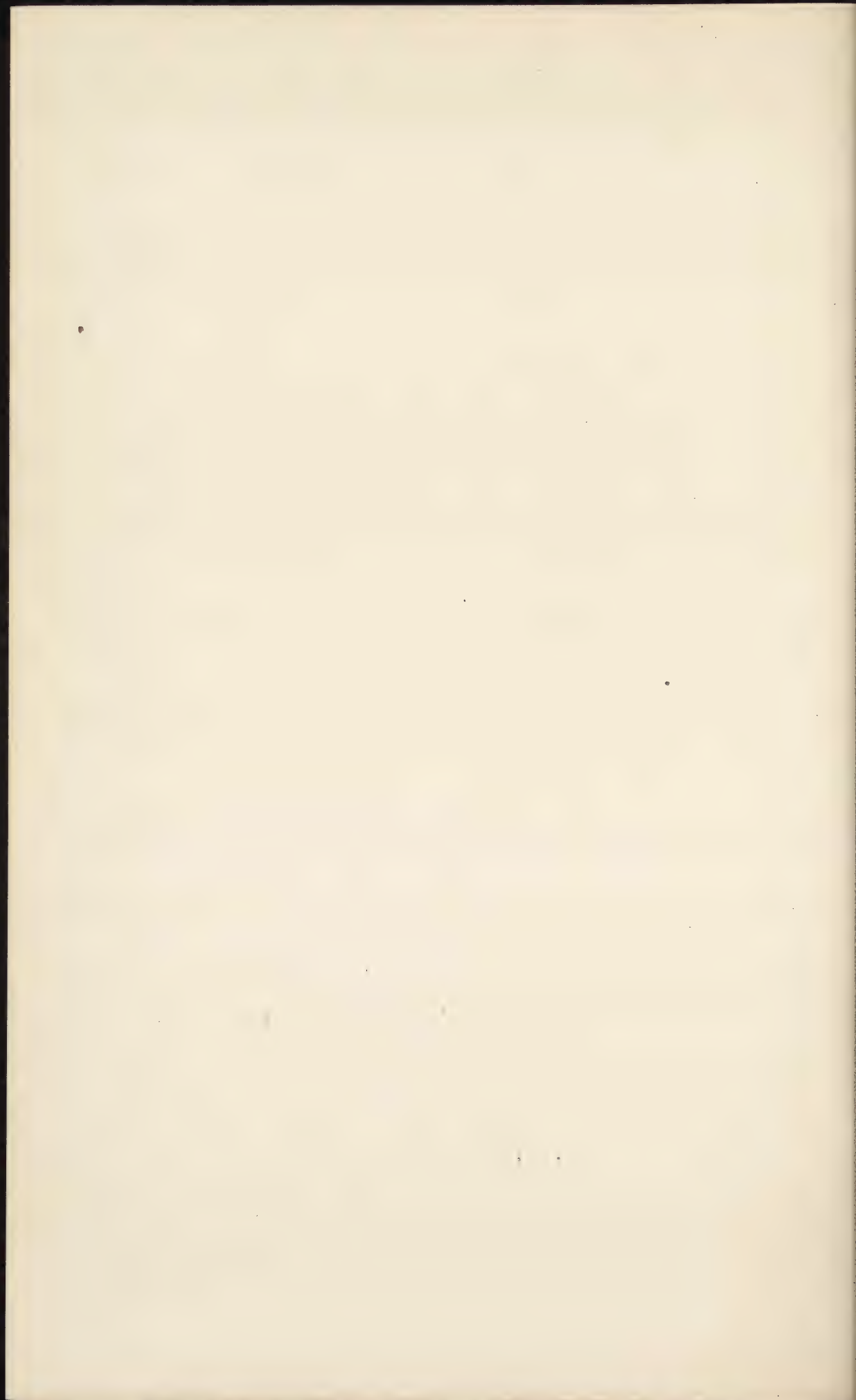










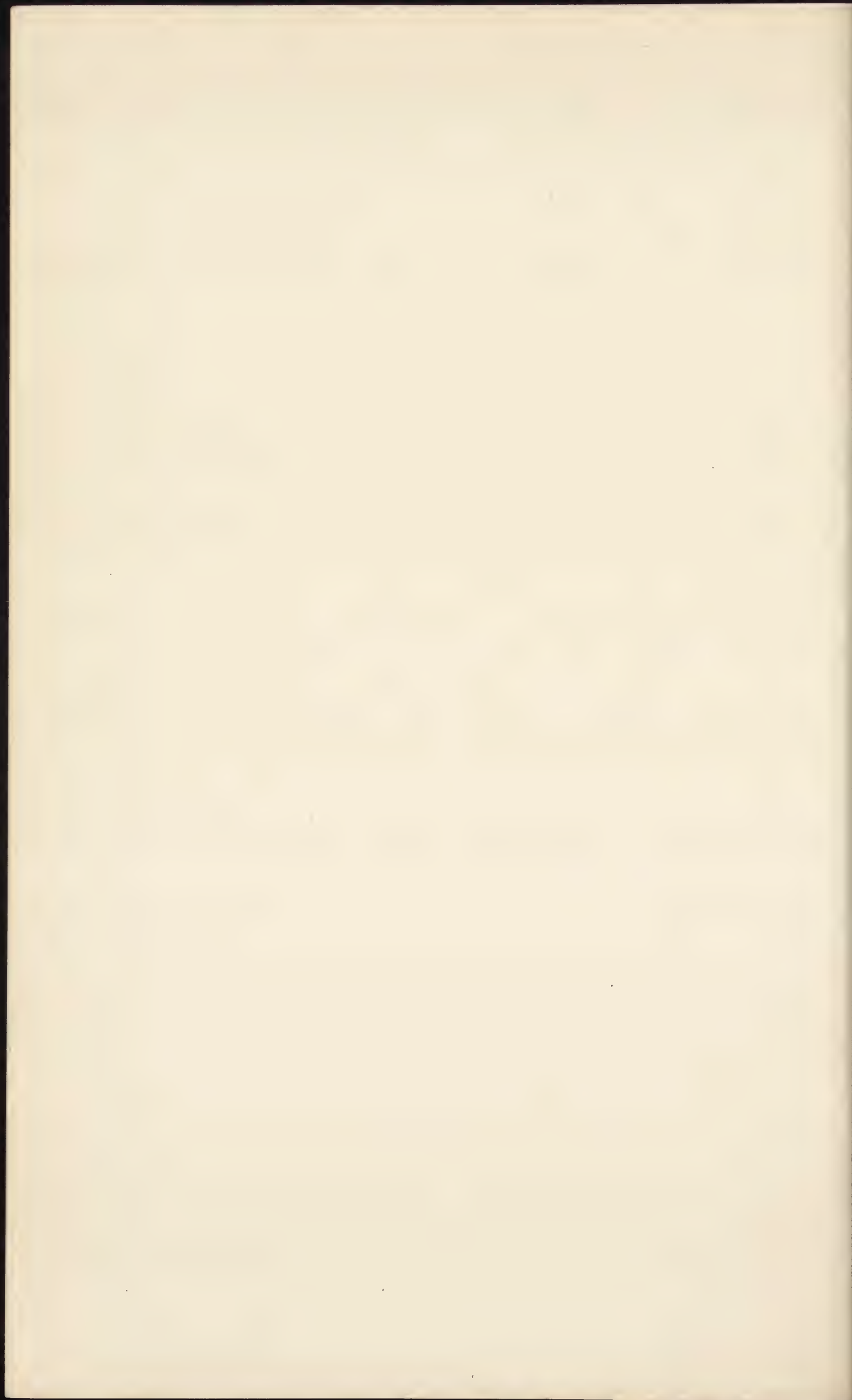




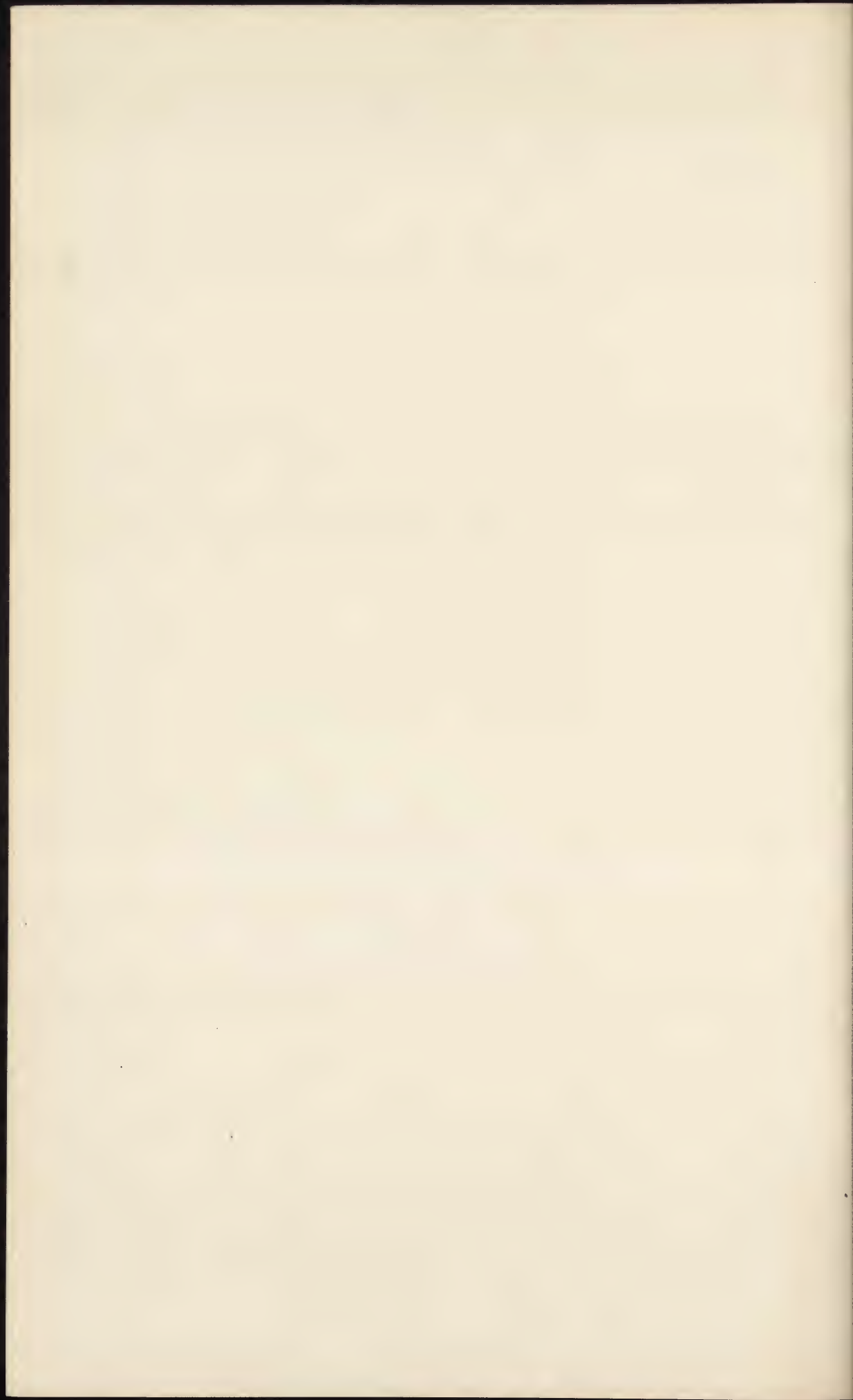




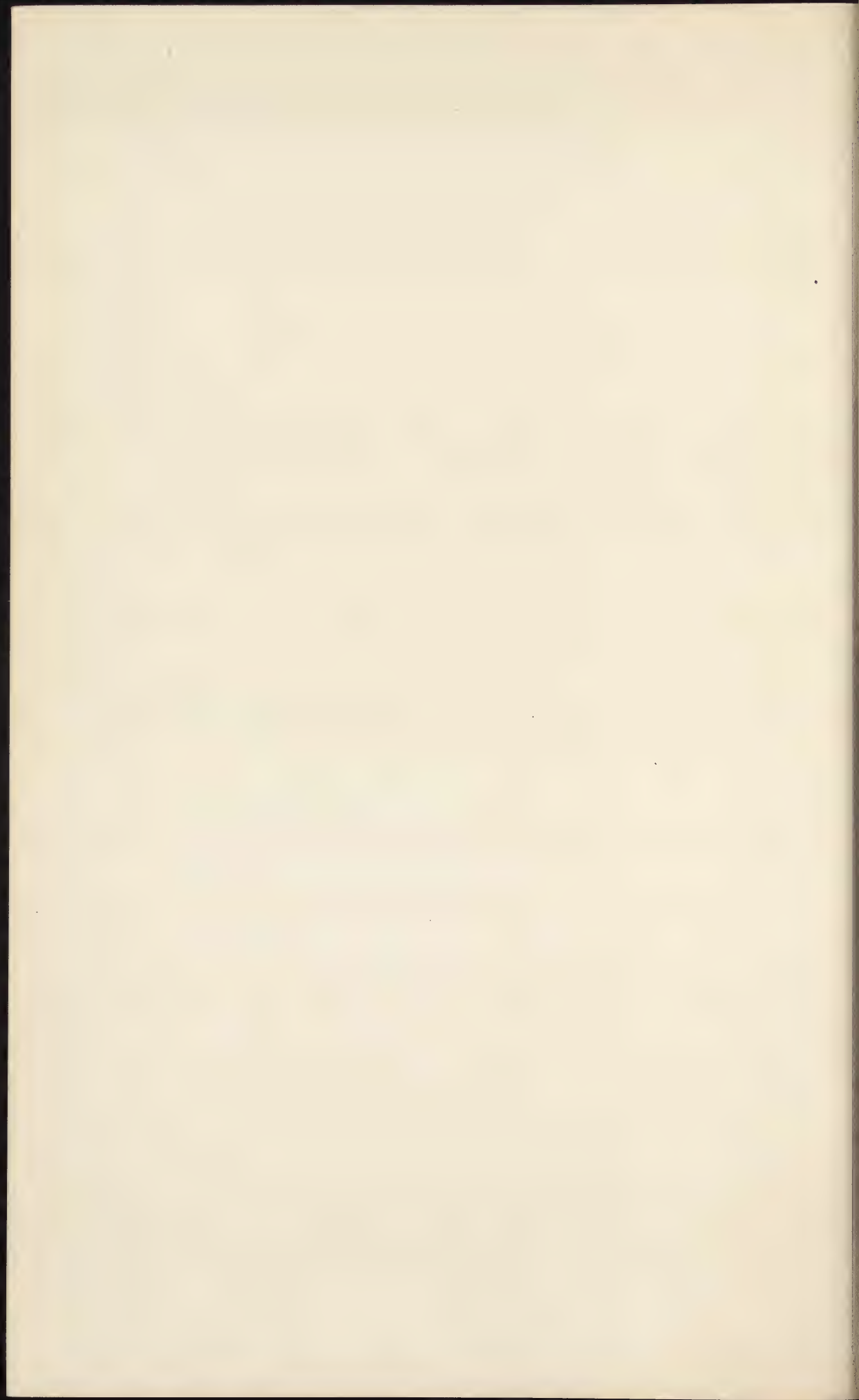




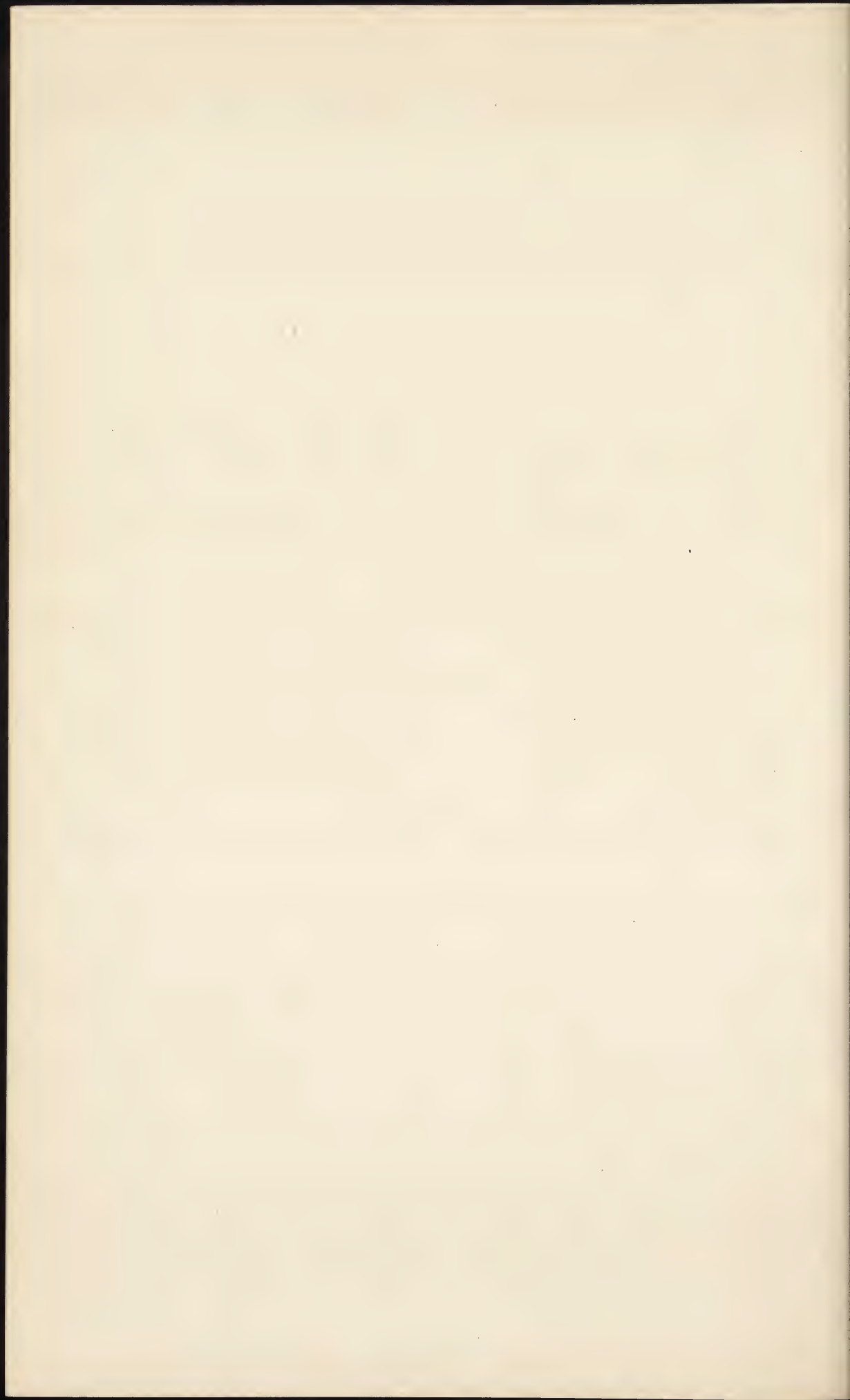






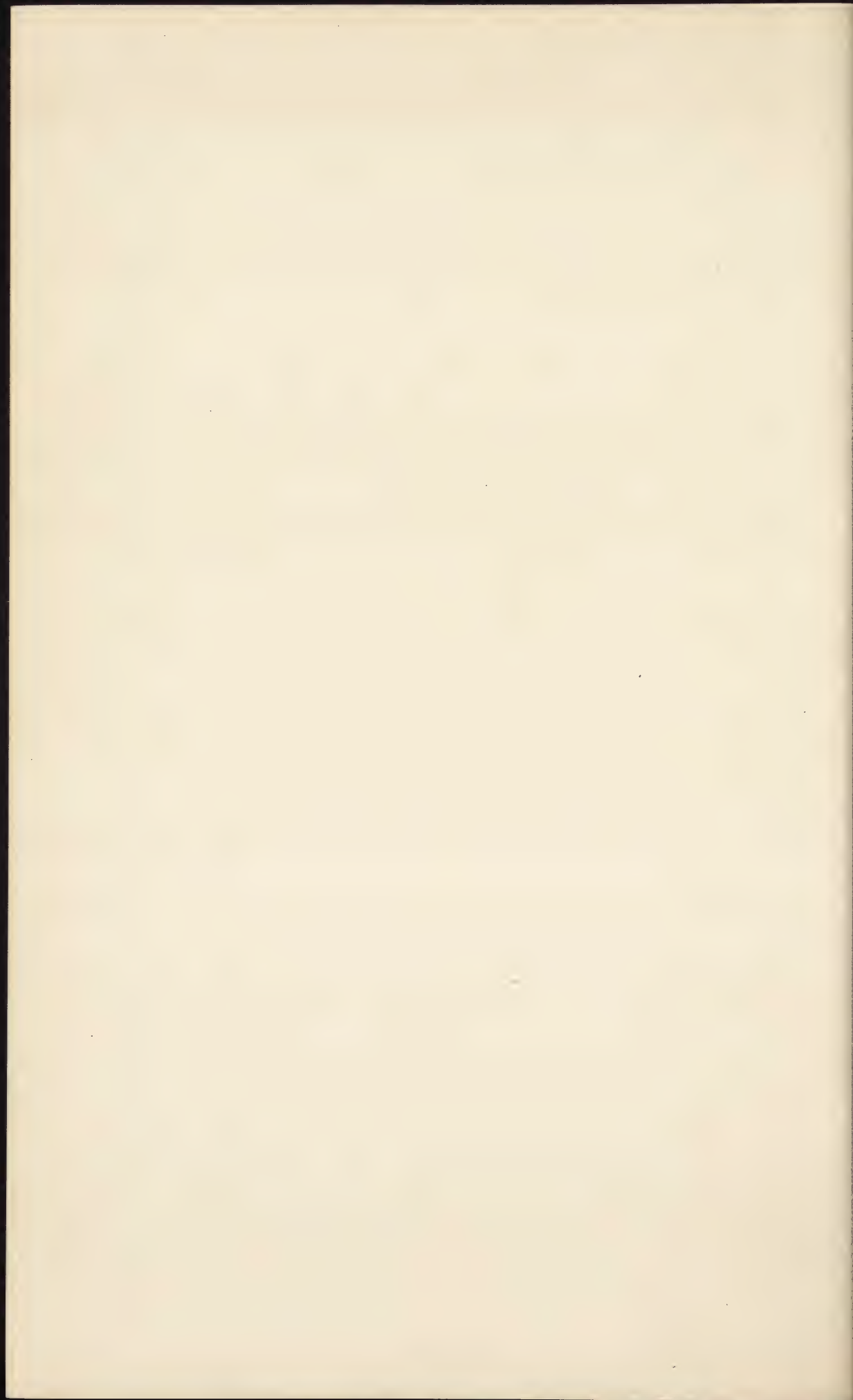












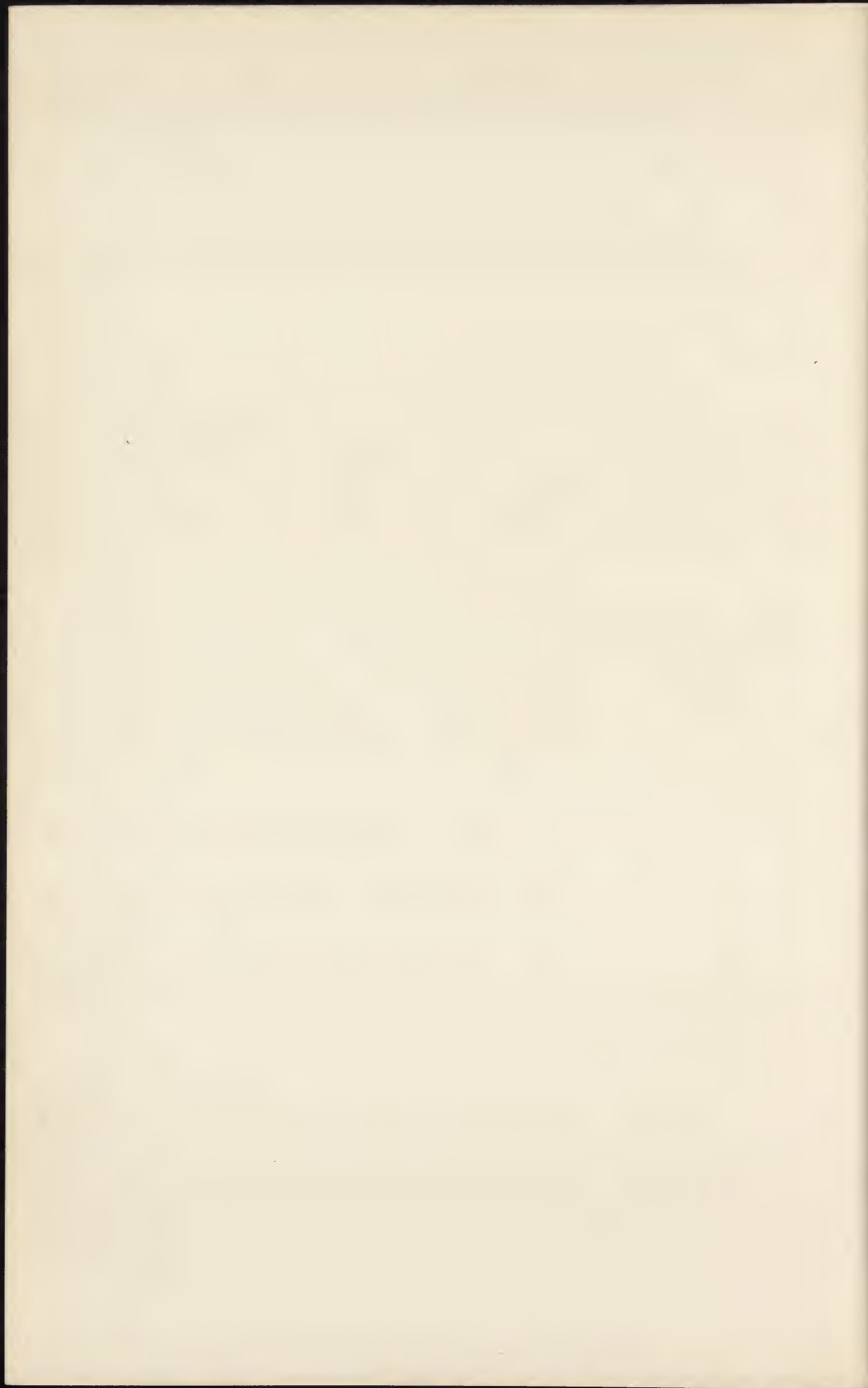










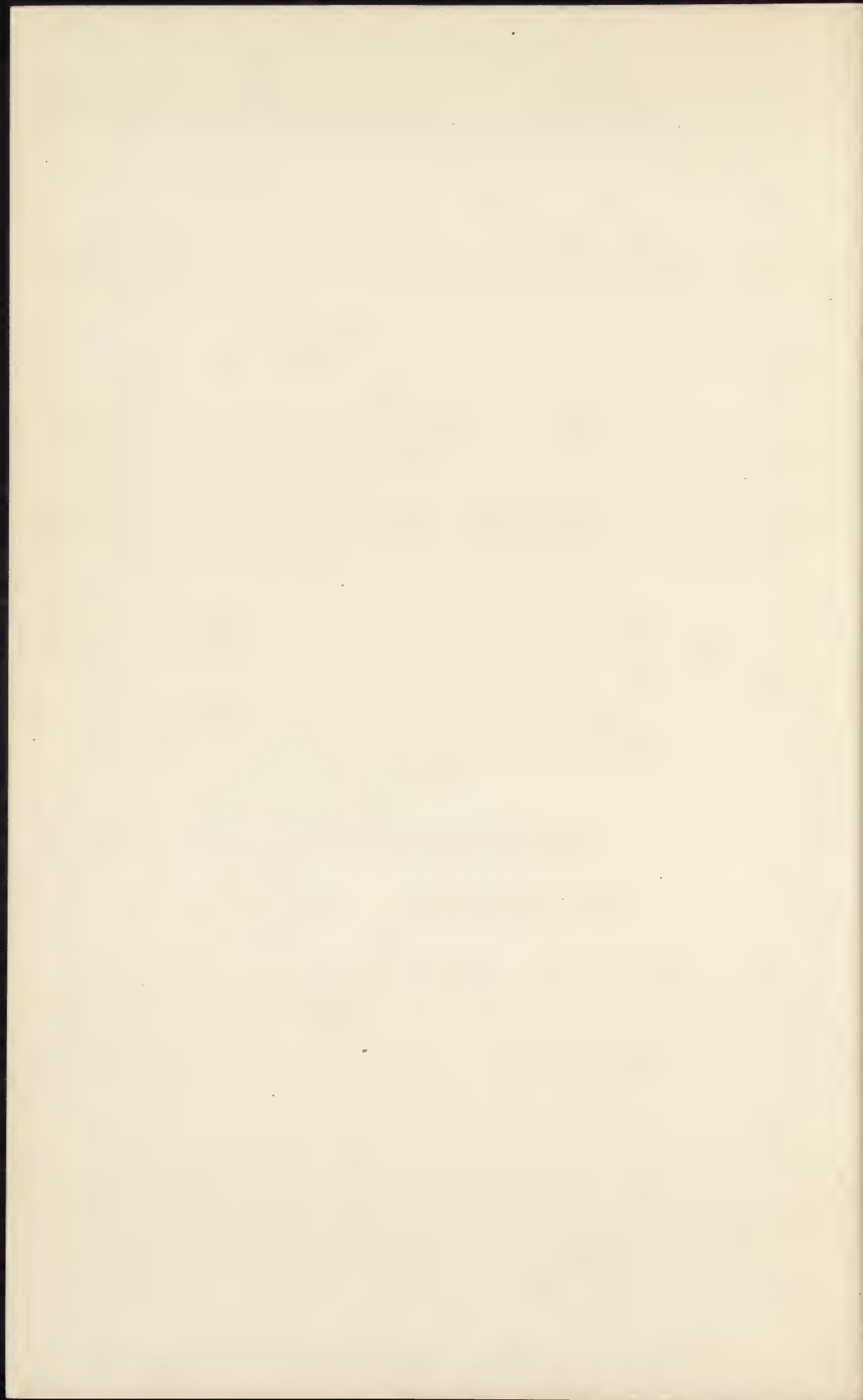




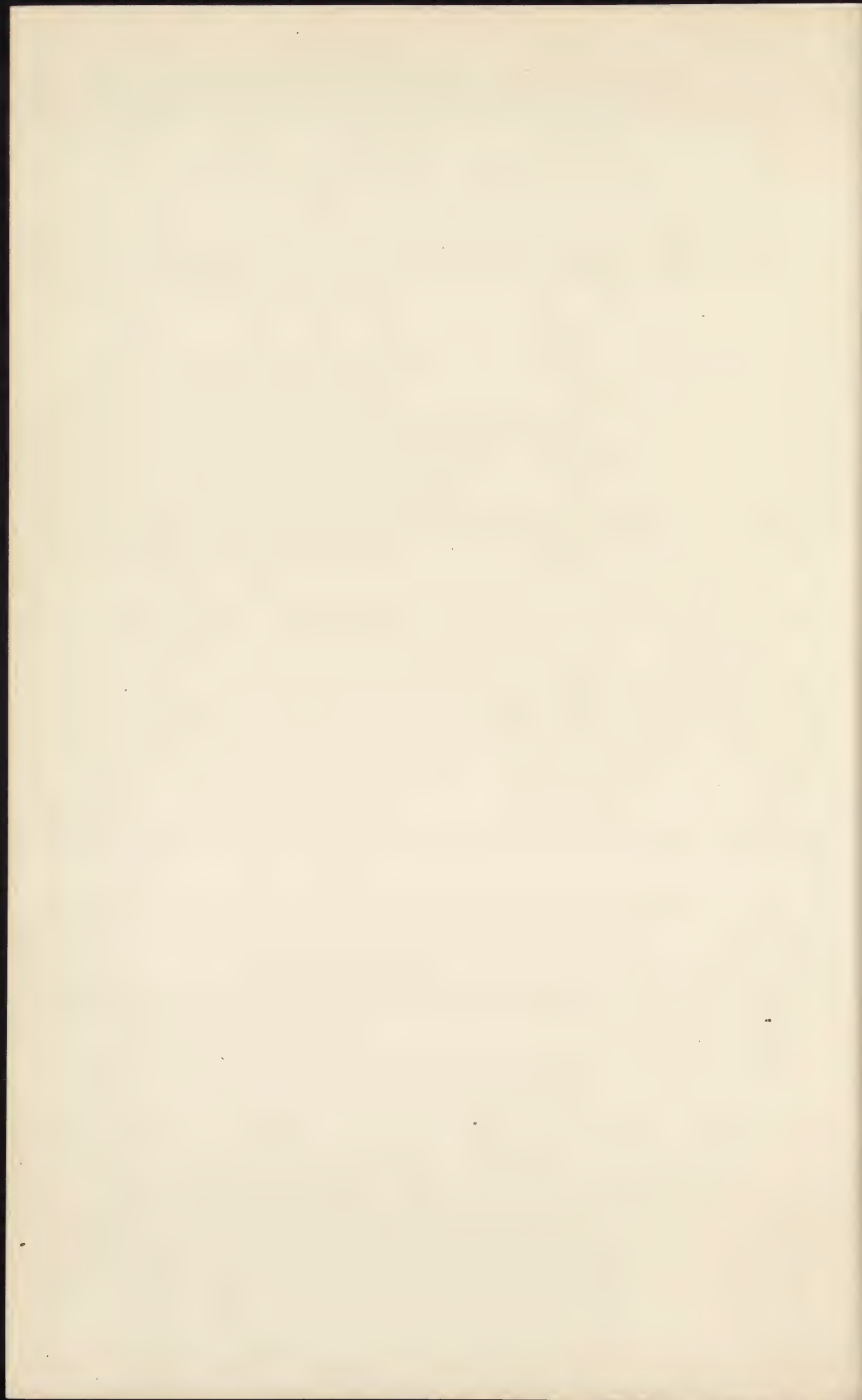




















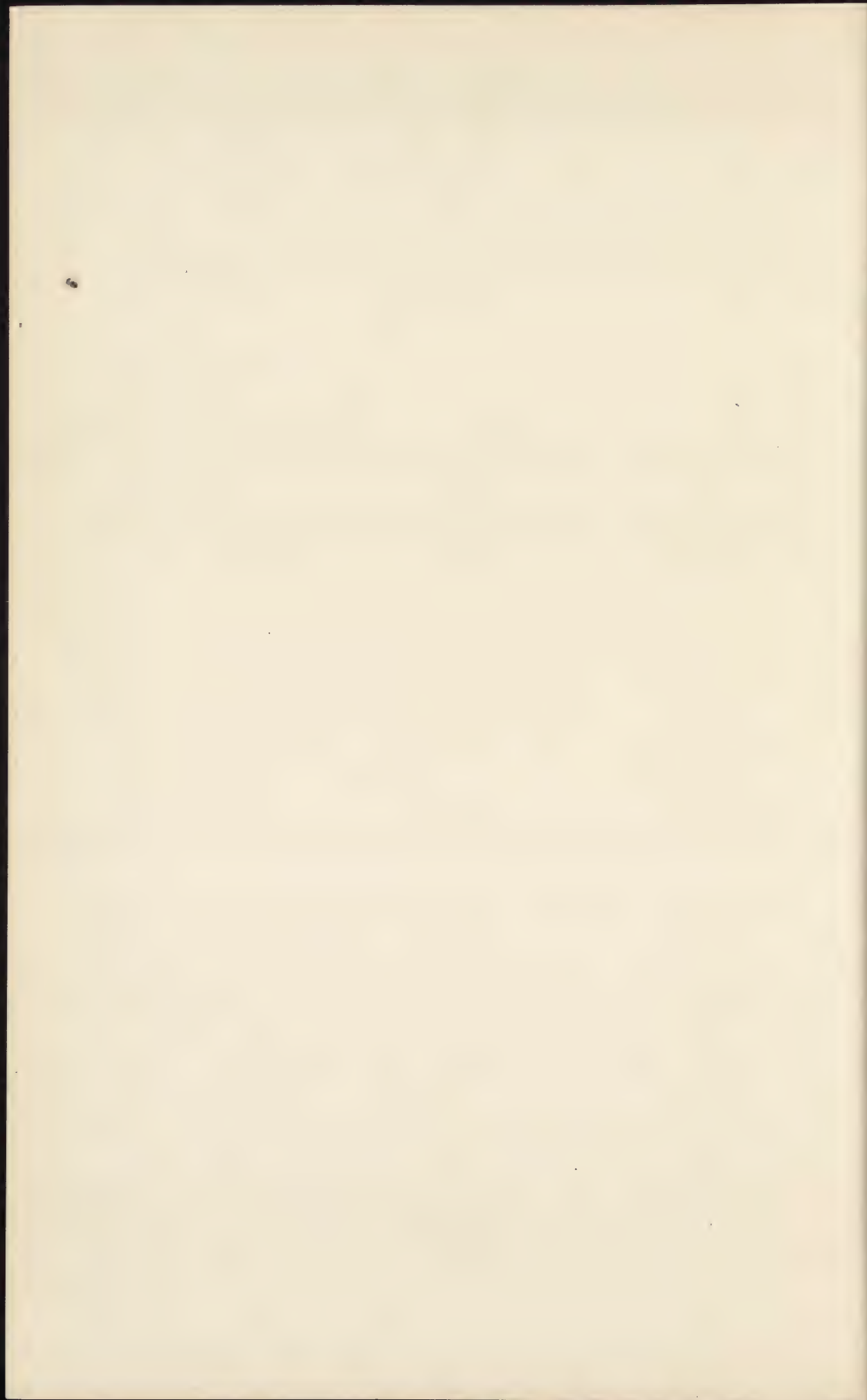












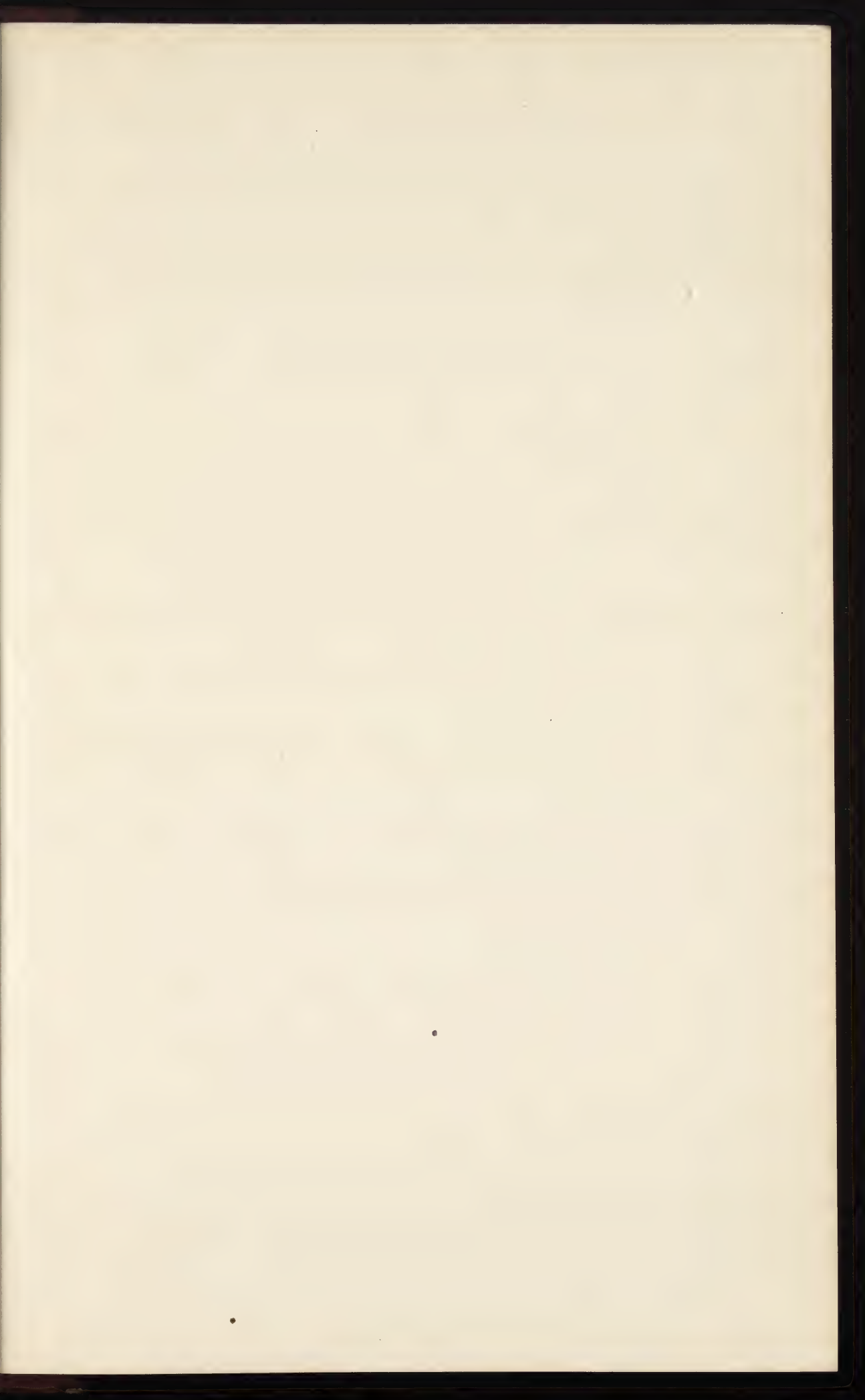










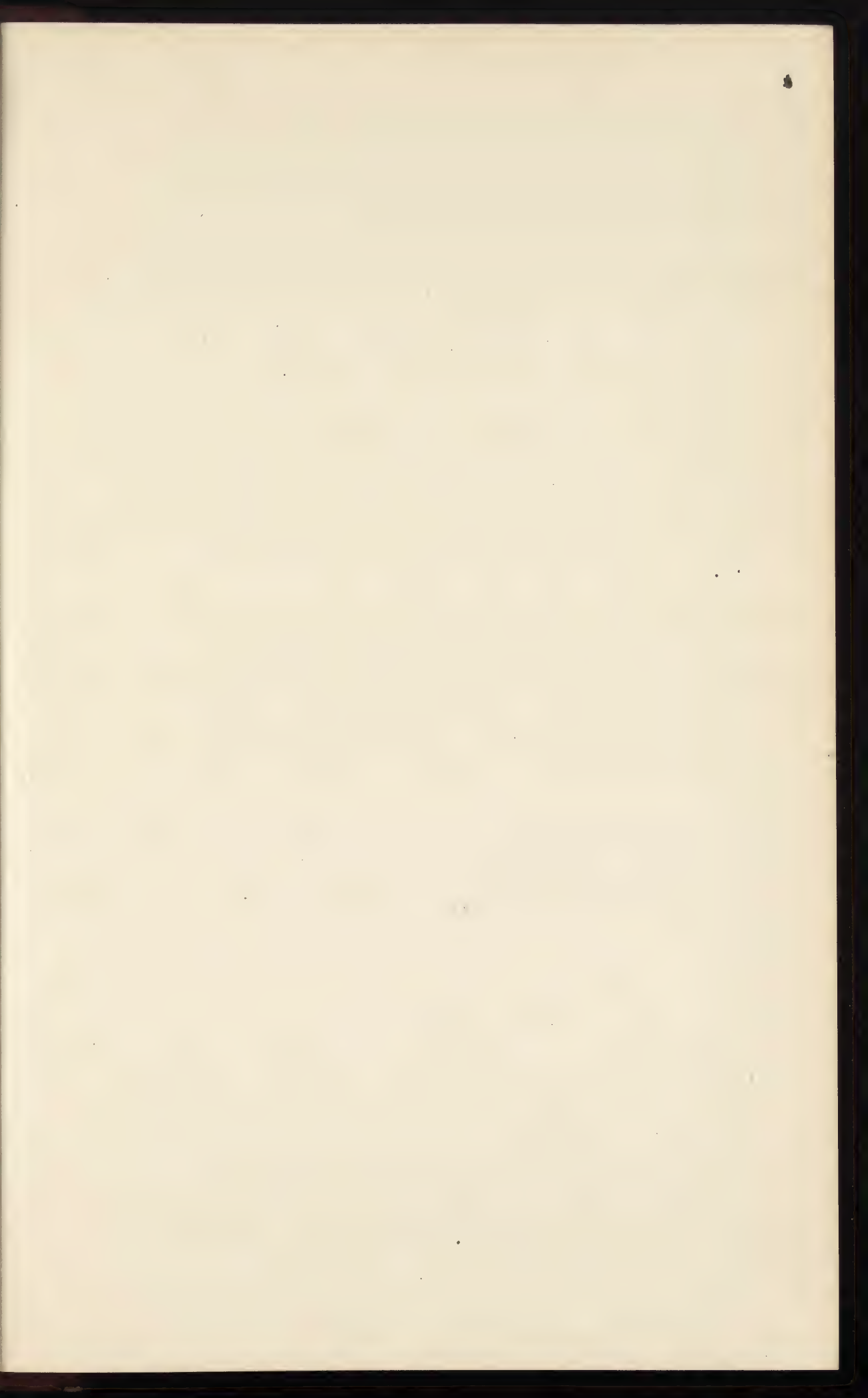


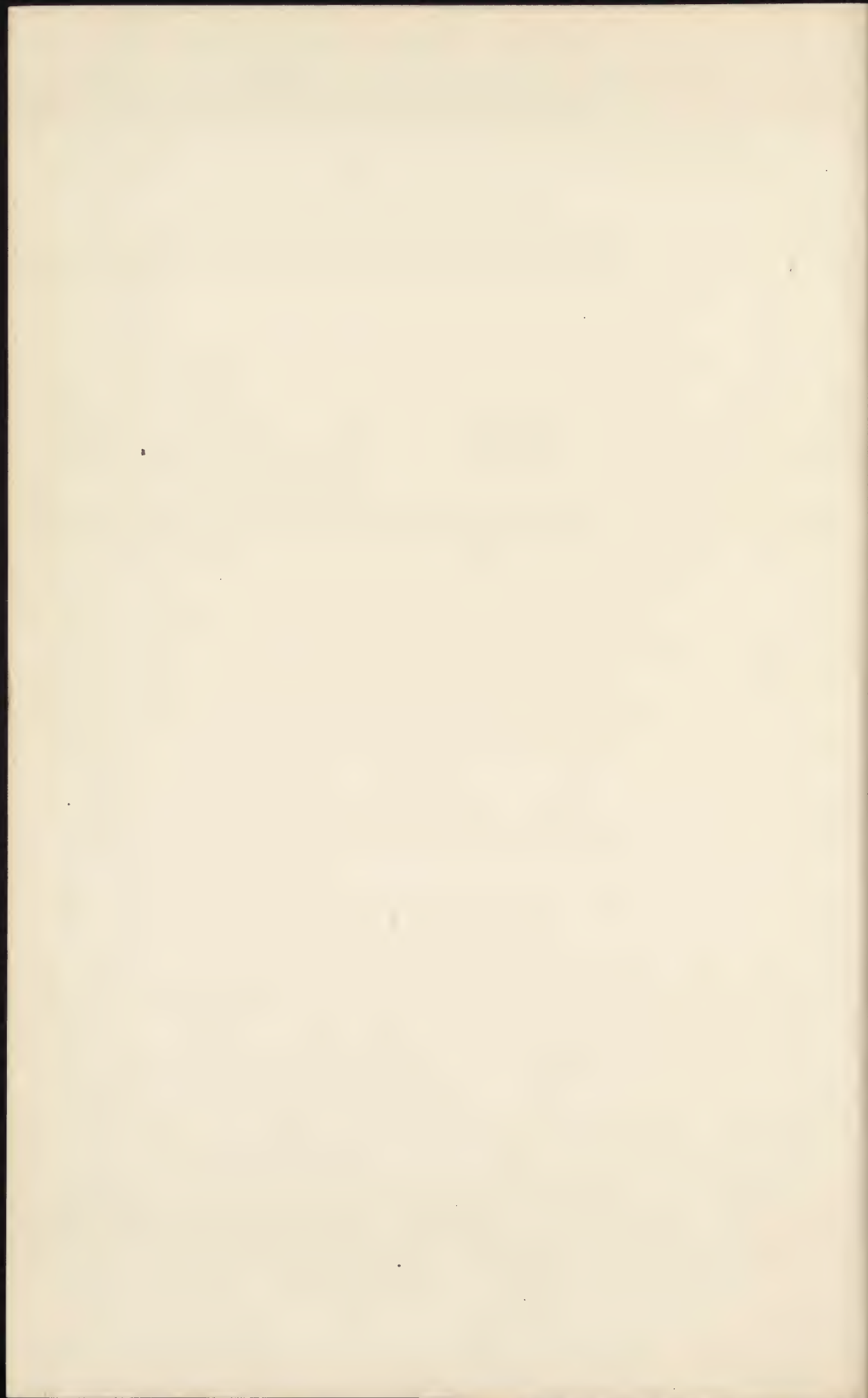












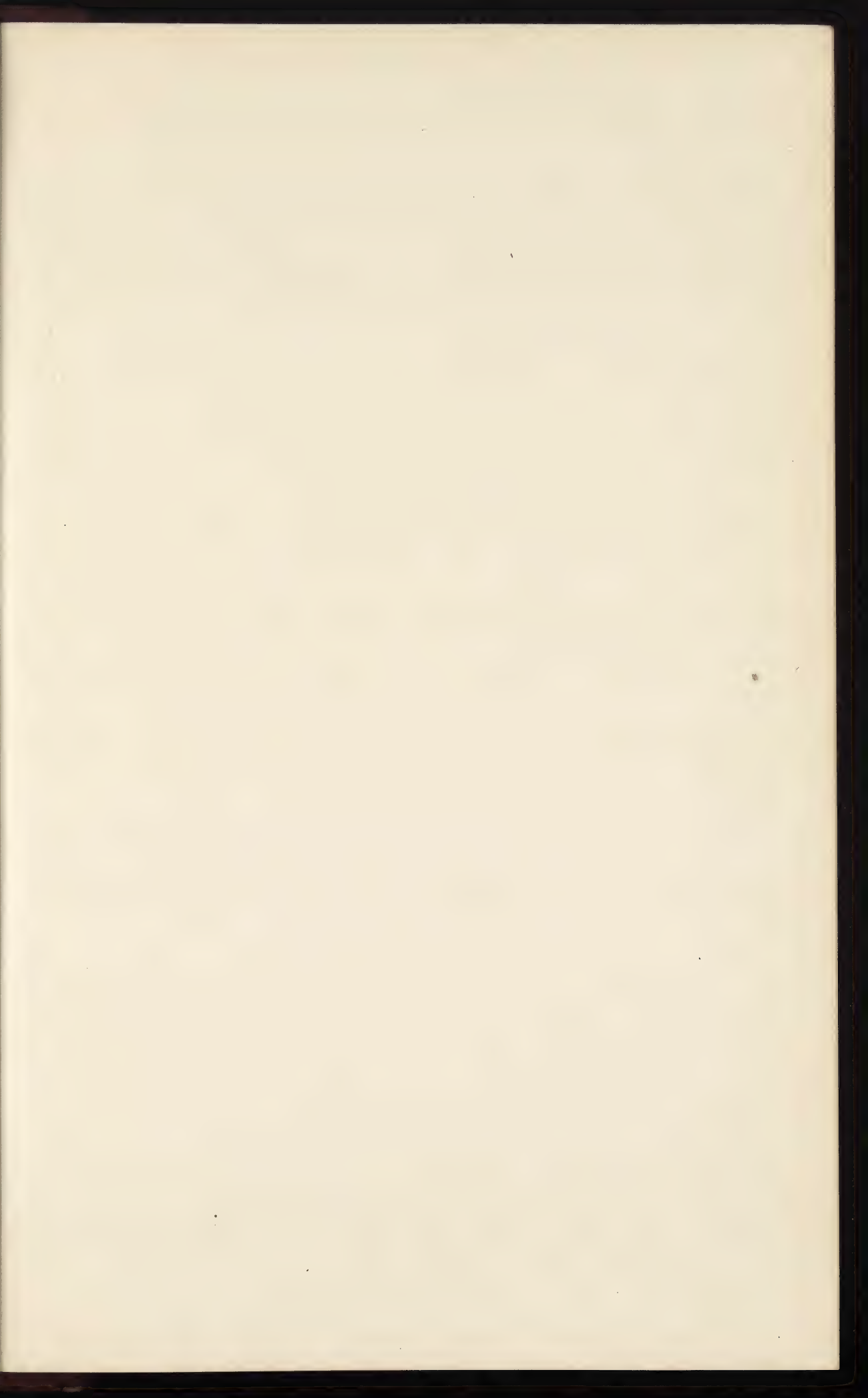


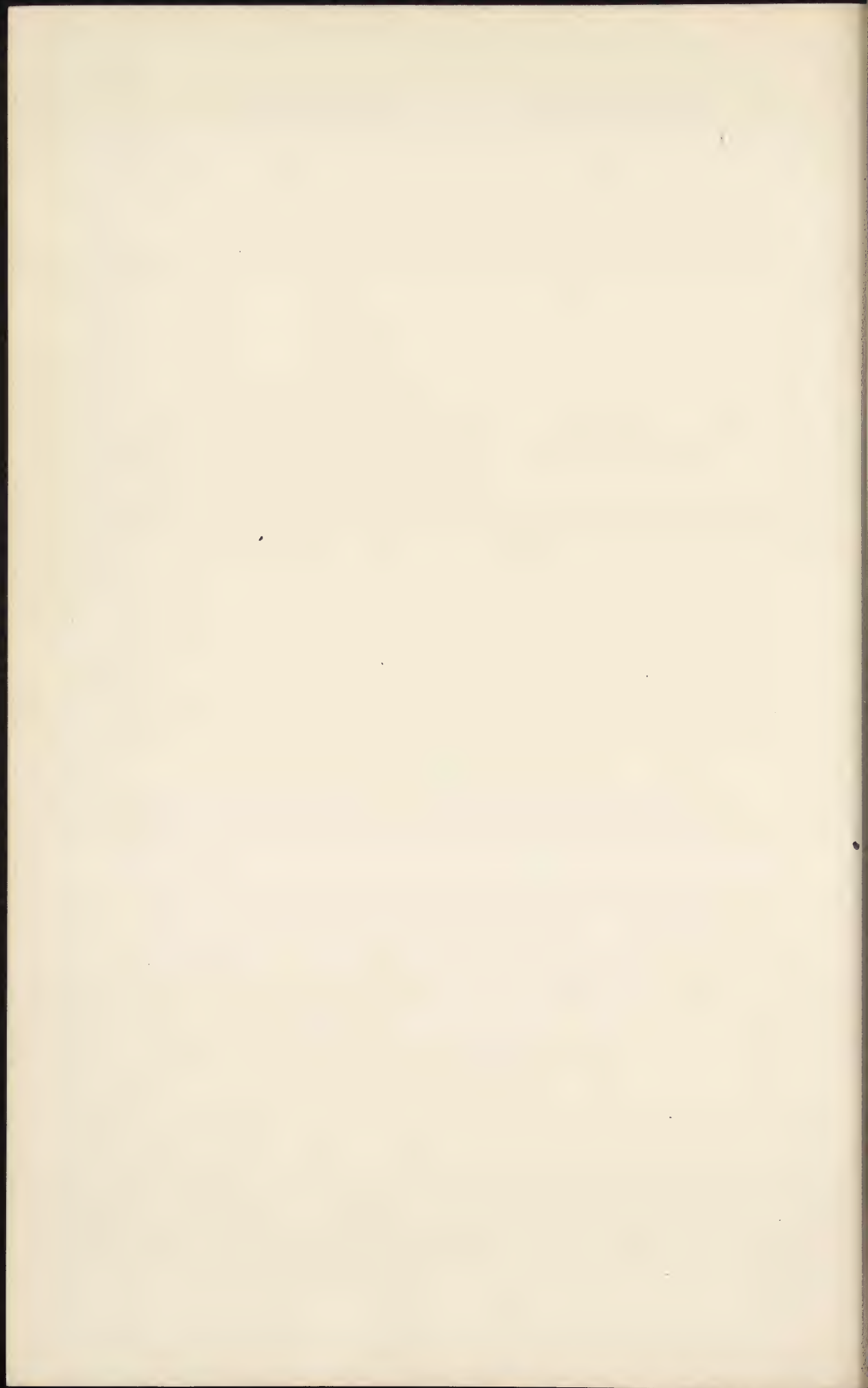








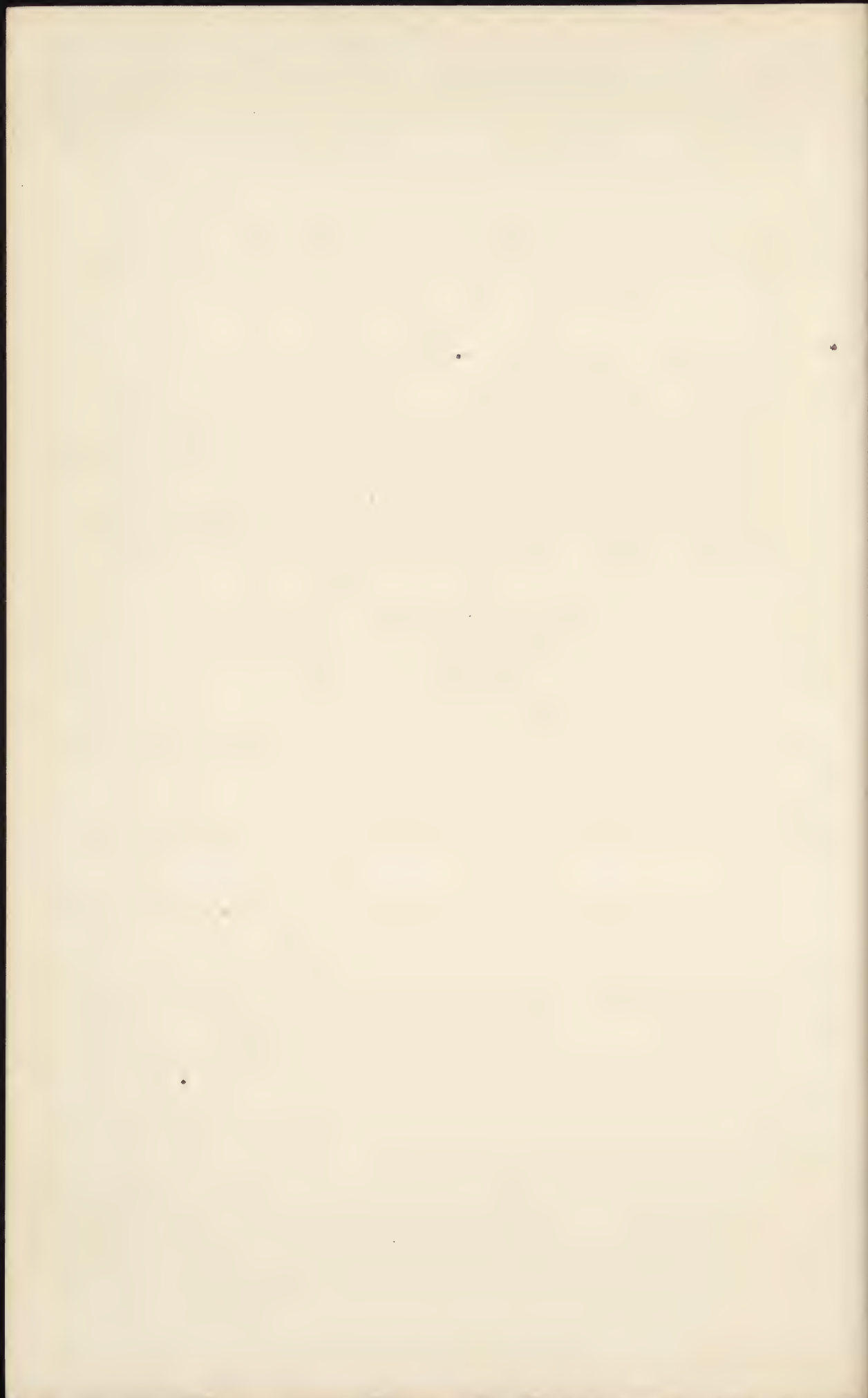












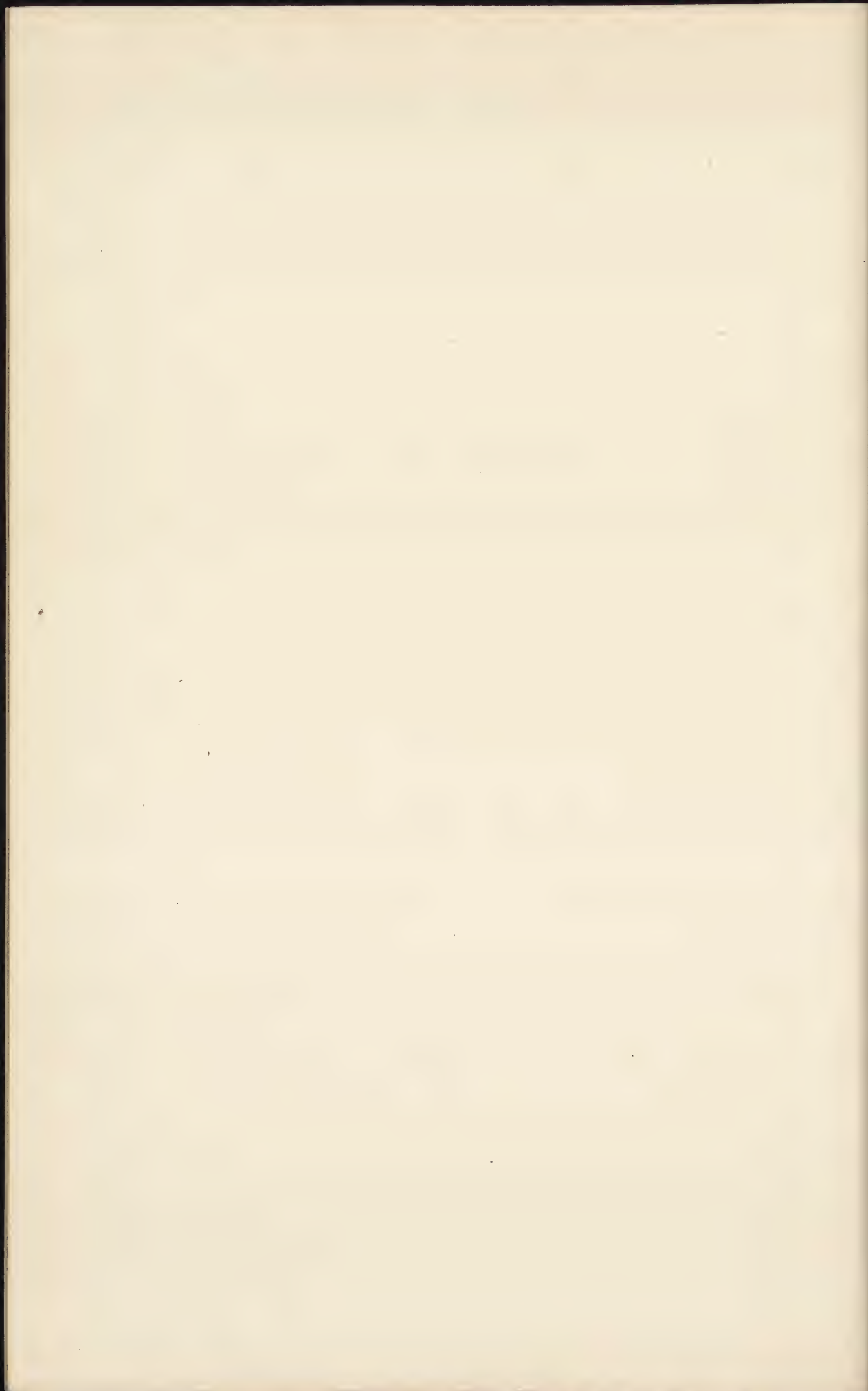


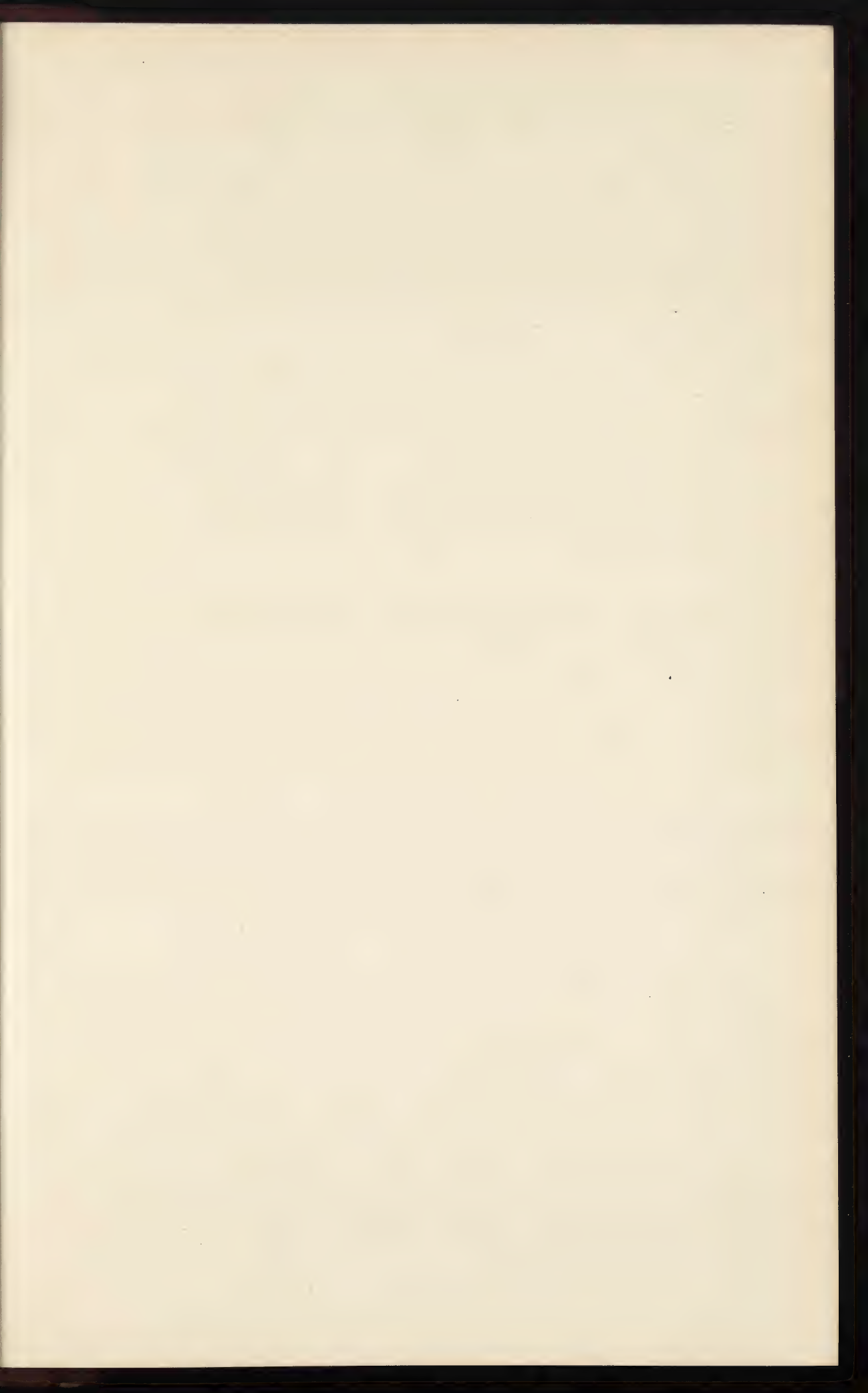






































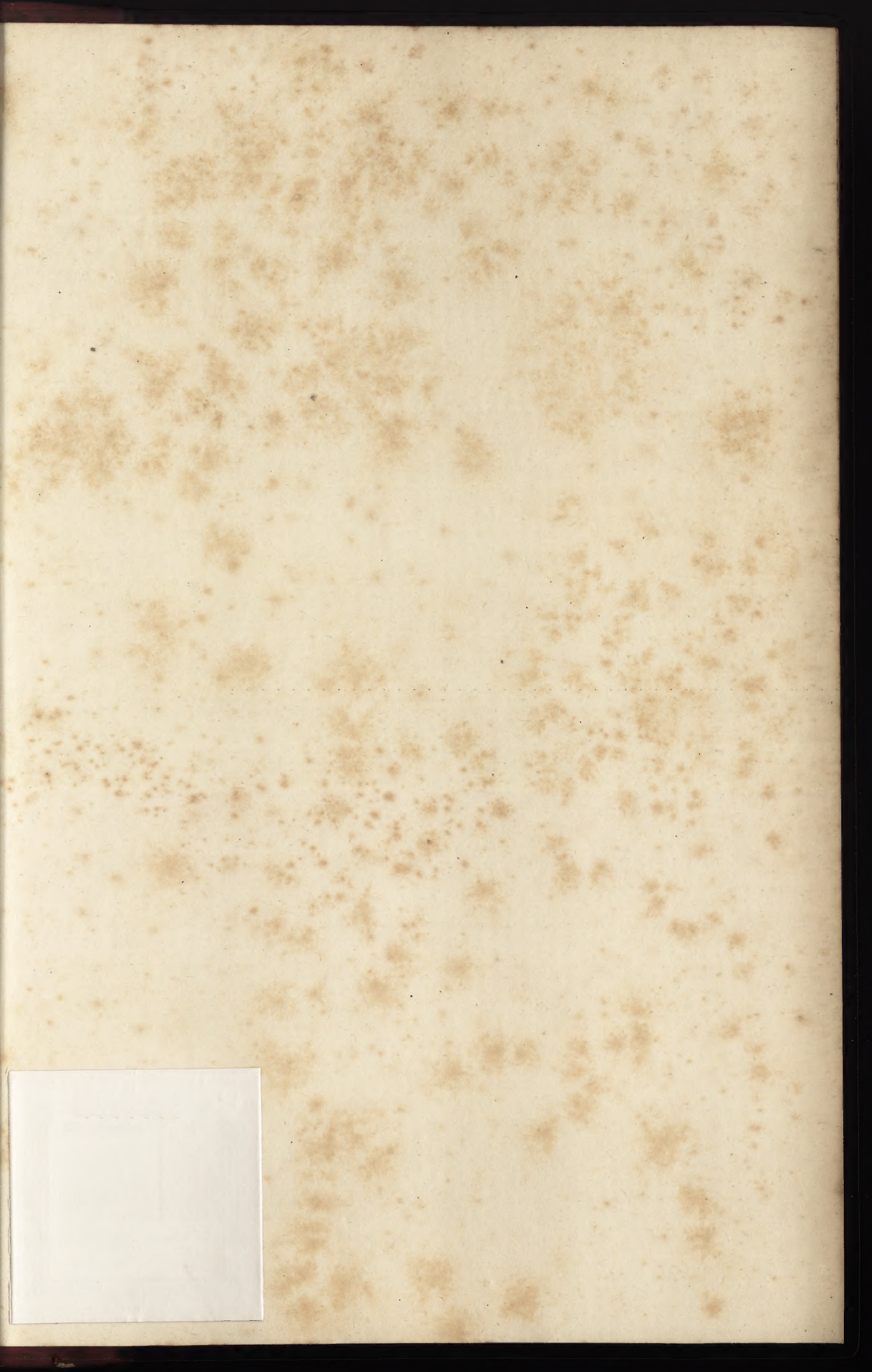














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